

H. H. Haffell

The North Carolina Booklet.

GREAT EVENTS IN
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.



Virginia Dare,

No 1 May 1901

—BY—

MAJOR GRAHAM DAVES.



PRICE 10 CENTS.



\$1.00 THE YEAR.

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Maj. Graham Daves.
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EDITORS.

MISS MARTHA HELEN HAYWOOD.

MRS. HUBERT HAYWOOD.

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May 1901

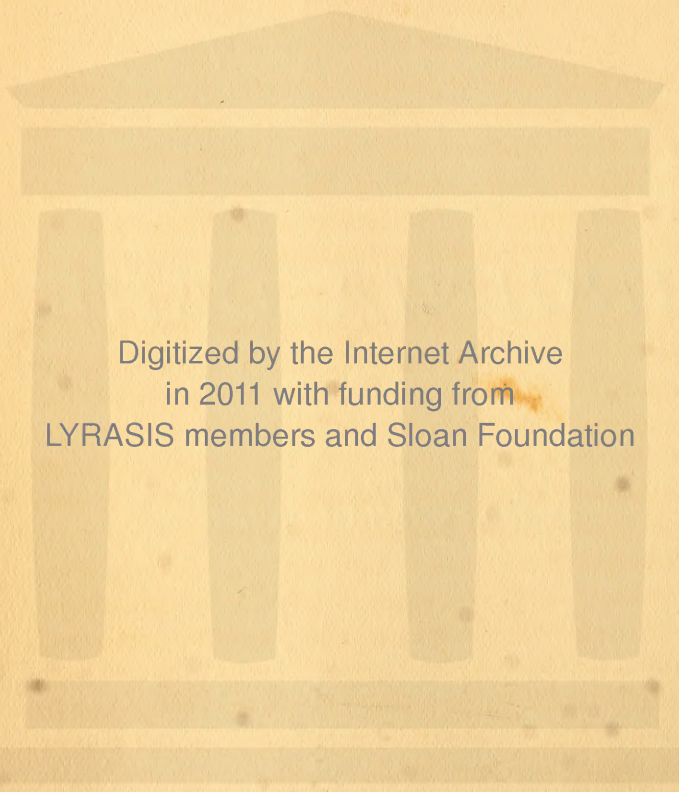
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RALEIGH:
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number



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May 1907

VIRGINIA DARE.

On the eastern shore of North Carolina, in the shallow sounds enclosed by long sand banks, which bound the coast, lies a little island twelve miles long and three miles broad.

This is Roanoke—the scene of the first English settlement in this country, and the birth-place of Virginia Dare, the first English child born in America.

How much of romance, and yet more of history—"a romance of the real"—clusters around the sad story of this young girl! Out of the unfortunate expeditions, of which she, in some sense, may be said to have been the first fruits, grew the schemes of colonization at Jamestown and at Plymouth a score of years later. The seed were sown at Roanoke, were fertilized by the sacrifice of the settlers there, but took enduring root first at Jamestown.

Associated with the humble, and almost unknown colonists of Roanoke are the names: Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen; Raleigh, the *preux chevalier*, soldier, statesman, poet, historian; Sir Richard Grenville, sailor, soldier and martyr; Sir Francis Drake, Admiral and circumnavigator of the Globe. Truly our little Virginia Dare was in goodly company.

Of chroniclers, too, she, her companions and their acts, had no lack.

There were Arthur Barlowe, who commanded a ship in the first expedition; Lane, the governor of the first colo-

nists ; John White, governor of the second colonists, the grandfather of Virginia Dare, whom he was destined to seek in sorrow and never find. Their accounts, and those of others also, are full and their stories well told. They are still on record, and have been published by the Hakluyt Society. It is a noteworthy fact that the history of these colonies which came to naught, and of a locality now so little known, should be so fully recorded and preserved in every detail—much more so than that of other localities of far greater importance, now of much prominence, whose origin and early history are often obscure and uncertain—sometimes almost unknown.

It was in a stirring era, too, in the history of the world, and one of romantic incident and adventure, that the little waif, Virginia Dare, first saw its light. The dreaded Spanish Armada—foiled in part by Drake and Raleigh, so intimately connected with the colonists of Roanoke—was preparing for its descent upon the coasts of Britain ; the appeals and groans of the Christian martyrs who twenty years before perished for their faith at the stake at Smithfield, Oxford and elsewhere, still echoed through the land ; Bacon and Shakespeare, all unconscious of their future fame, were in their lusty youth ; “The Faery Queen” was taking shape in the prolific brain of Spencer ; Sir Philip Sidney was soon to die at Zutphen ; Frobisher had returned from his Arctic discoveries, and Drake from his voyage around the world ; the horrible butcheries of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew at Paris, had heightened religious enmity to the fiercest intensity, to which the good Prince of Orange was soon to for-

feit his life, a murdered victim ; and the lovely Queen of Scots was ere long to lay her beautiful head upon the block in expiration of the plottings and sins of others, of whom she was the tool—perhaps the willing tool.

The Anglo Saxon and the Spaniard were entering upon the long struggle for supremacy at sea and upon this continent, which may be said to have been ended by ourselves but a short time ago, after more than three hundred years, by the expulsion of the latter from Cuba and the other West Indies. Surely little Virginia was born in troublous times, and her sad fate was not the least pathetic incident of that stormy period.

There were two expeditions to Roanoke before the birth there in 1587 of Virginia Dare, some account of which may be of interest. The first was one of discovery and exploration only. It consisted of two small ships, the "Tyger" and the "Admirall," commanded by Captains Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe, to the latter of whom we owe the account of the voyage and of its results. He says to Sir Walter Raleigh :

"The 27th of April, in the yere of our redemption 1584, we departed the West of England with two barkes well furnished with men and victuals. * * * The 10th of June we were fallen with the Islands of the West Indes. * * * The 2nd of July we found shole water, wher we smelt so sweet and so strong a smel, as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden abounding with odoriferous flowers, by which we were assured that the land could not be farre distant."

* * * "The 4th of July we arrived upon the coast,

which we supposed to be a continent, and we sayled along the same 120 miles before we could find any entrance, or river issuing into the sea. The first that appeared unto us we entered, and cast anker about three harquebuz-shot within the haven's mouth: and after thanks given to God for our safe arrivall thither, we manned our boats, and went to view the land next adjoyning and to take possession of the same in right of the Queene's most excellent Majestic. * * * Wee came to an Island which they call Roanoke, distant seven leagues from the harbour by which we entered: and at the north end thereof was a village of nine houses, built of Cedar and fortified round about with sharp trees." * * * We were entertained with all love and kindnesse, and with as much bountie as they could possibly devise. We found the people most gentle, loving and faithfull, voide of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age."

A handsome tribute to our Hatteras Indians, who afterwards, probably, had not much cause to return the compliment.

These Indians differed in no way from the other natives of America except that they had a few *iron* implements, and that among them were noticed children with auburn and chestnut colored hair. It was learned later that twenty-six years before this time, a ship manned by white men had been cast away at Secotan, and that some of the crew had been saved. After a time these men attempted to escape in a small boat, and were drowned. These were the only whites ever seen before the arrival of the English—but some six years after this time another

vessel had been wrecked on this coast, and all the crew perished. From parts of this wreck driven ashore the natives had obtained nails, spikes and edged tools. But for this explanation, this presence of iron would have perplexed the archaeologist. The account of the natives, their kindness and hospitality, of their easy life, and of the abundance of fruit and grain, fish and game in these inland waters is familiar to us all. Like all natives, they longed to purchase the swords and knives of the white men, but above all, they desired to obtain the kettles and pans to use as shields in battle. The King's brother was most kind, repaying the English liberally in melons and fruit, and each day he sent to the new-comers presents of "fat bucks," conies, hares and fish.

They visited the Indian village on Roanoke. "When we came towards it," the record runs, "standing near unto the water's side the wife of Granganimeo the King's brother came running out to meet us very cheerfully and friendly—her husband was not then in the village. Some of her people she commanded to draw our boat on shore for the beating of the billow: others she commanded to carry us on their backs to dry ground; and others to bring our oars to the house for fear of stealing. When we were come to the outer room, having five rooms to her house, she caused us to sit down by a great fire, and after took off our clothes and washed them, and dried them again, some of the women washed our feet in warm water, and she herself took great pains to see all things ordered in the best manner she could."

The adventurers remained in that region about two

months and made many explorations. In September they returned to England, taking with them two of the Indian Chiefs, Manteo, who ever remained the faithful friend of the English, and Wanchese. Their names are retained as the names of two villages on Roanoke Island to-day. Their arrival home, and the glowing accounts the adventurers gave of their discoveries, aroused the utmost interest. The new found country was called Virginia in honor of the "Virgin Queen," and the Atlantic coast of North America was divided into three regions, with boundaries very ill defined, claimed by France, England and Spain, and called Canada, Virginia and Florida. A large part of Virginia, which included Roanoke Island, was afterwards by the patent of Charles I to Sir Robert Heath in 1629, and by the charters of Charles II in 1663 and 1665 to the "Lords Proprietors," set off as Carolina, so named from the Latin name, Carolus, of the two Kings. The name, therefore, Virginia, first applied to Roanoke Island and the parts adjacent, originated in what is now North Carolina, and if Virginia be, as she is often called, the "Mother of States," North Carolina may be said to be her own grandmother.

The next year (1585) a large expedition, under command of Sir Richard Grenville, a cousin of Raleigh's, was fitted out. There were seven "ships" in the fleet—if the small crafts composing it can be so called, the largest of them being of "seven score tunnes" burden—which carried 108 men who were to be settled as a permanent colony on Roanoke Island. The fleet sailed from Plymouth on the 9th of April, 1585, and on July 3d Wingina, the Indian Chief, was notified of its arrival at Roanoke. Manteo and Wanchese returned with this fleet.

On August 25th Sir Richard Grenville, "Our Generall, weyed anker, and set sails for England." On his return the colony was left in charge of "Master Ralph Lane," and with him was "Master Philip Amadas, Admiral of the Country," who had commanded one of the ships in the first expedition. The names of the colonists are all known, a list of which may be seen in Vol. I of Hawks' History of North Carolina. These colonists founded a village near the north end of the Island, and constructed a fort, principally an earthwork, called by Lane "The new fort in Virginia." The outlines, ditch and parapet of this fort are still perfectly distinct, and its angles and sally port are now marked with granite blocks. It is now, and has been for a long time, appropriately called "Fort Raleigh."

Lane has left a most interesting account of the doings of his colonists during their stay on Roanoke Island, and of his own explorations. They remained there but one year, having become home-sick, discouraged and disheartened, and sailed in June, 1586, on the fleet of Sir Francis Drake for England, where they arrived on the 27th of July. They had scarcely gotten out of sight of the Island when a ship despatched by Raleigh, freighted with provisions and supplies of all kinds, arrived there, and, finding no one, went back to England. About a fortnight later Sir Richard Grenville arrived with three ships similarly equipped. Finding the Island abandoned, "yet unwilling to lose the possession of the countrey," he "determined to leave some men behind to reteine it: whereupon he landed fifteen men in the Isle of Roanoke, furnished plentifully with all manner of provisions for two years, and so departed for England."

Nothing daunted by the failure—a very costly one—of this first attempt at colonization Sir Walter equipped another expedition in the year following, which, however, he intended to settle on the waters of the Chesapeake instead of at Roanoke. This expedition was entrusted to the guidance of John White, the grandfather of Virginia Dare, who we will let tell his own story :

“ In the yeere of our Lord, 1587, Sir Walter Raleigh intending to persevere in the planting of his Countrey of Virginia, prepared a newe Colonie of 150 men to be sent thither, under the charge of John White, whom he appointed Governour, and also appointed unto him twelve Assistants, unto whom he gave a Charter, and incorporated them by the name of Governour and Assistants of the Citie of Raleigh in Virginia. Our Fleete being in number three saile, the Admirall a shippe of 120 Tunnes, a Flieboat and a Pinnesse, departed the 26 of April from Portsmouth. * * * About the 16 of July we fel with the maine of Virginia, and bare along the coast, where in the night, had not Captaine Stafford bene carefull, we had all bene castaway upon the breach called the Caps of Feare. The 22 of July we arrived at Hatorask: the Governour went aboard the pinesse with forty of his best men, intending to pass up to Roanok forthwith, hoping there to finde those fifteene men which Sir Richard Grenville had left there the yeere before. * * * The same night at sunne-set he went aland, and the next day walked to the North ends of the Island, where Master Ralfe Lane had his forte, with sundry dwellings made by his men about it the yeere before, where we hoped to find some signes of our fifteene men. We

found the forte rased downe, but all the houses standing unhurt, saving that the neather roomes of them, and also of the forte, were overgrown with melons, and Deere within them feeding: so wee returned to our company, without hope of ever seeing any of the fiteene men living." The fifteen men, as was afterwards learned, had been massacred by the Indians.

The colonists having landed upon the Island went actively to work to rebuild Fort Raleigh and to make homes for themselves. They consisted of ninety-one men, seventeen women and nine children, the names of all of whom are preserved. In the former colony there had been neither women nor children and they gave to this one a character of stability and permanence that had been lacking in the first. From a similarity of their names with those of the men, it would appear that at least ten of the women were married, and for a like reason that six of the children were with their parents.

Shortly after the arrival of the settlers there occurred two events, or perhaps more properly three, of interest and importance not merely to the little community, but in their relation to the history of this country. These events are thus related in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, Vol. III:

"The 13 of August our Savage Manteo was christened in Roanoke, and called Lord thereof and of Dasamonguepeuk, in reward of his faithfull service. The 18, Elenor, daughter to the Governour, and wife to Ananias Dare, one of the Assistants, was delivered of a daughter in Roanoke, and the same was christened there the Sunday following, and because this child was the first Christian born in Virginia, she was named Virginia."

These baptisms were, so far as is known to this writer, the first celebrations of record of a Christian Sacrament within the territory of the thirteen original United States. The baptism of Manteo, and his being made Lord of Roanoke were by order of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the latter, it is believed, is the only instance of the conferring of a title of nobility upon a native American. By the Indians "Elenor Dare," the first mother of the white race known to them, is said to have been called, in their figurative and descriptive way, "The White Doe," and her baby, the little Virginia, the first white infant they had ever seen, "The White Fawn;" and there is a pretty tradition that "after her death her spirit assumed that form—an elfin Fawn, which, clad in immortal beauty, would at times be seen haunting like a tender memory, the place of her birth, or gazing wistfully over the sea, as with pathetic yearning, for the far-away mother land. Another tradition is that in that sweet form she was slain by her lover, a young Indian Chief, who had been told that if he shot her from ambush with a certain enchanted arrow it would restore her to him in human form.

Soon after the birth of Virginia, her grandfather, Gov. White, returned to England to obtain supplies for the colonists:

"The 22 of August the whole company came to the Governour, and with one voice requested him to return himselfe into England, for the obtaining of supplies and other necessities for them; but he refused it, and alleaged many sufficient causes why he would not. * * * At the last, through their extreame intreating constrayned to return, he departed from Roanoke the 27 of August."

On the 16th of October he arrived on the Irish coast, and coming to England straightway made efforts to carry succor to his people, but never again did he look upon the faces of his daughter, or his grand-daughter, or of any of their companions. England was in the midst of her bitter contest with Spain and the Invincible Armada, and had sore need at home for every man and ship. There was neither time nor means to be devoted to an obscure little company thousands of leagues away in an unknown land beyond the stormy Atlantic. Three years elapsed before White returned to Roanoke, and when he came he found it deserted, and the settlers gone—whither? No one was left to tell and their fate was enshrouded, and will ever remain, in mystery pathetic. The dead past will not give up its dead. Let White himself tell the sad story:

"The 20 of March the three shippes, the Hopewell, the John Evangelist, and the little John, put to sea from Plymouth. * * * * The 15 of August we came to an anker at Hatorask, and saw a great smoke rise in the Ile Roanoke neere the place where I left our Colony in the yeere 1587. * * * * The next morning our two boats went ashore and we saw another great smoke; but when we came to it we found no man nor signe that any had been there lately."

When White left Roanoke to return to England for supplies, it had been agreed that in case the colonists left the island in his absence they should leave some sign to indicate whither they had gone, and if their leaving was under duress, or in distress, the sign of the cross should also be affixed, thus +.

White continues: "The 17 of August our boats were prepared againe to go up to Roanoke. * * * * Toward the North ende of the Island we espied the light of a great fire thorow the woods: When we came right over against it, we sounded with a trumpet a Call, and afterwards many familiar English tunes and Songs, and called to them friendly; but we had no answer; we therefore landed and coming to the fire we found the grasse and sundry rotten trees burning about the place. * * * * As we entered up the sandy banke, upon a tree in the very browe thereof were curiously carved these faire Romane letters, C. R. O: which letters we knew to signifie the place where I should find the planters seated, according to a secret taken agreed upon betweene them and me, at my last departure from them, which was that they should not faile to write or carve on the trees, or postes of the dores, the name of the place where they should be seated; and if they should be distressed, that then they should carve over the letters a Crosse in this forme +, but we found no such sign of distresse. We found the houses taken downe and the place strongly enclosed with a high palisado of great trees, with cortynes and flankers very Fortlike, and one of the chief trees at the right side of the entrance had the barke taken off, and five foot from the ground, in fayre Capitall letters, was graven CROATOAN, without any crosse or sign of distresse."

The colonists had evidently gone to Croatan, as we now have the word, the home of Manteo, the friendly Chief, the banks and islands of our coast, extending from Hatteras to Beaufort harbor; but none of them was ever seen of white

men again. They "died and made no sign;" though it is believed by many, and with considerable reason, that their descendants may still be found among the Croatan, or, more properly, Hatteras, Indians of Robeson county. White does not explain satisfactorily why he did not seek his daughter at Croatan, which was not very far away. He says :

"The season was so unfit, and weather so foule, that we were constraied of force to forsake that coast, having not seene any of our planters, with losse of one of our ship-boats, and seven of our chiefest men. * * * * The 24 of October we came in safetie, God be thanked, to an anker at Plymouth. * * * Thus committing the reliefe of my discomfortable company, the planters in Virginia, to the merciful help of the Almighty, whom I most humbly beseech to helpe and comfort them, according to His most holy will and their good desire, I take my leave."

Raleigh himself had never visited our shores, where in failure and disaster had ended all his efforts at settlement in this land, and where his unfortunate colonists passed from the domain of history into the domain of the unknown.

And little Virginia Dare, what of her? Did she die in infancy, and does her dust, mingled with the soil of her birth-place, blossom there into flowers that blush unseen? Did her little feet join in the wandering of the settlers from Roanoke to Croatan? Did she grow to womanhood in their second home, and did her life end in tragedy amid the darkness which enshrouds the fate of the Colony? From the deep abysm of the past comes no answer. Yet a faint echo, a possible trace of the lost White Fawn, comes to us which may have reference to her, and with it the record closes forever :

In his first volume of "The History of Travaile," Wm. Strachey, Secretary of the Jamestown Colony, writing in 1612 of events that occurred in Virginia in 1608-10, says:

"At Peccarecemmek and Ochanahoen, by the relation of Machamps, the people have howses built with stone walles, and one story above another, so taught them by those English who escaped the slaughter at Roanoke, at what tyme this our Colony under the conduct of Captain Newport landed within the Chesapeake Bay, where the people breed up tame turkies about their howses and take apes in the mountains, and where, at Ritanoë, the Weroance Eyanoco preserved seven of the English alive, *fower* men, two boys and one *young mayde*, who escaped the massacre, and fled up the river Chanoke." (Chowan.)

This "young mayde" may well have been Virginia Dare, who, at the time mentioned, would have been about twenty-one years of age. The extract is of interest, also, as showing that the existence, and even the location, of certain of Raleigh's colonists were well known to the Jamestown settlers. Indeed both John Smith and Strachey make mention of scattered parties of those colonists several times, and the Virginia Company writes of some of them as "yet alive, within fifty miles of our fort, * * * * as is testified by two of our colony sent out to search them, who, (though denied by the savages speech with them) found crosses * * * and assured Testimonies of Christians newly cut in the barks of trees." Here the veil of mystery falls around the White Fawn and her companions probably never to be raised.

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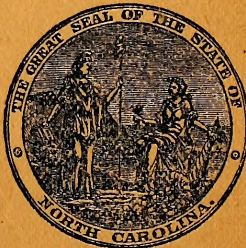
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COLONIAL NEW BERN.

BY

MRS. SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY.

RALEIGH :
CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY.
1901.

**“Carolina! Carolina! Heaven’s blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her.”**

PREFACE.

THE COLONY OF PALATINATES WHO, WITH THE SWISS, SETTLED IN NEW BERN, NORTH CAROLINA.

In that lovely and picturesque portion of Germany, situated on both sides of the river Rhine, lay the country formerly known to history as "The Palatinate." Its inhabitants were Protestants, and in the 'Thirty Year's war of religion between the Romanists and Protestants, Heidelberg, the principal city of the Palatinates, was laid a heap of smoldering ruins by the Spanish under Tilley, and its University was plundered of its great library which was presented by the conquerors to Pope Gregory XV.

Later on, the French, under Louis XIV., laid waste this country. A distinguished writer says: "The ravages of Louis XIV., in the beautiful valley of the Rhine, were more fierce and cruel than even Mohamets could have had the heart to perpetrate. Private dwellings were demolished, fields laid waste, cities razed to the ground. But three days of grace were allowed to the wretched inhabitants to flee their country. And soon the roads were blackened by innumerable multitudes of men, women and children flying from their homes in the dead of winter, often feeble, naked and starving, leaving their marks in bloody foot-prints on the snow. Many died of cold and hunger, but enough survived to fill the streets of the cities of Europe with lean and squalid beggars who had once been thriving merchants and farmers."

"England, ever the refuge of the oppressed, opened her arms to the people. Twelve thousand sought shelter there. Many of them, with the aid of "Good Queen Anne," were enabled afterwards to form homes for themselves in America. Among these were those Palatinates who accompanied De Graffenried's colony of Swiss and founded New Bern."

[See Bernheim, page 43.—EDITORS.]

COLONIAL NEW BERN.

A long point of land bounded north and south by a strip of shining river. And on this land a virgin forest draped in long gray moss ; here and there a tangle of vines, a rainbow blending of parti-colored blossoms, with brilliant grosbeaks and red-winged blackbirds darting like living flowers through the golden sunshine leaving a trail of song behind, or whip-poor-wills and chuckwill-widows calling wistfully to each other through the lonesome darkness. And out beyond the apex of the tongue of land the two rivers, blended into one wide current, flowing ceaselessly to the distant waiting sea. This was the Dream-world between the Neuse and the Trent, in the Carolina country, where one day civilization was to join hands with nature.

And while the birds sang and the flowers bloomed here, in the old world across the ocean war's crimson banners shadowed the Swiss hills and the fair German valley of the Neckar, until hundreds of these persecuted people began to dream—dimly at first, then with pathetic eagerness—of peace and safety in some distant land where religious thought was free and where the tyrants heel pressed not so heavily. The Swiss, moved by this hope, sent a brave and intelligent man, Michell by name, to seek them a new nesting place in America, and awaited his return with longing. But the Germans turned their eyes toward England where Queen Anne, because of what they had suffered for Protestantism, was willing to give them shelter. Thither they went, hundreds of them, but they did not take deep root in

English soil, and were readily persuaded to try their fortunes with the Swiss emigrants who were preparing to go to the new world. The man who laid this plan before them was Christopher de Graffenreid, a nobleman of Switzerland, who was at the court of Queen Anne, making preparations for the transportation of the Swiss colony which he was to head. The Germans had become rather a problem to Queen Anne who listened with favor to his proposition to take some six hundred of them in conjunction with his own party. Contracts were drawn up, and Mitchell having reported favorably on a site between the Carolina rivers, the combined company sailed away into the west, following always the sunset banners that seemed ever to wave from the ramparts of a new stronghold of liberty. Who may tell how many romances were consummated as the young people of the company sat in the shadow of the sails or lingered in the moonlight on the decks of those slow-sailing vessels? And yet again who will ever be able to count the bitter tears wept in secret for some lost love left behind in the land of tyranny; for in selecting those who were to go with him, De Graffenreid chose only sound and healthy persons of both sexes. And so the lad by the mast, with his head on his arm, and the girl in the stern looking back to the dim horizon line were thinking, perchance, of a pale faced maid or a cripple youth who had been rejected in the general selection.

"I will go back for her when I have made a home for her here in this new country," the lad kept saying to himself.

"I shall die out here in this loneliness, and never see

him again," the girl said over and over to her heart, with the hopelessness of helpless womanhood.

After a long voyage the vessels came to the haven which they sought ; and after some hardships and delays the colonists reached that tongue of land lying in dreamful beauty between the two rivers, and the soft December days of 1709 were filled with the sound of a white man's axe as the primeval forest made way for civilization.

The town founded thus was called by De Graffenreid, NEW BERN, after the Swiss capital in the far-away heart of the Alps.

In the De Graffenreid purchase there were ten thousand acres for which he and Michell paid "to the lords Proprietors ten pound purchase money for every thousand acres, and five shillings yearly as a quit rent to each thousand acres." And on his part De Graffenreid agreed to set off "by metes and bounds 250 acres of land for each of the one hundred and twenty German families, and to supply them with certain cattle, implements of agriculture and other necessities of life in a wild country." Reimbursement was to be made to him for these by the farmers the second year after the founding of the colony.

Things seemed to have gone well with the New Bern colony during the first year. Other settlers, chiefly English, bought land among them, and there was a decided step forward in prosperity. But all the while the Indians were watching them jealously ; and in September of the second year there fell that dread massacre that was so near to blighting the colony of Carolina. In the New Bern district more than a hundred people died by Indian tortures.

Among them, perhaps, perished the girl whose heart still wearied for her lame lover whose infirmity had separated them.

When the blow fell De Graffenreid and his surveyor, Lawson, were on an exploring expedition up the Neuse, and were captured. Lawson was tortured and finally put to death, but De Graffenreid was spared because of the superstitious fear with which the savages regarded the coat of arms, blazoned on a golden star, which he wore about his neck. The Indians took it for some kingly symbol, and feared to harm him further. And so they made terms with him exceedingly favorable to themselves, and sent him again to New Bern. The words of De Graffenreid's own journal bring this terrible adventure most strongly home to us:

"One day when the weather was fine and there was good appearance that it would last, Surveyor-General Lawson proposed to me to go up Neuse River, hinting that there were plenty of wild grapes there, which we could gather for replenishing ourselves. We could see likewise whether the river Neuse could be navigated in its higher course, and could visit besides, the upper country. I had long been anxious to find how far it is from here to the mountains. I accordingly resolved to take the trip, being assured that no savages lived on that branch of the river. But to feel safer we took two Indians to guide, which we knew well, with two negroes to row. So we went peacefully on our way. We had already gone a good two days journey and were near the village of Coram when we met Indians armed as for hunting, and we had hardly turned backwards

when such a number came out from the bushes and they overtook us so suddenly that it was impossible to defend ourselves. They accordingly took us prisoners and led us away. Such a rare capture made them proud ; indeed they took me for the Governor of the Province himself, and we were compelled to run with them all night across thickets and swamps, until we came to Catechna or Hencocks-towne, where the king called Hencock was sitting in State.

“The king stood up, approaching us and speaking to us very civilly, and they discussed at last whether we were to be burned as criminals or not. They concluded negatively, inasmuch as we had not been heard as yet, and at midday the king himself brought us to eat a kind of bread called ‘dumplings’ and venison.

“In the evening there came a great many Indians. The ‘Assembly of the Great,’ as they called it, (consisting of forty elders sitting on the ground around a fire, as is their custom), took place at ten o’clock in a beautiful open space. There was in the circle a place set apart with two mats for us, a mark of great deference and honor. We therefore sat upon them, and on our left side, our speaker, the Indian who had come with us. The speaker of the assembly made a long speech, and it was ordered that the youngest of the assembly should represent the Indian Nation, the king putting the questions. We were examined very strictly concerning our intention, and why we had come hither. Also they complained very much of the conduct of English colonists, and particularly Mr. Lawson, charging him with being too severe, and that he was the man who had sold their lands.

“After having discussed at length, they concluded that we should be liberated, and the following day was appointed for our return home. The next morning we were again examined, but one Cor Tom being present, the king of Cor village, he reproached Mr. Lawson for something, and they began to quarrel with great violence, which spoilt things entirely, though I made every effort to get Lawson to quit quarrelling. I did not succeed. All at once three or four Indians fell upon us in a furious manner. They took us violently by the arms and forced us to set upon the ground before the whole of them there collected. No mats were spread for us. They took our hats and periwigs and threw them into the fire, and a council of war being held we were immediately sentenced to death. On the day following we were taken to the place of execution. Before us a large fire was kindled. Whilst some acted the part of conjurors others made a ring around us which they strewed with flowers. Behind us lay my innocent negro, and in this miserable situation we remained that day and the subsequent night. I was wholly resolved to die, and accordingly offered up fervent prayers during the whole day and night, and called to mind as I could remember them, even the least sins. I tried and recalled all what I had read in Holy Scripture—in short I prepared myself the best I could to a good and salutary death. I found in the meanwhile a great consolation in considering the miracles which our Lord Jesus had made, and I addressed forthwith my ardent prayers to my Divine Saviour, not doubting that He would grant them, and perhaps change these savage hearts—harder than rocks—so that they would pardon me,—what indeed happened by God’s miraculous Providence.

"On the morning of the next day on which we were to die, a great multitude was collected to see the execution. Thus began our Long Tragedy which I would like to tell, if it were not too long and dreadful—but—since I begun, I will go on. In the centre of that great place, we were seated on the ground, the Surveyor-General and myself, bound and undressed with bare heads, and in the front of us a great fire; near it was the conjuror or High Priest, (an old grizzled Indian—the priests are generally magicians and can even conjure up the devil), a little further was an Indian savage standing. He did not move from the spot, with the knife in one hand and an axe in the other. It was apparently the executioner. Around us sat the chiefs in two rows; behind them were the common people, upwards of three hundred in number—men, women and children—with faces painted red, white and black, who were jumping and dancing like so many devils, and cutting a variety of infernal capers. Behind us stood armed Indians as guards, who stimulated the dancers by stamping with their feet and firing their guns. Yes indeed, never was the devil represented with a more frightful appearance than these savages presented as they danced around the fire. I uncovered my soul to my Saviour Christ Jesus and my thoughts were wholly employed with death.

"At length, however, I recollected myself and turning to the council of chiefs, made a short discourse, assuring them that the great Queen of England would avenge my death. I further stated whatever I thought fit, besides to induce them to some mitigation. After I had done speaking, I remarked that one of the notables, (who was a rela-

tion of King Taylor from whom I bought the land where New Bern now stands), that, that notable spoke earnestly, apparently in my favor, as it came out. Then it was forthwith resolved to send a few members to their neighbor, a certain King Tom Blunt of the Tuscaroras. The result was, as will be seen, that I was to live and that poor Surveyor-General Lawson was to be executed, Thus God in His mercy heard my prayers. I spent that whole night in great anguish awaiting my fate, in continuous prayers and sighs. Meanwhile I also examined my poor negro, exhorting him the best way I knew—and he gave me more satisfaction than I expected—but I left Surveyor-General L., to offer his own prayers as being a man of understanding and not over religious.

“Towards 3 or 4 in the morning the delegates came back from their mission and brought an answer, but very secretly. One or two of them came to unbind me ; not knowing what this meant, I submitted to the will of the Almighty, rose and followed him as a poor lamb to the slaughter. Alas ! I was much astonished when the Indians whispered in my ear that I had nothing to fear, but that Lawson would die, what affected me much.

“They also liberated my negro, but I never saw him since. I was forbidden to speak the least word to Mr. Lawson. He took accordingly leave of me, and told me to say farewell, in his name, to his friends. Alas ! It grieved me much to leave him thus. I tried to show my compassion by a few signs.

“Some time after the man who had spoken in my favor, led me to his cabin where I was to be kept quiet awaiting

further orders. In the meantime they executed the unfortunate Lawson. As to his death, I know nothing. Some said he was hung, some said he was burnt. The Indians kept that execution very secret. May God have mercy on his soul.

"The next day the notables came to tell me of their design to make war in North Carolina. They advised me that no harm would come to Chattooka * (the old name of New Bern) but that the people of the colony ought to go into the town or they could not answer for the evil that could happen—good words enough—but how was I to let the people know, since none would take a message for me. A few days later the savages came back with their booty. Alas! what a sight for me to see—men, women and children prisoners. The very Indian with whom I lodged, happened to bring with him the boy of one of my tenants, and much clothing and furniture which I well knew.

"Alas! what was my apprehension that my whole colony was ruined, especially when I had privately questioned the boy. He cried bitterly, and told me how this same Indian had savagely killed his father, mother and brother, yes, his whole family. * * I had to remain six weeks a prisoner in this hateful place, Catechna—I was once much perplexed. All men had gone to that plundering expedition, the women, some to gather wild cherries, others to dig some kind of roots called "potatoes," which are yellow, very good and dainty. On that day I was all alone by myself in that village. * * I accordingly said my prayers

* The Chattawka Indians from whom New Berne was bought were in alliance with the Tuscaroras, and removed with them after this Indian war to New York, carrying with them their name now so famous in educational circles.

and then examined the *pro* and *con* as to whether I should take flight or not, and found at last, it was best to stay. Experience showed that I made a wise choice. * * The barbarous expedition being ended, on the Sunday following their great Indian festival, having concluded a treaty of peace with these people, they brought me a horse. Two notables escorted me to Cor village, gave me a piece of Indian bread and then left me. Thus have I escaped from the cruel hands of this barbarous nation, the Tuscaroras. Thence I had to foot it homeward. Quite lame, shivering with cold, nearly dead—my legs so stiff and swollen that I could not walk a step, but supported myself on two sticks, at last I arrived at my small home in New Bern.

“When my good people saw me coming from afar, tanned like an Indian, but on the other hand considered my blue jerkin and my figure—they knew not what to think—the men even took up their arms—but when I came nearer quite lame, walking with two sticks, they knew by my look that I was not a savage. When I saw them so puzzled I began to speak with them from afar. They hollowed to the others to come, that it was their Lord returned whom they thought to be dead. And so all came in crowds, men, women and children, shouting and crying out, part of them weeping, others struck dumb, with surprise. Thus I was at last at home, and in my private room, gave ardent thanks to the Good God for my miraculous and gracious rescue.”

For a while De Graffenreid remained with the colony, pushing it to success by his strict adherence to the terms of neutrality in the constant quarrels between the English and the Indians. But his terrible experience during his cap-

tivity at the time of the massacre haunted his memory, until he wished no longer to make his home beside such barbarous neighbors; and finally he sold his vast interests to a wealthy and influential gentleman named Thomas Pollock, for eight hundred pounds, and returned to his Swiss mountains, preferring, no doubt, to risk the evils of tyrannical and religious persecution rather than the tortures of the fagot and the scalping-knife. Tradition has tried, in a vague way, to associate a romance with his stay in America; but there seems to be no ground for this. He was most probably married when he came here, for it is stated that some of his descendants remained in this country; and he would have no children old enough for such a step had he not been already a married man when Queen Anne sold him his landed rights.

When he was gone there was much regret, but the town which he had founded did not languish under the new regime. Houses were built, streets were laid off and fields were cleared. Emigration continued to pour in; prosperity came with favorable seasons and fine crops; the rift in the forest widened as the population increased; the broad, shady streets of the town soon stretched from river to river; warehouses were opened, ships from many ports anchored in the harbor of the two rivers; and so trade and commerce joined hands with agriculture to lift the little town to wealth and importance. And so it was that toward the middle of the century we find the royal governors making it their capital, convening here their legislatures and council sessions. The preacher and school-master followed the wharves and warehouses, bringing in their wake the refine-

ments of education ; and finally fashion came to give her finishing touches to a community that had picked up the golden apples in the race for success, and yet had come first to the goal.

The royal governors of the province, with their splendid personal surroundings, their mal-administrations, their unjust taxations, came and went upon the scene like the figures of an ever changing kaleidoscope. It was perhaps not until the days of Governor Tryon—"the Great Wolf of North Carolina"—that New Bern reached its zenith of social brilliance. Tryon was a soldier by taste and training, but his charming wife and her beautiful sister, Esther Wake, a noted toast and belle, had all the social desires of admired and petted women ; and with them to direct matters the Governor's receptions took on the semblance of court functions. Perhaps it was their ambition that fanned the flame of Tryon's wish for a suitable government residence in New Bern. The people at large were in a ferment of dissatisfaction against the administration of public affairs, and were already groaning under a burden of taxation that sapped their private incomes and left them discontented and rebellious. In many ways this spirit was manifested, those who strove to adjust matters and do away with the existing evils being called "Regulators." It was these men who, a few months later, struck on the field of Alamance the prelude to that national march of freedom which began at Lexington and ended at Yorktown.

But despite this public disquiet and his own personal unpopularity, Tryon, spurred on by his wife and sister-in-law, set himself to gather money for the erection of a palace

that would eclipse anything in the colonies. His proclamation of the repeal of the odious Stamp Act, which had been a fire-brand in each of the thirteen colonies, so pleased the people that when the legislature assembled shortly after, the members were ready to listen favorably to any plea the governor might make. Tryon recognized the spirit of conciliation ; and Lady Tryon and beautiful Esther Wake, with fine dinners and pretty blandishments of flattery, so wrought upon the members that they voted a liberal appropriation for the building of the long wished-for palace. This appropriation was afterwards increased by the council, and still further added to by Tryon who diverted certain public moneys into this channel.

To a pioneer people with small wealth, except among a favored few, the taxes levied to raise this money was a hardship not easy to bear. But the haughty governor cared little for this, and his agents ground the money out of the people, and the palace rose majestically in the white moon shine and the sifting sunlight beside the Trent and New Bern town. A minute description of this palace is not necessary to this article. Suffice it to say that it consisted of three buildings, the center one holding the council halls and apartments of state, the two wings, which were connected with the main building by curved, covered colonades, being the domestic and residence portions. The main building was two stories high, with a flat roof on which was a promenade and an aquarium. The material was brick, the chimney breasts and cornices being of white marble exquisitely carved. It was pronounced the finest structure in British North America. The architect was a Moor by the

name of Hawks whom Tryon induced to come to New Bern for this especial work ; the material was all imported from Europe. Here for a time the Royal governors dwelt, and here was focused the wit and wealth, the beauty, and the fashion of the whole colony. But after the going of Martin, the last ruler to hold authority in Carolina under the king's seal, the history of the palace changed. For a time it remained closed ; but after the Revolution the authorities allowed it to be used as a school, the academy having been burned. Of this school the Rev. Thomas Irwin, one of the most unique characters of his time and place, was principal. In the cellar directly under the council chambers, was stored a quantity of wood and hay. Here there came one day a negro woman hunting eggs. The pine torch she carried set fire to the hay and the whole pile of Tryon's palace, except one of the wings, was burned. So passed away in flame and smoke what would have been for long generations a land-mark for history, a Mecca for the antiquarian. The wing which was saved has served many purposes since it fell from its high estate, being at one time a warehouse, at another a dwelling, and yet again a stable where General Washington's horse was stalled when he visited New Bern in 1791. Later it was repaired and used by the Episcopal Church as a parish school and chapel. It is the property of the Daves family, long prominent residents of the community.

About the palace must always cluster romantic memories and legends. For the upper classes its opening marked the golden days of the colonial period. Throughout the country there might be the rumblings of the gathering

political storm, but in the palace where fetes and levees and music and dancing, dainty dames, with powdered heads and rustling brocade, greeted their brilliantly clad cavaliers in the reel or minuet; there were feasting and wine drinking in the garlanded banquet rooms; jesting and dancing in the wide halls, and at the curtained windows and in the starlight on the promenade upon the roof there were whisperings of lovers, and down-cast eyes and blushing cheeks and—mayhap—stolen kisses. And all of life seemed a-shine with jewels and set to a strain of minuet music. Here, on this narrow strip of land where, less than fifty years before, the only human trespasser was the half nude Indian hunter, the arts of civilization met in a brilliant focus. Gallants in silk and velvet sighed on bended knee for beauty's cast-off ribbon as a love favor, or fought fierce duels with their rivals for a rose or a glove; for swords hung loose in their scabbards in those days of periwig and powder, and "trifles light as air" moved men to blows. Nor was the merry-making confined to the palace. In the houses of the wealthier merchants and planters there was an open-handed hospitality that has never been relinquished by their descendants. In some of these houses the furnishings and table service were plain and unostentatious; in others, sumptuous—fine upholstering and massive silver plate, heirlooms from former days of grandeur in England. Here and there was a lady who took her airing in a coach driven by liveried servants, but the large majority went to the palace levees in "chairs" borne by footmen. Constant intercourse with the mother country kept the "quality folk" in touch with English fashions, so that

Tryon's "drawing rooms" were mimic reproductions of those of St. James.

The character of the population had changed materially since the Pollock purchase. New Bern had long ago ceased to be a Swiss and German settlement. Some of these first comers had, indeed, become substantial citizens, but many more had faded out before the in-coming of the English. One who writes with seeming authority has this to say about the Swiss :

"While in New Bern I frequently saw the Ipocks who lived in the vicinity. They were an obscure class of people, resembling Gypsies in appearance. I was at the time not aware that the Ipocks belonged to the Swiss nobility who came over with the founders of New Bern. I have since been informed that such is the fact—the original name being Ebach in Switzerland." The strange character known throughout the community as "Mother Ipock" or the "Witch of the Neuse," was of these people. She was a protege of the palace at the same time that it had another striking personality—Colonel Ferguson, nephew to Martin, the last of the royal governors. A lady's man, a fop ; Ferguson was the champion rifle shot of the world, and one of the most brilliant cavalry officers who wore the red during the Revolution. He fell at King's Mountain where the tide of war was turned in America's favor.

Such was colonial New Bern, the child of romance, the abiding place of the spirits of adventure and chivalry. She gave to the State some of her most distinguished builders and defenders. Many of the names known in the annals of the nation were first household words in New Bern,

graven on her door plates, and later on the marble slabs under the moss-draped elms in that portion of her domain called "God's Acre."

Here are still to be found some of the mementoes and landmarks of those dead and gone colonial days. Here is still that unburned wing of Tryon's palace which links us to the past; here is Pollock Street, perpetuating the name of him who took up De Graffenreid's burden of colony building. Here, too are some of the dwellings erected by the men of that lost time—the Gaston home, the Nash place the Hughes and Ellis houses, the Pollock and Burgwyn homesteads, and others that have withstood the ravages of time and the assaults of war. The scene of many stirring events since those days of periwig and brocades, New Bern's chief glory must ever be the white stone of history she set up in the flowery wilderness in these past but unforgotten days of colonial splendor.

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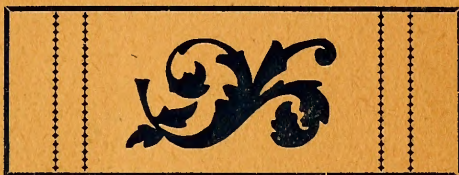
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W. B. Moffatt *July*

The North Carolina Booklet.

Vol. 1 *no 3*
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—BY—

COL. A. M. WADDELL.



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THE STAMP ACT ON THE CAPE FEAR.

BY

COL. A. M. WADDELL.



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1901.

**“Carolina! Carolina! Heaven’s blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her.”**

THE STAMP ACT ON THE CAPE FEAR.

Substituting the word "wrongs" for the word "crimes," Madame Roland's dying exclamation, "Oh! Liberty how many crimes are committed in thy name!" may well be applied to history. Perhaps history lies in attributing to her the exclamation. Who knows? There are ten thousand "facts" of history that have been disputed or denied with great plausibility. Napoleon said that history is a lie, and he was right well informed. Any one who really knows the truth about the history of the people of North Carolina will be ready to concur with the great Corsican, when he reads the standard histories of the United States, so far as the treatment of North Carolina and North Carolinians is concerned, from Colonial days down to the close of the war of 1861-'65.

In the first edition of his work Bancroft paid a magnificent tribute to the liberty-loving spirit of the people of North Carolina as displayed in Colonial days, but in the edition published during the war for Southern independence, called by the victorious Northern people "The Rebellion," the tribute was eliminated, and no longer appears in that standard work. The contribution of money and troops by North Carolina during the campaign of 1754—which was the first time in our Colonial history that troops were raised by a Colony to serve outside of its borders in the common defence of all—and in the campaigns of 1755 and 1758—

in the latter of which her soldiers were the advanced guard, and one of them by his gallantry in capturing an Indian and securing information for which a reward had been offered, but which he never received, assured and hastened the capture of Fort DuQuesne, and the conduct of her troops in the American Revolution, have all been ignored or misrepresented by the writers of American history. The same story might be continued to include the aforesaid "rebellion," but we will let that pass for the present, and take up an older theme.

some say 1764 + repealed immediately 765

The celebrated Stamp Act which was passed by the British Parliament March 22, 1765,¹ and the repeal of which occurred just one year afterwards, was one of the most potent causes of the Revolution of 1776, which resulted in the establishment of the Government of the United States of America. One year previous to the passage of this Act—namely in 1764—the Parliament of Great Britain had, for the first time, undertaken to appropriate the property of American subjects to the purpose of increasing the revenues of the Crown by imposing a duty on sugar, coffee, wine, and other articles of foreign growth imported into the Colonies. Finding that there was still a deficit in the revenues, after the imposition of these duties on foreign imports, and in pursuance of a previously declared purpose, they passed the Stamp Act in 1765. This Act, containing fifty-five sections, provided an elaborate system of stamp duties for the Colonies, and all offences against its provisions were made cognizable in the Courts of Admiralty in which there were no juries, "so that," as Bancroft says, "the Americans were not only to be taxed by the British

Parliament, but to have the taxes collected arbitrarily, under the decree of British Judges, without any trial by jury." The bill of 1764 had met with no opposition in Parliament, but the Stamp Act was opposed there and debated for some time. In the Colonies it was almost universally denounced as unconstitutional, unjust, and ruinous to the Americans, because it clogged business, by imposing a heavy tax on every kind of paper-writing used in ordinary transactions, as well as in Court proceedings, and taxed the privilege of publishing, advertising in, or reading newspapers, pamphlets, and other publications. This Stamp tax was in addition to the impost duties on sugar, coffee and all luxuries, which went to the Crown, and was entirely outside of the taxes imposed by the Colonial Legislatures for local government. The people of the Colonies were poor and harassed by all sorts of trials and dangers, and they justly regarded this enormous burden of taxation, imposed by a parliament in which they had no representation, as a cruel wrong, and, as Washington called it, "a direful attack upon their liberties," and therefore it roused the people of the Colonies as no act of Parliament had ever done before, and united them in a determination to resist the enforcement of it.

What did the people of North Carolina do about it? If you seek information on that question from the histories of the United States you will be disappointed. It is not in them—but the facts were published in official papers at the time, and are supported by tradition in such a way as to make any mistake about them impossible. I can very well understand that the carelessness and indifference of our peo-

ple about their own achievements has caused them to be doubted or denied, but why historians should persistently refuse to give credit to North Carolina people for what they have done in every war from Colonial days down to the close of the war for Southern independence in 1865, I confess I do not understand. It has been the fashion for over a hundred years to sneer at them, and this, too, in the face of a record which is, in many respects, absolutely unparalleled.

Now let us begin with the resistance to the Stamp Act in 1765. I assert, with absolute confidence in the correctness of the assertion, that, although the people of the other Colonies were as resolute in their determination to resist the act, and although they exhibited their feeling by half-masting flags, burning effigies, forming processions and forcing stamp-masters to resign, yet *in one colony only* did they, openly, in large numbers, and with arms in their hands, resist an armed force—a twenty gun sloop of war—in an attempt to land the stamps, and this two weeks after they had compelled a stamp-master to resign his office. This was at Brunswick on the Cape Fear River, sixteen miles below Wilmington, on the 28th of November, 1765, when the sloop of war Diligence arrived with the stamps—the stamp-master, William Houston, having been compelled to resign on the 16th. As early as the 3d of May in that year, the Assembly of the Province had met, but as soon as Governor Tryon discovered its temper by inquiring of the Speaker, John Ashe, what they would do about the Stamp Act—to which Ashe replied that “it would be resisted to blood and death”—Tryon, on the 18th of May, prorogued

(adjourned) the Assembly to meet at Newbern November 30th, but finding before that time that, instead of abating, the spirit of the people was growing more intense, he again prorogued the Assembly until March 12th of the next year. This proroguing of the Assembly on the 18th of May and again on the 25th of October, 1765, prevented North Carolina from sending delegates to what is known as the Stamp Act Congress, (as such delegates had to be elected by the Assembly); and the fact that there were no delegates to that Congress from North Carolina was charged as a want of courage and patriotism, by certain persons who have undertaken to write history, without knowing the facts. Tryon's trick to keep the Assembly from sending delegates, however, was vain, for the people in Wilmington, under the leadership of Col. Hugh Waddell, assembled and passed resolutions denouncing the Stamp Act, and expressing a determination to resist it, and this was done openly under the very nose of the governor.

This was in the summer of 1765 and the armed resistance to the landing of the stamps occurred on the following 28th of November. On that day the sloop of war Diligence, accompanied by the sloop of war Viper, arrived at Brunswick with the stamps on board, but her arrival having been anticipated for some time, an armed force from Brunswick and New Hanover counties (the former county having been established in 1764 out of the territory of the latter) were on the ground ready to resist the landing of the stamps. This force was under the command of Col. Hugh Waddell and Col. John Ashe, Speaker of the Assembly.

The Royal Governor, Tryon, who was himself a soldier,

holding the commission of Lt. Col. of the Queen's Guards, was greatly scandalized and indignant at such defiance of authority, but Capt. Phipps of the Diligence seems to have taken matters very philosophically and left the governor to do the fretting, a process which he had been undergoing ever since the 16th when the stamp-master, Houston, had been "compelled in the Court House in Wilmington in the presence of the Mayor and some Aldermen to resign his office," as Tryon wrote to Conway, Secretary of State. The Mayor referred to was Moses John de Rosset, but the names of the Aldermen who were present are not known.

Tryon did not write a word to the British authorities about all this business until the 26th of December, 1765, when he began his first letter to Hon. Seymour Conway, Secretary of State, by saying, "It is with concern I acquaint you that the obstructions to the Stamp Act passed last session of Parliament has been as general in this Province as in any Colony on the Continent," and goes on to say that "the first intelligence of the general alarm which was spread against the Stamp Act in this Colony was in October last at a time I lay extremely ill of the fevers of this country which with repeated relapses I have experienced these five months." It was in this letter that he said, "Near fifty of the above gentlemen (the merchants of New Hanover and Brunswick counties) waited on me to dinner, when I urged to them the expediency of permitting the circulation of the stamps;" and in the same letter he gave an account of the incident at the Court House in Wilmington when Houston was compelled to take the oath not to distribute the stamps, and added that some merchants of

Wilmington had been "as assiduous in obstructing the reception of the stamps as any of the inhabitants."

His letter, in full, is as follows :

"BRUNSWICK, 26th December, 1765.

"*The Right Hon'ble H'y Seymour Conway:*

"In obedience to His Majesty's commands communicated to me by the honor of your letter of the 12th of July last, it is with concern I acquaint you that the obstruction to the Stamp Act passed last session of Parliament has been as general in this province as in any Colony on the continent, tho' their irregular proceedings have been attended with no mischief, or are by any means formidable. I am much of the opinion that whatever measures are prescribed and enforced his Majesty's authority to the more formidable Colonies to the Northward will meet with a ready acquiescence in the Southern provinces, without the necessity of any military force. The first intelligence of the general alarm which was spread against the Stamp Act in this Colony was in October last, at a time I lay extremely ill of the fevers of this country, which with repeated relapses I have experienced these five months past. I was very impatient to seize the first opportunity to communicate my sentiments to the merchants of New Hanover and Brunswick counties, who are the persons that carry on the commerce of the Cape Fear River (and where I imagined the stamps would arrive) on the then situation of public affairs. On the 18th November near fifty of the above gentlemen waited on me to dinner when I urged to them the expediency of permitting the circulation of the stamps, but as my health at that

time would not allow me to write down my speech I must beg to refer you, sir, to the enclosed Carolina Gazette of the 27th November in which you will find nearly the substance of what I declared and proposed to the above gentlemen. Their answer and my reply are inclosed. Two days before the above meeting, Mr. Houston, the distributor of the stamps, was compelled in the Court House in Wilmington, and in the presence of the Mayor and some Aldermen to resign his office. The stamps arrived the 28th of November last in his Majesty's Sloop, the Diligence, Capt. Phipps commander, but as there was no Distributor or other officer of the stamps in this country after Mr. Houston's resignation the stamps still remain on board the said ship. No vessels have been cleared out since the first of November from this river or from any other in this province that I have received intelligence of. Some merchants from Wilmington applied to me for certificates for their ships, specifying that no stamps were to be had, which I declined granting, referring them to the officers of his Majesty's Customs. They have been as assiduous in obstructing the reception of the stamps as any of the inhabitants.

"No business is transacted in the Courts of Judicature, tho' the Courts have been regularly opened and all civil government is now at a stand. This stagnation of all public business and commerce under the low circumstances of the inhabitants must be attended with fatal consequences to this colony, if it subsists but for a few months longer. There is little or no specie circulating in the maritime counties of this province, and what is in circulation in the back counties is so very inconsiderable that the Attorney-

General assures me that the stamp duties on the instruments used in the five Superior Courts of this province would in one year require all the specie in the country; the business which is likewise transacted in the twenty-nine inferior, or County Courts, the many instruments which pass through the Sheriff's hands and other civil officers; those in the Land Office, and many other instruments used in transaction of public business were the reasons which induced me to believe the operation of all its parts impracticable, and which likewise prompted me to make my proposals for the ease and convenience of the people, and to endeavor to reconcile them to this Act of Parliament.

"On the 20th of last month I opened and proclaimed my commission at Wilmington, when I consulted his Majesty's Council if any measures could be proposed to induce the people to receive the stamps. They were unanimously of opinion that nothing further could be done than what I have already offered.

"I have his Majesty's writs for a new election of Assembly, but shall not meet them till next April at Newbern. I am, sir, etc.,

"WM. TRYON."

The fact of the formidable display of force on the 28th November, 1765, which prevented the landing of the stamps was carefully suppressed by Tryon. He did not wish to let the home government know how far matters had gone. He did not wish them to be shocked by the statement that these colonists had not only prevented the landing of the stamps, but had seized a boat of the Dili-

gence, and, after leaving a guard at Brunswick, had marched to Wilmington with it where they were greeted by a triumphel procession and a general illumination of the town. But matters were growing worse and so rapidly that he was compelled to report them.

Early in February, 1766, and while the men of war, Diligence and Viper, were still lying at their anchorage at Brunswick, two vessels, the Dobbs and the Patience, arrived, the one from St. Christophers and the other from Philadelphia. Their clearance papers were not stamped, as required by the Stamp Act, and thereupon Capt. Lobb, of the Viper, seized them. The captains of the vessels protested that they could not get stamps at the ports from which they came, and showed certificates of the fact, but this availed nothing and the vessels were held. As soon as this became known the excitement among the people over the circumstances was intense, and they assembled with arms to the number of about six hundred, and chose Col. Hugh Waddell as their commander. Of their subsequent proceedings Tryon gives some account in his letter of February 25th to the Secretary of State, but he suppresses some of the facts, as he had previously done about the resistance to the landing of the stamps.

This letter of February 25th is as follows :

“ *The Right Honorable Henry Seymour Conway, Esq.,
One of His Majesty’s Principal Secretaries of State:*

“BRUNSWICK, the 25th February, 1766.

“SIR:—As I wish to give you as particular a relation for his Majesty’s information as I possibly can of an illegal as-

sembly of men in arms, assembled at Brunswick on the 19th inst., I have collected all the letter correspondence that has come to my knowledge, previous to the 19th inst., during the time the men remained in arms, as well as after they dispersed.

"In this letter I shall chiefly confine myself to the narrations of the actions and conduct of the body assembled, desiring leave to refer you to the letters as they occur in point of order and time.

"The seizures Capt. Lobb made of the Dobbs and Patience sloops, (as by his letter to the collector for taking the papers and the Attorney General's opinion thereon) was an affair I did not interfere with. In the first instance I never was applied to, and in the second, I thought it rested with Capt. Lobb.

"On the 16th, in the evening, Mr. Dry, the Collector, waited on me with a letter he received dated from Wilmington the 15th of February, 1766, and at the same time informed me he had sent the subscribers word he should wait on them the next day. I strongly recommended him to put the papers belonging to the Patience Sloop on board the Viper (those of the Dobbs had some time before been given to the owners on his delivering security for them) as I apprehended, I said, those very subscribers would compel him to give them up. His answer was, "They might take them from him but he would never give them up without Capt. Lobb's order." The weather on the 17th prevented Mr. Dry from going to Wilmington till the next day.

"The next intelligence I received was in the dusk on the evening of the 19th soon after 6 o'clock by letter delivered

me by Mr. George Moore and Mr. Cornelius Harnett bearing date the 19th and signed "John Ashe, Thomas Lloyd, Alexander Lillington." My letter of the same night directed "To the Commanding Officer either of the Viper or Diligence Sloops of War" will explain the opinion I entertained of the offer made of a guard of gentlemen, and my declaration to the detachment I found surrounding my house. This letter my servant about three in the morning put on board the Diligence who lay moored opposite to my house at the distance of four or five hundred yards, and returned to me again in a short space of time with Capt. Phipp's letter in answer. Soon after I had put up the lights required. Capt. Phipps came himself on shore to me, the guards having quitted the posts they had taken round the house, and on the beach. With a most generous warmth and zeal Capt. Phipps offered me every service his ship or himself could afford. I assured him the services I wished to receive from his Majesty's sloops consisted wholly in the protection of the Fort. That as Capt. Dalrymple had but five men in garrison to defend eight eighteen pounders, eight nine pounders, and twenty-three swivel guns all mounted and fit for service together with a considerable quantity of amunition, I wrote an order to Capt. Dalrymple "to obey all orders he might receive from the Commanding Officer either of the Viper or Diligence sloops of war," and desired Capt. Phipps would send it to the Fort. I made it so general because Capt. Phipps told me neither of the sloops had a pilot then on board, and that it was uncertain which ship could get down to the Fort, distant four leagues from where the ships then lay off Brunswick; Capt.

Phipps after a stay on shore of about ten minutes returned on board the Diligence.

“On the 20th, about 12 o'clock at noon, Capt. Lobb sent to desire I would meet him on board the Diligence, which request I immediately complied with and at the same time the Collector, Mr. Dry, came on board. There were then present the Captains Lobb and Phipps, Mr. McGwire, Vice Judge of the Admiralty, the Collector and myself. Capt. Lobb told me he had a committee from the inhabitants in arms on board his ship, that they demanded the possession of the sloops he had seized and that he was to give them his answer in the afternoon. Mr. Dry, the Collector, informed me that his desk was broken open on the 19th in the evening and the unstamped papers belonging to the Patience and Ruby sloops forcibly taken from him. He said he knew most of the persons that came into his house at that time, but he did not see who broke open the desk and took out the papers. Capt. Lobb seemed not satisfied with the legality of the seizure of the Ruby sloop (seized subsequent to the papers that were sent to the Attorney General for his opinion, on the Dobbs and Patience) and declared he would return her to the master or owner; but that he would insist on the papers belonging to the Patience being returned, which were taken from the Collector's desk, and that he would not give up the Sloop Patience. I approved of these resolutions and desired that he would not in the conduct of this affair consider my family, myself or my property, that I was greatly solicitous for the honor of government and his Majesty's interest in the present exigency, and particularly recommended to him the protection of Fort

Johnston. I then returned on shore. In the evening Capt. Phipps waited on me from on board the Viper, and acquainted me that all was settled ; that Capt. Lobb had given his consent for the owners to take possession of the Sloops Ruby and Patience, as the copy of Capt. Lobb's orders for that purpose will declare.

"This report was not consistent with the determinations I concluded Capt. Lobb left the Diligence in, when I met him according to his appointment but a few hours before.

"To be regular in point of time I must now speak of some further conduct of the inhabitants in arms, who were continually coming into Brunswick from different counties. This same evening of the 20th inst. Mr. Pennington, his Majesty's Comptroller, came to let me know there had been a search after him, and as he guessed they wanted him to do some act that would be inconsistent with the duty of his office, he came to acquaint me with this enquiry and search. I told him I had a bed at his service, and desired he would remain with me. The next morning, the 21st, about eight o'clock, I saw Mr. Pennington going from my house with Col. James Moore. I called him back, and as Col. Moore returned with him I desired to know if he had any business with Mr. Pennington. He said the gentlemen assembled wanted to speak with him. I desired Col. Moore would inform the gentleman, Mr. Pennington, his Majesty's Comptroller, I had occasion to employ on dispatches for his Majesty's service, therefore could not part with him. Col. Moore then went away and in five minutes afterwards I found the avenues to my house again shut up by different parties of armed men.

Soon after the following note was sent and the answer annexed returned :

"SIR:—The gentlemen assembled for the redress of grievances desirous of seeing Mr. Pennington to speak with him sent Col. Moore to desire his attendance, and understand that he was stayed by your Excellency, they therefore request that your Excellency will be pleased to let him attend, otherwise it will not be in the power of the Directors appointed, to prevent the ill consequences that may attend a refusal. They don't intend the least injury to Mr. Pennington."

Friday, the 21st February, 1766.

To his Excellency.

THE ANSWER.

"Mr. Pennington being employed by his Excellency on dispatches for his Majesty's service, any gentleman that may have business with him may see him at the Governor's House."

21st February, 1766.

It was about 10 o'clock when I observed a body of men in arms, from four to five hundred move towards the house. A detachment of sixty men came down the avenue, and the main body drew up in front, in sight, and within three hundred yards of the house. Mr. Harnett, a representative in the Assembly for Wilmington, came at the head of the detachment, and sent a message to speak with Mr. Pennington. When he came into the house he told Mr. Pennington the gentlemen wanted him. I answered, Mr. Pen-

nington came into my house for refuge, he was a Crown Officer, and as such I would give him all the protection my roof, and the dignity of the character I held in this province could afford him. Mr. Harnett hoped I would let it go, as the people were determined to take him out of the house if he should be longer detained ; an insult he said they wished to avoid offering to me. An insult, I replied, that would not tend to any great consequence, after they had already offered every insult they could offer, by investing my house, and making me in effect a prisoner before any grievance, or oppression, had been first represented to me. Mr. Pennington grew very uneasy, said he would choose to go to the gentlemen ; I again repeated my offers to protection, if he chose to stay. He declared, and desired I would remember, that whatever oaths might be imposed on him, he should consider them as acts of compulsion and not of free will ; and further added that he would rather resign his office than do any act contrary to his duty. If that was his determination, I told him, he had better resign before he left me. Mr. Harnett interposed, with saying he hoped he would not do that. I enforced the recommendation for resignation. He consented, paper was brought, and his resignation executed and received. I then said, Mr. Pennington, now sir, you may go ; Mr. Harnett went out with him ; the detachment retired to the town. Mr. Pennington afterwards informed me, they got him in the midst of them when Mr. Ward, master of the Patience, asked him to enter his sloop. Mr. Pennington assured him he could not, as he had resigned his office. He was afterwards obliged to take an oath that he would never issue any stamped pa-

pers in this province. The above oath, the Collector informed me, he was obliged to take, as were all the clerks of the County Courts, and other public officers. The inhabitants, having redressed after the manner described their grievances complained of, left the town of Brunswick about 1 o'clock on the 21st. In the evening I went on board the Viper and acquainted Capt. Lobb I apprehended the conditions he had determined to abide by when I left the Diligence, were different to the concession he had made to the committee appointed for the redress of grievances; that I left the Diligence in the full persuasion he was to demand a restitution of the papers or clearances of the Patience sloop, and not to give up the possession of that vessel; that I found he had given up the sloop Patience, and himself not in possession of the papers. He answered, "As to the papers, he had attested copies of them, and as to the sloop, he had done no more than what he had offered before this disturbance happened at Brunswick." I could not help owning I thought the detaining the Patience became a point that concerned the honor of government, and that I found my situation very unpleasant, as most of the people by going up to Wilmington in the sloops would remain satisfied and report thro' the province, they had obtained every point they come to redress, while at the same time I had the mortification to be informed his Majesty's ordnance at Fort Johnston was spiked. This is the substance of what passed on board the Viper. On the 22d Capt. Phipps accompanied me to Fort Johnston, where I found Capt. Dalrymple sick in bed, two men only in garrison, and all the cannon that were mounted, spiked with nails. I gave or-

ders for the nails to be immediately drilled out, which he executed without prejudice to the pieces. I returned to Brunswick in the evening, and the next morning sent my letter bearing date the 23d to Capt. Lobb to desire his reasons for spiking the cannon, etc. He returned his reasons for this conduct by letter the 24th inst.

"Capt. Lobb's complaint relative to the provisions for his Majesty's sloops being stopped at Wilmington with the contractor's certificates of the manner of this restraint and my letter to the Mayor of Wilmington to require his assistance in furnishing the provision demanded, will be fully, I hope, understood by that correspondence.

"By the best accounts I have received the number of this insurrection amounted to 580 men in arms, and upward of 100 unarmed. The Mayor and Corporation of Wilmington and most all of the gentlemen and planters of the counties of Brunswick, New Hanover, Duplin and Bladen, with some masters of vessels, composed this corps. I am informed and believe the majority of this association were either compelled into this service or were ignorant what their grievances were. I except the principals. I have enclosed a copy of the association formed to oppose the Stamp Act.

"Thus, Sir, I have endeavored to lay before you the first springs of this disturbance as well as the particular conduct of the parties concerned in it; and I have done this as much as I possibly could without prejudice, or passion, favor or affection. I should be extremely glad if you, sir, could honor me with his Majesty's commands in the present exigency of affairs in this colony, and in the mean time will

study to conduct myself with the assistance of his Majesty's Council in such manner as will best secure the safety and honor of government and the peace of the inhabitants of this province.

"I am, sir, with all possible respect and esteem,

"WM. TRYON."

These occurrences took place between the 19th and 21st of February, 1766, and on the 19th Col. Waddell, leaving Col. Moore and the others at Brunswick with about 200 men, took the remainder of the force (estimated by Capt. Lobb in his report to Tryon to be from 300 to 400) and marched to Fort Johnston (now Southport) to take possession of it. He found on his arrival, however, that the guns had all been spiked by Lieut. Calder of the Diligence, who had gone down in a boat for the purpose. I think this Lieut. Calder was the same person who afterwards became Admiral Sir Robert Calder, and who served with Nelson.

While this was going on at and below Brunswick the people up at Wilmington were equally vigilant. They seized a boat which the contractor for supplies for the men of war had sent after provisions, and put the crew in jail, and stopped every person going to Brunswick. The crew of the war vessels had only one day's rations of bread, and Wilmington was the only source of supply. Their prompt and determined action forced Tryon and the commanders of the men of war to terms, and the vessels which they seized were released.

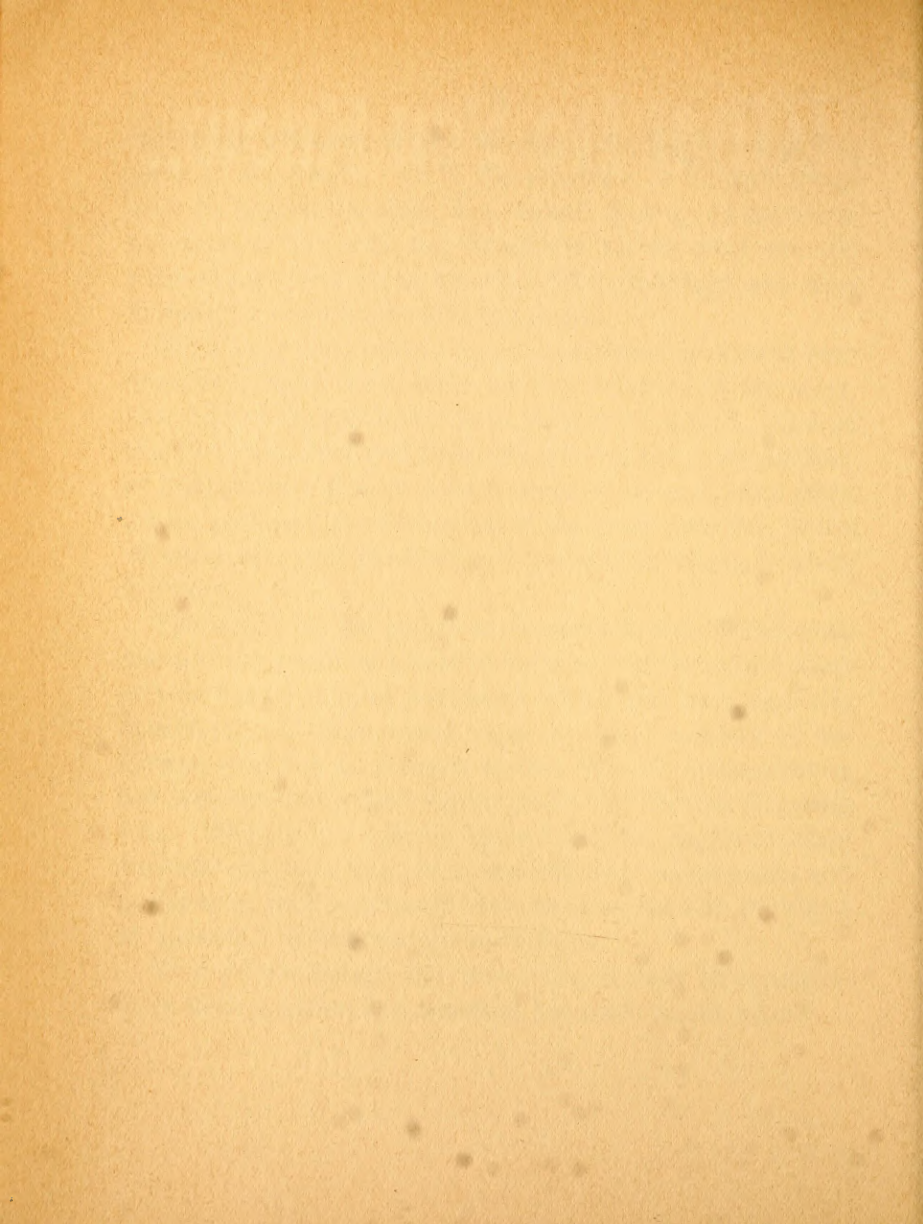
These are the facts in regard to the resistance to the Stamp Act on the Cape Fear, and they constitute over-

whelming evidence of the courage, intelligence, and free spirit of the people. Until the discovery of Tryon's letter-book in London in 1848, they rested largely on tradition, but some of the sons and daughters of the men who did these things lived up to less than fifty years ago, and were thoroughly conversant with the facts.

For a long time before the contemporaneous records were brought to light there were various versions of the story, although in regard to the main facts they agreed. One of these versions confused these events with the "tea parties" at Edenton and Boston, which occurred several years afterwards, and even the historians of the State (Martin, Jones, Wheeler, etc.,) got the dates and the facts all wrong in many instances.

The action of the people at Brunswick and Wilmington was not the result of a sudden impulse, but the culmination of a deliberate plan of resistance, which had been carefully considered and determined upon by local subjects of the Crown, who had no thought at that time of independence, but were asserting their rights under the British Constitution. They did so openly, and without the slightest desire to avoid responsibility, or to conceal their movements, and in doing so they vindicated their claim to the title of "Sons of Liberty," which was given to them.

That no monument has ever been erected to commemorate their heroism is a standing reproach to our people.



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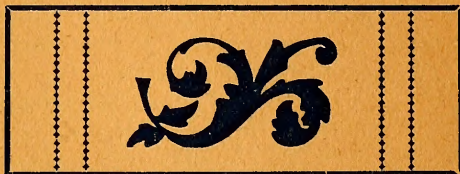
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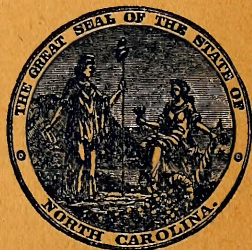
VOL 7 No 4
GREAT EVENTS IN.....
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.



The Historic Tea-Party of Edenton, October 25th, 1774.

August 1901
—BY—

RICHARD DILLARD, M. D.



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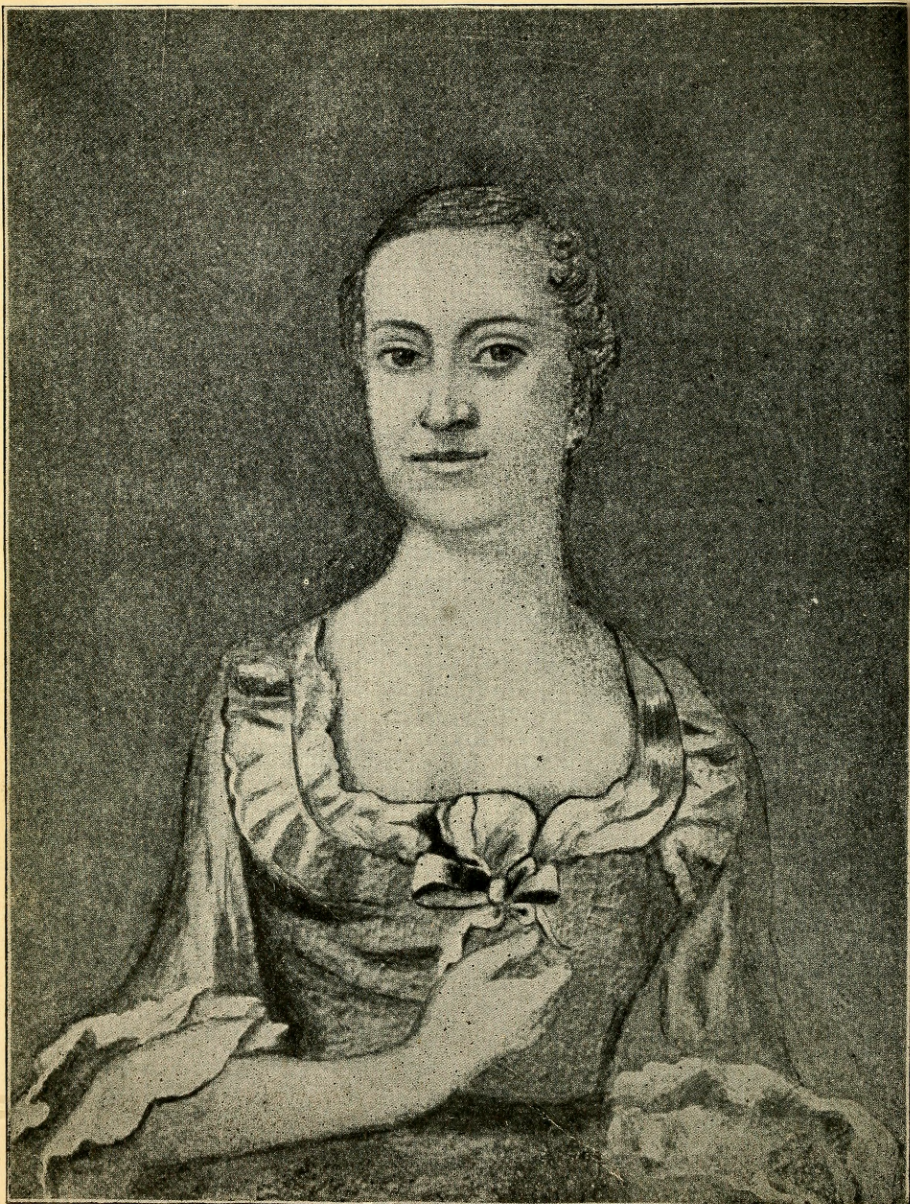
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1. Virginia Dare,
Maj. Graham Daves.
2. Colonial New Bern,
Mrs. Sara Beaumont Kennedy.
3. Liberty, Property and no Stamp Duty.
Col. A. M. Waddell.
4. Edenton Tea Party,
Dr. Richard Dillard.
5. Betsy Dowdy's Ride,
Col. R. B. Creecy.
6. The Hornets Nest,
Hon. Heriot Clarkson.
7. Green's Retreat,
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RALEIGH, N. C.



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NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.

VOL. I.

AUGUST 10, 1901.

No. 4.

The Historic Tea-Party of Edenton, October 25th, 1774.

BY
RICHARD DILLARD, M. D.

*"National Recollection is the Foundation of National Character,"
Edward Everett,*

RALEIGH:
CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY.
1901.

See - Vol IX. Colonial Records of N C
1741 - 1749.
Act of 1st Provincial Convention
or Congress of North Carolina Aug 25th
1774.

PROEM.

The religious votaries of the Maldivean Isles, at certain times, commit to the mercy of the wind and waves little boats laden with rich hued flowers, delicate perfumes, and sweet-scented woods of their native isles, hoping to receive in return rich rewards for the sacrifice; though I have no flowers of rhetoric to offer, no measured lines, no burning incense from the Muses' shrine, 'tis thus I consign this bit of native history rudderless to the tide, trusting some friendly wave may bear it safely on: Hoping also like Ruth in the fields of Boaz, to glean, and bind together a few handfuls, which other and abler reapers have carelessly, or on purpose let fall.

*Boston Tea Party Dec 16th 1773
340 Chests of Tea thrown into the Bay*

THE HISTORIC TEA-PARTY OF EDENTON, OCTOBER 25, 1774.

There is in Afghanistan, according to Eastern tradition, a miraculous history plant, which records upon its broad luxurious leaves whatever happens each day in its immediate vicinity; there are no inaccuracies and misstatements of the press, no partiality or partizan writers, no incongruity of conflicting records, but like the polished waters around which it flourishes, it faithfully mirrors the environing objects. Unfortunately in this country there is no such gift by Nature, no historic Genii, but there is, I believe, a movement on foot to condense, preserve, and separate true and legitimate history from the ordinary records of the press. The ancients were especially particular that their records should be exact, even the works of the historian Livy, barely escaped annihilation at the hands of the infamous Caligula, for their alleged historical inaccuracies. As history is but the story of the past, then posterity demands a truthful and unbiased narration of facts; "Truth comes to us from the past, as gold is washed down from the mountains of Sierra Nevada, in minute but precious particles, and intermixed with infinite alloy, the debris of centuries." It is sufficient for us to preserve facts as they happen, the succeeding generations will give them their proper coloring.

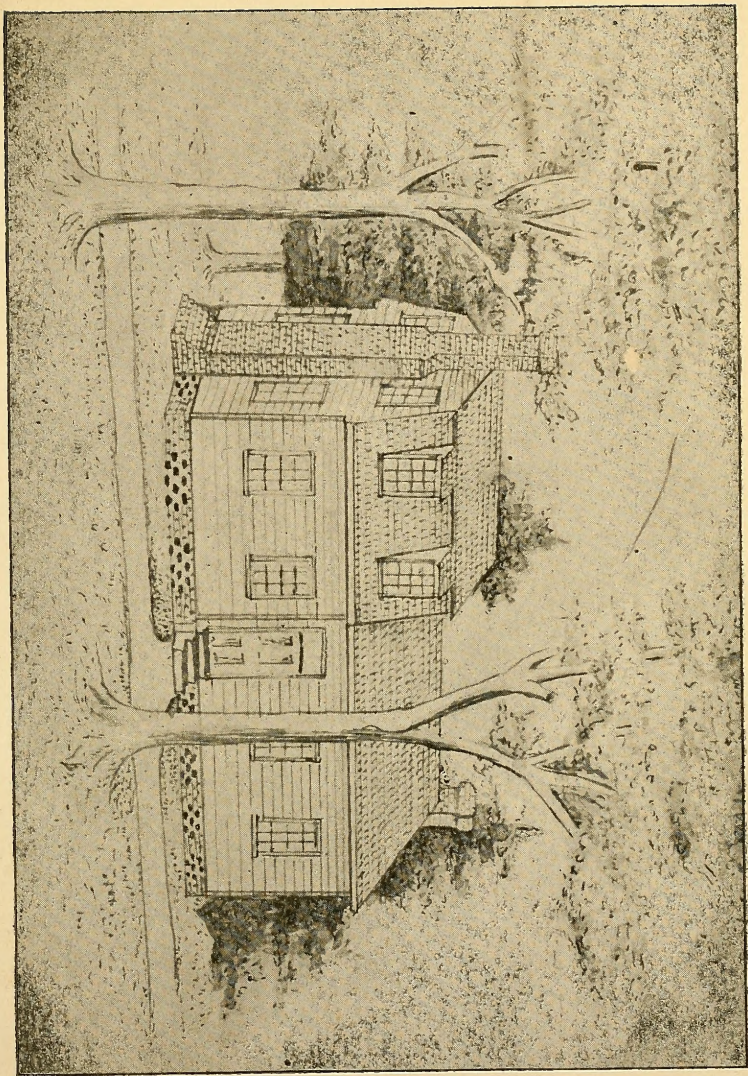
Tacitus, appreciating the value of history to mankind, wrote, nearly twenty centuries ago, that its chief object was

"to rescue virtuous actions from the oblivion, to which the want of records would consign them."

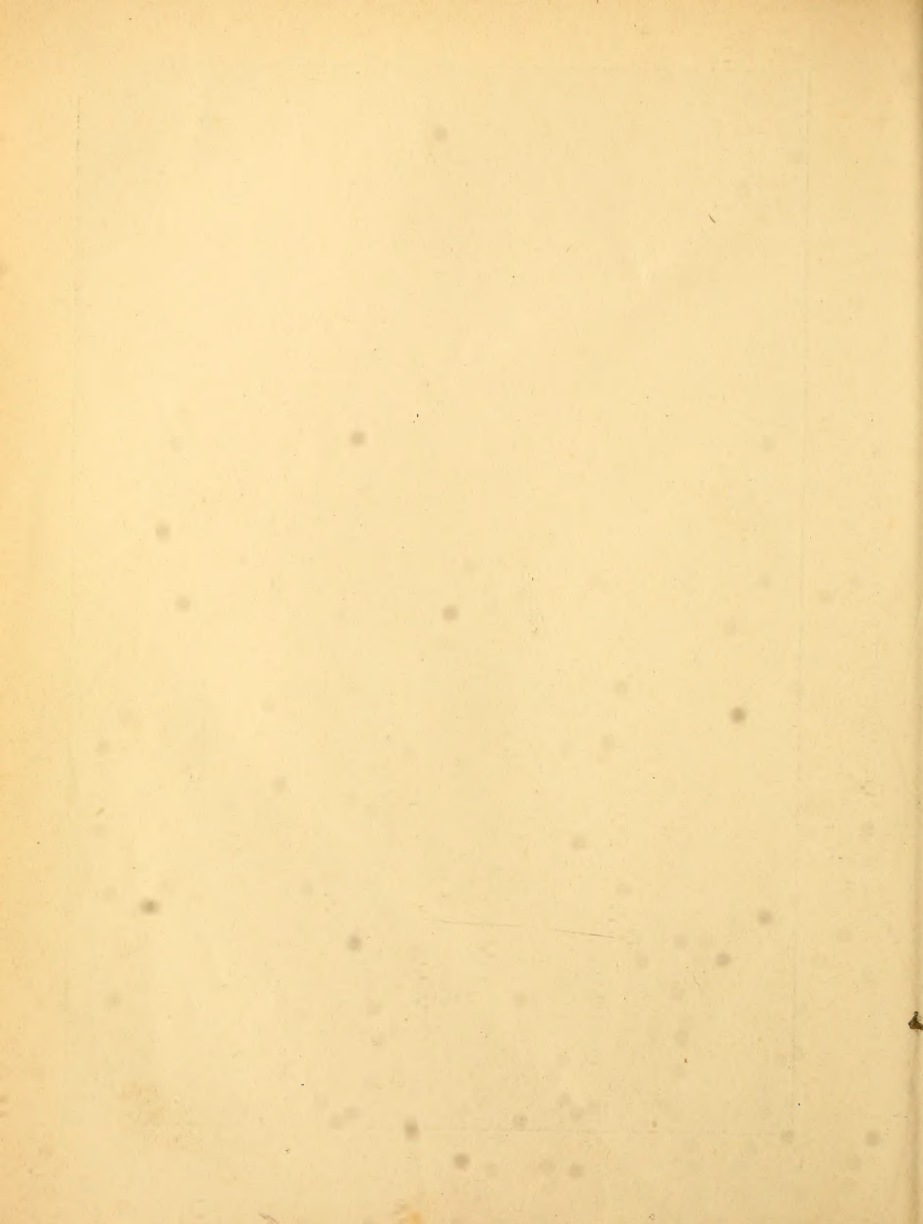
Even in this practical, speculative age there seems to be a tendency all over our country to exhume from oblivion the events and traditions of our past. This growing reverence for American history is an evidence of increasing national intelligence, pride and dignity. Unfortunately for North Carolina, many of her most beautiful traditions have been allowed to pass unnoticed, and her glorious deeds regarded as mere ephemera to perish with the actors. The establishment of a chair of history at the State University, and the organization of the historical society will do much to develop and preserve our vast and valuable historic material. We must confess, and with mortification and chagrin, that in order to study any subject connected with State history intelligently, we have been obliged in the past to refer not only to the historical societies of other States, but even to the libraries of Europe.

It is the object of this paper to bring into light an exceptionally interesting and patriotic incident in North Carolina, hitherto only casually noticed by one State historian. A stranger coming to Edenton twenty-five years ago was shown an old-fashioned, long wooden house fronting directly on the beautiful court-house green; this historic house has since yielded to the ruthless hand of modern vandalism. It was the residence of Mrs. Elizabeth King, and under its roof fifty-one patriotic ladies. * (and not fifty-four as stated erroneously by Wheeler) met October 25,

* As the population was sparse, it is very probable that fifty-one names comprised most of the ladies living in and around Edenton then.



OLD TEA PARTY HOUSE, FACING COURT HOUSE GREEN.
(Residence of Mrs. Elizabeth Green.)



1774, and passed resolutions commending the action of the provincial congress. They also declared they would not conform "to that Pernicious Custom of Drinking Tea, or that the aforesaid Ladys would not promote ye wear of any manufacture from England" until the tax was repealed. Wheeler, in alluding to this incident and to the stormy days closely preceeding the Revolution, in his second volume says: "The patriotism of the men was even exceeded by that of the women. By some strange freak of circumstance, many years ago, there was found at Gibraltar a beautiful picture done in skillful style, enameled on glass, of a 'meeting of the ladies of Edenton destroying the tea, (their favorite beverage) when it was taxed by the English parliament. This picture was procured by some of the officers of our navy, and was sent to Edenton, where I saw it in 1830."

This is not only erroneous, but Mr. Wheeler has also misquoted the reference to the meeting in the American Archives, and there has been considerable other misinformation afloat regarding it, all of which I shall endeavor to set aright. The following is the correct notice copied directly from the American Archives, and occupies just twelve lines: "Association Signed by Ladies of Edenton, North Carolina, October 25, 1774. As we cannot be indifferent on any occasion that appears to affect the peace and happiness of our country; and it has been thought necessary for the publick good to enter into several particular resolves, by meeting of Members of Deputies from the whole province, it is a duty that we owe not only to our near and dear relations and connections, but to ourselves,

who are essentially interested in their welfare, to do everything as far as lies in our power to testify our sincere adherence to the same, and we do therefore accordingly subscribe this paper, as a witness of our fixed intention, and solemn determination to do so.' Signed by fifty-one ladies." *

Women have always been potent factors in all great moral and political reformations. The drafting of such resolutions, so directly antagonistic to royal authority required a calmer, far more enviable courage than that developed by the fanatic heroism of the crusades, or the feverish bravery of martial music. The tax upon tea was a direct insult to their household gods; it poisoned every cup of their tea, it affected every hearthstone in the province. In looking back upon our past it should be a matter of pride to know, that such women helped to form the preface of our history, characters which should be held up to our children as worthy of emulation.

" These are the deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay."

The account of this tea-party found its way into the London papers of that day, and the effect it had there may be noted in the following old letter, strongly tinged with sarcasm. It was written by Arthur Iredell of London to his brother James Iredell, a distinguished patriot of this place, who married Miss Hannah Johnson, a sister of one of the signers of the noted document.

* American Archives fourth series, vol. 1, 891.

"LONDON QUEEN SQUARE," January 31, 1775.

DEAR BROTHER : I see by the newspaper the Edenton ladies have signalized themselves by their protest against tea drinking. The name of Johnston I see among others ; are any of my sister's relations patriotic heroines ? Is there a female congress at Edenton too ? I hope not, for we Englishmen are afraid of the male congress, but if the ladies, who have ever since the Amazonian era been esteemed the most formidable enemies ; if they, I say, should attack us, the most fatal consequences is to be dreaded. So dexterous in the handling of a dart, each wound they give is mortal ; whilst we, so unhapily formed by nature, the more we strive to conquer them, the more we are conquered. The Edenton ladies, conscious, I suppose, of this superiority on their side, by a former experience, are willing, I imagine, to crush us into atoms by their omnipotency ; the only security on our side to prevent the impending ruin, that I can preceive, is the probability that there are but few places in America which possess so much female artillery as Edenton.

Pray let me know all the particulars when you favor me with a letter.

Your most affectionate friend and brother,

ARTHUR IREDELL. *

The society of Edenton at this period was charming in its refinement and culture ; it was at one time the colonial capital, and social rival of Williamsburg, Virginia. Edenton then had five hundred inhabitants. Its galaxy of distinguished patriots, both men and women, would shine resplendent in any country or in any age. The tea-party then, as now, was one of the most fashionable modes of entertaining. The English were essentially a tea-drinking nation, and consequently tea became the almost universal drink of the colonies. Dr. Johnson declared that "with tea he amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning." Coffee was not introduced in Europe until much later, the first cup having been drunk by Louis XIV. of France at a cost of twenty-

* Life and correspondence of James Iredell, vol. 1, page 230.

nine dollars per pound. The principal variety of tea used by the colonies was the Bohea, or black tea, and came from India. It was of the purest quality, the art of sophistication and adulteration being unknown at that day. The feeling of ease and comfort inspired by an elegant cup of tea, as well as the exhilaration of the mental faculties which it produces, made it a necessary assistant to break the stiffness of those old-fashioned parties. It contains an active principle thine, which, taken in considerable quantity, produces a species of intoxication. Foreigners who visit China, where tea is served upon almost every occasion, become frequently tea-drunk. The method of preparing tea by our ancestors were essentially that of the wealthy class in China. The tea was brought upon the table in decorated china tea-caddies, some of which are still in existence, along with an urn of boiling water. The tea-leaves were then placed in the cup of every guest, the cup filled with hot water, and the saucer inverted over it for a few minutes to retain the aroma. The tea-pot was only used then by the rather bourgeoisie. Social life was never more enjoyed than then, there was an abandon and freedom of manner, united with an open-hearted hospitality, of which we know nothing at this day, when social restrictions restrict also social pleasures.

Col. Edward Buncombe but crystallized, and formulated the almost universal feeling of this section, when he inscribed, in unmistakable lines upon his front gate the euphaneous distich.

“ Welcome all
To Buncombe Hall.*

*Buncombe Hall stood in Washington Co., and was the seat of a generous hospitality; The mantel from its banquet hall is now in the Courthouse at Asheville the county seat of Buncombe.

There were quiltings, and cotillion parties, and tea-parties without number, the gentlemen would often go great distances on horseback, with their sweethearts riding behind them, and attend these gatherings. If the night was cold, blazing fires of lightwood crackled to receive them, and huge bowls of spicy apple-toddy mellowed to enliven and cheer, later in the evening tea would invariably be served, which no one would be so unfashionable as to refuse. An old lady informed me that her grandmother had a medical friend, who would always drink fourteen cups of tea.

Under its influence conversation enlivened, and wit sparkled. After tea the ladies would gossip, and spin, and reel, while the gentlemen would retire to discuss the political issues of the day, the policy of Lord North in regard to the American colonies, or the unjust tax which was about to be placed upon tea, or perhaps one would read aloud a recent speech by Mr. Pitt, from an English newspaper, which he had been so fortunate to obtain from some incoming ship; All along this would be punctuated by puffs of tobacco smoke from their long-stemmed pipes. They were as notional about their tobacco as they were about their tea, the method of preparing and using the weed, was to cure it in the sun, cut it upon a maple log, keep it in a lilly pot, which was a jar of white earth, and to light the pipe with a splinter of juniper, or with a coal of fire, in a pair of silver tongs made for that purpose.

The incidents connected with this particular tea-party are especially interesting, as they come to us through the blue mist of a century. We can easily imagine how they

sat around in their low-necked, short-waisted gowns, and after they had gossiped sufficiently, "it was resolved that those who could spin, ought to be employed in that way, and those who could not should reel. When the time arrived for drinking tea, Bohea, and Hyperion were provided, and every one of the ladies judiciously rejected the poisonous Bohea, and unanimously and to their very great honor, preferred the balsamic Hyperion," which was nothing more than dried leaves of the raspberry vine, a drink, in the writer's opinion, more vile even than the much vaunted Yeopon.

The picture of this patriotic party, incorrectly alluded to by Wheeler, has a strange and unique history, and I give it as I have received it from the lady into whose possession the picture has fallen. Lieutenant William T. Muse, a United States naval officer, who became conspicuous during the civil war, and whose mother was a Miss Blount, of Edenton, while on a cruise in the Mediterranean, stopped at Port Mahon on the island of Minorca, and accidentally saw hanging in a barber's shop there a picture, representing the Edenton tea-party of 1774. It was purchased and brought by him to Edenton in 1830. I have this date from an old Bible bearing the date of his return from the cruise. It was first placed on exhibition in the court-house, and the representation of the characters was so distinct that many of the ladies were easily recognized. It then found a resting place in the old tailor shop of Joseph Manning, ancestor of Chief Justice Manning, of Louisiana, and finally in a cracked condition, was intrusted to the care of a lady. During the confusion of refugeeing incident to the civil war, it was broken in three pieces.

It is a painting upon glass, twelve by fourteen inches. Upon one of the pieces is the declaration set forth by the ladies, that they would drink no tea, nor wear any stuffs of British manufacture. Upon another is the picture of the lady, who presided upon that occasion. She is seated at a table with a pen in her hand, her maid Amelia standing behind her chair. This maid lived for many years after this incident, and is still remembered by some of the oldest citizens. By a singular coincidence her grand-daughter is still living upon the very same lot where the tea-party was held. Upon the third fragment of this picture in plain letters is written, "The Town of Edenton." It is not known how the picture of this party was obtained, or how it found its way to Port Mahon, or even into the barber shop. The printer's name in the corner of the picture is said to have been the same one, who printed the celebrated letters of Junius in the reign of George III.

Pictures have immortalized many events in history, and it is very probable that but for this one, the pleasing little incident would have been lost or forgotten. The defense of Champigny, by the "Garde Mobile," could never have been so immortalized in prose or rhyme, as by the brush of Edouard Detaille. The Confederate etchings by Dr. A. J. Volck, spoke volumes and were so severe, that he was confined in Fort McHenry prison, and the political cartoons by John Tanniel of the London Punch produced a profound sensation. "Porte Crayon," (General Strother), in his interesting article on Edenton and the surroundings, written for Harper's Magazine in 1857, says, "It is to be regretted that Porte Crayon did not get a sight of this painting, that

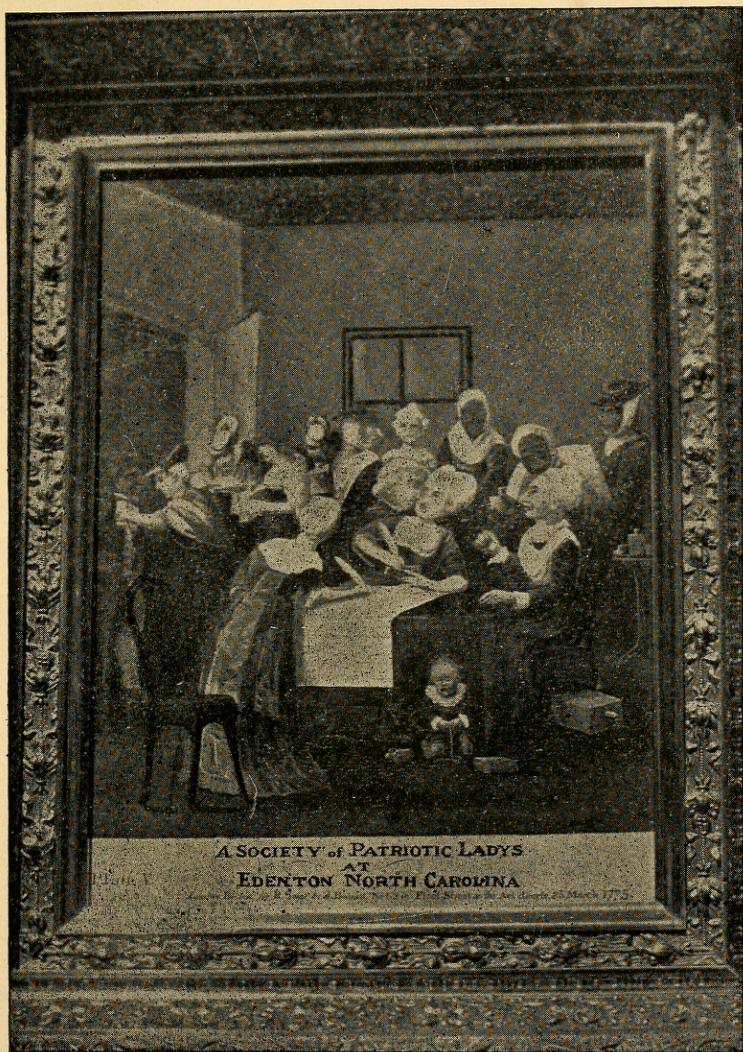
the world might have heard more of it, and that the patriotism of the Ladies of Edenton might have been blazoned beside that of the men of Boston, who have figured in so many bad woodcuts." None of the names of the fifty-one ladies present at this party have been preserved in history, but I have succeeded in rescuing five of them from the local traditions. Mrs. Penelope Barker, whose picture appears here, was the president of this party. She was no advocate of celibacy, having been married first to a Mr. Hodgson, then to a Mr. Craven, and lastly to Mr. Barker, whom she survived.

At a casual glance one might easily mistake her portrait for that of Lady Washington. She was one of those lofty, intrepid, high-born women peculiarly fitted by nature to lead; fear formed no part of her composition. Her face bears the expression of sternness without harshness, which a cheap novelist would describe as hauteur. She was a brilliant conversationalist, and a society leader of her day.

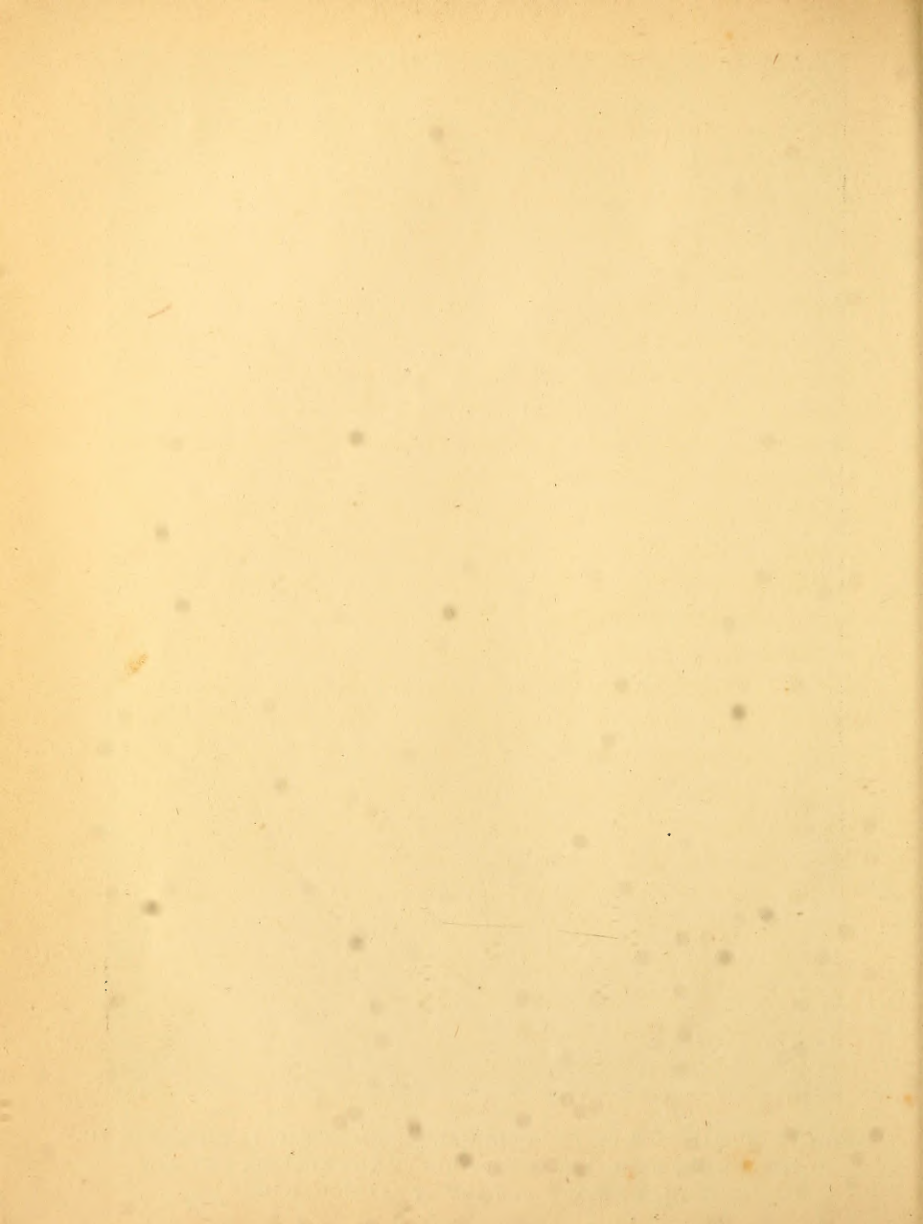
Mr. Thomas Barker,* her husband, was a gifted lawyer and had for his pupil at one time the distinguished Governor, Samuel Johnston. The attachment of Gov. Johnston for Mr. Barker was so great, that in after years he had him and his most illustrious wife interred in his private graveyard on his beautiful estate Hayes,† where a mossy slab marks their last resting place. Mr. Barker was detained for some time in London during the Revolution, and

* A portrait of Thomas Barker by Sir Joshua Reynolds, graces the Hayes library. There is also a fine portrait of him, probably by Sully, in the Cupola house.

† Hayes, the lovely seat of Gov. Johnston, is the most interesting place in North Carolina. Its library of artistic octagonal design, and unique appointments, together with its 500 vols. of rare books, old manuscripts, busts, and portraits of distinguished men, still stands unsullied by time, and without a parallel.



FROM AN OIL PAINTING OF THE ORIGINAL FRAGMENTS, PRESENTED THE VIRGINIA DARE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION BY THE AUTHOR, AND NOW IN THE STATE LIBRARY AT RALEIGH, N. C.



while there his wife was called upon to show some of that pluck, and courage she had evinced at the tea-party. Being informed by a servant that some British soldiers were taking her carriage horses from her stables, she snatched her husband's sword from the wall, went out and with a single blow severed the reins in the officer's hands, and drove her horses back into the stables. The British officer declared, that for such exhibition of bravery, she should be allowed to keep her horses, and she was never afterwards molested. Mrs. Barker's residence stood upon the site now occupied by the Woodard Hotel.

Mrs. Sarah Valentine was also one of the signers, her portrait is still in the possession of her descendants,[†] and her house is still standing on lower end of Main St. Mrs. Elizabeth King was another signer, and it was at her house as before mentioned, that the party was held. She was the wife of Thomas King, a prominent merchant of the town. The Miss Johnston referred to in the Iredell letter was undoubtedly Miss Isabella, a sister of Governor Johnston. She was engaged to Joseph Hewes, a signer of the Declaration of Independence from North Carolina and died just before her marriage was consummated. Hewes, who was a man of great wealth and refinement, soon followed her broken-hearted to the grave.

Mrs. Winifred Wiggins Hoskins, was another signer, and lived in the country near Edenton, she was the wife of Richard Hoskins, a fearless and zealous patriot: joining the American army at the first sound to arms, he served with signal bravery and courage until its close. Dur-

[†]The Bockover family of Norfolk, Va., are among her descendants.

ing his absence, his wife managed the entire farming interest with prudence and profit. When they were married, they came down the Roanoke river in an open boat, crossed the Albemarle sound, and landed at Edenton. He then took his bride behind his own horse, to his farm called Paradise* by a bridle path, there being no public roads in that direction then. Her wedding dress was spun and woven from flax grown upon her fathers farm in Halifax county. So delicate and smooth was the warp, that when she was preparing it for the loom, she passed the entire chain through her gold ring. The art of household production probably reached its greatest perfection about this time. All connection with the mother country was severed, and the colonists thrown upon their own resources. It was indispensable to every lady's education that she should know how to spin, sew and weave. The spider-like fineness of their yarns, the exquisite beauty of their needlework, and the lacy fliminess of the woven fabrics which their nimble fingers wrought, are the envy and admiration of the present age. From the Napoleonic standpoint Mrs. Hoskins was the greatest of them all, having given eight sons, and eight daughters to her country‡. I extract the following from the first volume (1877) of the Magazine of American History.

*The fine pasturage and great number of wild bees in that vicinity suggested the name. It literally flowed with milk and honey.

‡The Hoskins family and collateral branches are still prominent in the State. The venerable W. E. Boad, a descendant of this family, possesses a priceless and unique relic, a gold breastpin of Turkish scimitar design upon which is engraved "H de M. 1574 [81]."

Henry de Montmorency was constable of France, and Grand Master Knights Templar about that time. The figure 81 may represent the number of the Commandery,

“Revolutionary Caricature. I send a description of a caricature that may interest collectors. It is a mezzotint, fourteen by ten inches, entitled *A Society of Patriotic Ladies*, at Edenton, in North Carolina. London. Printed for R. Sayer & J. Bennett, No. 53 in Fleet Street, as the Act directs 25 March, 1775, Plate V. A group of fifteen figures are around or near a table in a room. A female at the table with a gavel is evidently a man, probably meant for Lord North. A lady, standing, is writing on a large circular, which can be read. ‘We the Ladys of Edenton do hereby solemnly engage not to conform to that Pernicious Custom of Drinking tea, or that we the aforesaid Ladys will not promote ye wear of any manufacture from England, until such time that all Acts which tend to enslave this our Native Country shall be repealed.’ The other figures are not close around the table, and are emptying tea-caddies or looking on. A child and dog are under the table. Compare Brancroft’s *United States*, Vol. VII., p. 282. J. B. C.

It will be remembered that Lord North, referred to in the description, was prime minister of England at that time and the Stamp Act, which included a great many articles, had been relieved upon everything except tea; this made him especially odious to the ladies of the Colonies. The dissolute, and impecunious King was cartooned at this time as a hopeless pauper, thrusting both hands down to the bottom of his empty pockets, in seach of his last guinea. The taxation of the Colonies became a necessity, which grew out of his extravagances. A writer in alluding, to the activity and zeal of the women of the Revolution says, “In the lives of those high-mettled dames of the olden time, the daughters, wives, and mothers of men, the

or it may have been a Knight’s personal badge, 81 is also the square of a square, from the original degree of Masonry, of which 9 was the square.

The history of this relic is veiled in mystery, and is not known whether it was presented to a member of his family for valuable services, or whether it descended by intermarriage with some of the Montmorencys. The fact however that the Hoskins Arms was augmented with a sword would seem to strengthen the former supposition.

earnest inquirer might find much to elucidate that befogged question of the present day, what are the rights of women?"

And now my task is ended, let history distill in her great alembic whatever is valuable from these pages for posterity.

" The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
My midnight lamp, and what is writ is writ."

A portion of this article appeared in the Magazine of American History, August, 1892.

Edenton, North Carolina, Nov. 25th, 1898.

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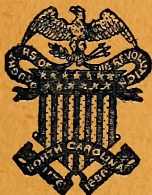
The North Carolina Booklet.

Vol 1

No 5

September 1901

GREAT EVENTS IN
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.



Betsy Dowdy's Ride,

September

—BY—

COL. R. B. CREECY.



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EDITORS.

MISS MARTHA HELEN HAYWOOD, MRS. HUBERT HAYWOOD,
RALEIGH, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1901.

No. 5.

THE LEGEND OF BETSY DOWDY

AN HISTORICAL TRADITION OF THE BATTLE OF
GREAT BRIDGE.

BY

COL. R. B. CREECY.

RALEIGH:
CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY.
1901.

**“Carolina! Carolina! Heaven’s blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her.”**

THE LEGEND OF BETSEY DOWDY.

AN HISTORICAL TRADITION OF THE BATTLE OF GREAT BRIDGE.

The winter of 1775 was a dark and gloomy time for the Revolutionary Patriots of Eastern Carolina. Governor Tryon had left his "Palace" in New Bern secretly and hurriedly, had taken refuge on board the armed "Cruizer" and was stationed at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, issuing orders, fortifying the Tory feeling in the Colony, and inciting the slaves to servile insurrection. Lord Dunmore had been driven from Williamsburg, Va., by popular indignation, had gone down to Norfolk, Va., and intrenched himself there. From this position he was annoying the adjacent sections of Virginia by hostile raids, and was expected to make incursions into the adjacent sections of North Carolina. The death of John Harvey, of Perquimans county, in June, 1775, had cast a gloom over the Colony, and especially over the northern counties, where his patriotism and manly virtues were best known. But the fires of liberty were kept burning.

Dunmore, with a few regulars, who had accompanied him in his flight from Williamsburg, Va., had ravaged Suffolk and some other places, and was preparing to extend his ravages to the Albemarle section of Carolina. Our leading men were on the alert, and couriers were keeping them in close touch. John Harvey, of Perquimans, had

joined his fathers across the great divide, but his mantle had fallen upon his kinsman and connection by marriage, General William Skinner, of Yoepim Creek, Perquimans county, North Carolina, and he was watching every movement of Dunmore. Colonel Isaac Gregory, of Camden, was hurrying with a small militia force to join our Colonel Robert Howe, and met the enemy at Great Bridge in Virginia. Thomas Benbury, of Chowan county, then Speaker in the lower house of the General Assembly, had left his luxurious home at "Benbury Hall" that overlooked Albemarle Sound, and was hurrying to join the troops under Howe with commissary stores. Excitement ran high, and the expected invasion of the Albemarle counties, and the probable collision at Great Bridge, where Dunmore was intrenched, was the universal subject of conversation. Howe was pushing by forced marches to the aid of Virginia with some regulars, and the Hertford county militia, under Colonel Wynns of that county. Public expectation was on tiptoe.

Joe Dowdy and old man Sammy Jarvis lived on the "Banks" opposite Knotts Island. They were near neighbors and intimate friends. Early in December, 1775, Jarvis went over to the "Main" to hear news of Colonel Howe's movements toward Great Bridge. When he returned home, late in the evening, he was greatly excited. He was impressed with the dangerous situation of the dwellers by the sea. He was constantly saying, "Dunmore and them blamed Britishers will come down the coast from Norfolk and steal all our Banks pony stock, and burn our houses, ding 'em." After a short rest and a hasty bite of supper,

old man Jarvis went over to Dowdy's to tell him the news. Dowdy was a wrecker for the money that was in it, and a fisher for the food that was in it. He had grown rich by wrecking. He was always watching the sea. He was a devout man, always prayed for the safety of the poor sailor, who was exposed to the perils of the deep, and always closed with a silent supplication that if there should be a wreck, it might be on the Currituck beach. He had prospered in the business of a wrecker, had saved many lives, and much wreckage and money. His visible store of chattels was beef cattle and banker ponies. He herded them by the hundred. Sammy Jarvis came in without ceremony, and was cordially received. "Well, Uncle Sammy," said Dowdy, "what are the news; tell us all." "Well, Joseph," said Jarvis, "things is fogerty, Gregory, Colonel Isaac is hurrying up his Camden milish to join Howe, and Thomas Benbury, of Chowan, is pushing on his wagons of commissaries. If they don't reach Great Bridge in time to bear a hand in the fight, they'll hurry on to Norfolk and drive Dunmore out of the old town. But if Dunmore beats our folks at Great Bridge, then our goose is cooked, and our property all gone, all the gold and goods saved in our hard life work, and all our cattle and marsh ponies." "You don't tell me so," said Dowdy. "Yes, it's so, just as sure as "old * Tom." The only thing can save us is General William Skinner, of Perquimans, and the militia, and he is too far away. We can't get word to him in time." As Jarvis said these words slowly and with emphasis, Betsy Dowdy, Joe Dowdy's young and pretty daughter, who was

* Thomas Benbury, of Chowan county.

present with the family, said: "Uncle Sammy, do you say the Britishers will come and steal away all of our ponies?" "Yes," said he. "And my black Bess, too?" "Yes," he answered. She replied: "I'd knock 'em in the head with a conch shell first." Betsy soon left the room. She went to the herding pen, and "Black Bess" was not there. She went to the marsh and called aloud: "Bess! Bessie! Black Beauty." The pretty pony heard the old familiar voice, and came to the call. Betsy took her by her silken mane, led her to the shelter, went into the house, brought out a blanket and also a small pouch of coin. She placed the blanket on the round back of the pony, sprang into the soft seat, and galloped over the hills and far away on her perilous journey. Down the beach she went, "Black Bess" doing her accustomed work. She reached the point opposite Church's Island, dashed into the shallow ford of Currituck Sound, and reached the shore of the Island. On they sped, "Black Bess" gaining new impulse from every kind and gentle word of her rider.

"Bessie, pretty Bess, my black, sleek, beauty, the British thieves shan't have you. We are going after General William Skinner and his milish!! They'll beat me off of you." She almost sang to the docile pony as they went on their journey. Through the divide, on through Camden, the twinkling stars her only light, over Lamb's old ferry, into Pasquotank, by the "narrows" (now Elizabeth City), to Hartsford's ford, up the Highlands of Perquimans, on to Yoepim Creek, and General William Skinner's hospitable home was reached. The morning sun was gilding the tree tops when she entered the gate. She was hospitably wel-

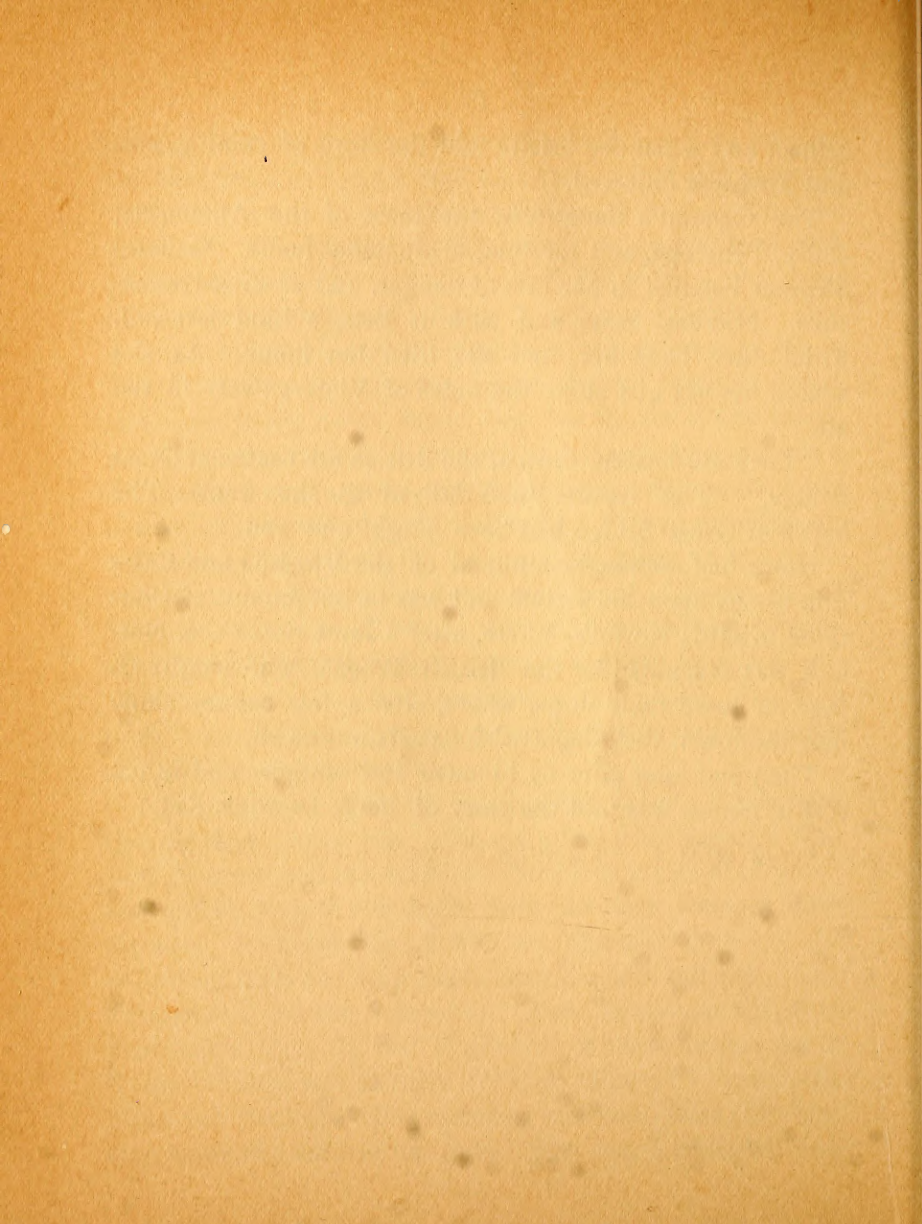
comed, and when she briefly told the story of coming, cordial kindness followed.

The General's daughters, the toast of the Albemarle, Dolly, Penelope, and Lavinia, made her at home. General Skinner listened to her tale of danger, and promised assistance. Mid-day came and with it Betsy's kind farewell. Filial duty bade her, and she hied her home. As she neared her sea girt shore the notes of Victory were in the air.

"They are beaten, beaten, the British are beaten at Great Bridge." The reports materialized as she went. The battle of Great Bridge had been fought and won.

Howe had assumed command of the Virginia and Carolina troops upon his arrival and was in hot pursuit of Dunmore towards Norfolk, where, after a short resistance, Norfolk was evacuated by the British Troops, who sought refuge on board their ships, where, after a few cannon shots into the town, they departed for parts unknown.

Then and long after by bivouac and campfire and in patriotic homes was told the story of Betsy Dowdy's Ride.



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—BY—

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While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her.”**

THE HORNETS' NEST.

Mr. Gladstone has truthfully said : " Rely upon it, that the man who does not worthily estimate his own dead forefathers, will himself do very little to add credit or do honor to his country. "

That truth applies with equal force to communities and nations. The chronicler should be exact, so that we can eschew that which is evil and do the thing that is good.

" All these things happened unto them for examples. " People of every land who loved liberty and who believed that every man should serve his conscience made America their destination. Two great systems oppressed all Europe. Feudalism of State and Church.

Wickliffe about the middle of the fourteenth century translated the Bible into English—this was the beacon light in a dark age. " He opened the book of stone and the water flowed out. " This was the beginning of the reformation which rapidly spread in England and elsewhere, which was planted in England under Henry VIII and firmly rooted by Elizabeth. The defeat of the Spanish Armada forever fixed it in England. It was established through Martin Luther in Germany. The Reformed Church and State in England united, and the transition was easier, although not without courage and martyrdom.

The storm-center was in Scotland and France, homes of the Covenanter and the Huguenot. A little man—and feeble of body when he became the leader of freedom of

conscience—was John Knox at the age of forty. He was of all Scotchmen most beloved by the Covenanter. For two years he served the French as a galley-slave for his convictions. "No free assembly," said he, "no free gospel." Mary Queen of Scots, the most beautiful woman of her day, with all of her wonderful charms and attractive ways, could not swerve him from his purpose. She asked him: "Think you that subjects, having power, may resist their princes?" Knox replied: "If their princes exceed the bounds, madam, and do against that for which they should be obeyed, it is no doubt but that they may be resisted." The divine right of kings and queens in the answer is denied, and the divine right of conscience asserted. These ideas were engrafted in the creed of the Covenanter. In the trials that came to Scotland, thousands of sturdy, heroic men and women were compelled to leave their native land. They scattered through America. From the Scotch settlement in the North of Ireland they came—the Scotch-Irish. Some of them drifted to the Carolinas, and with the shrewd qualities of the Scotch, they settled in the fertile and beautiful Piedmont region of the Carolinas. The strongest settlement was in the county of Mecklenburg. One instance of persecution in Scotland is sufficient. In the cemetery at Stirling is a beautiful sculpture which is greatly admired. Two figures representing the "Virgin Martyrs" with an angel figure in the background all enclosed in glass. The story is partly told by Macaulay in his history of England.

On the 11th day of May 1685, during the persecuting reign of James II, Margaret MacLachlan and Agnes Wilson, the latter only eighteen years of age, were tied to stakes at

low water in the Bay of Wigton and drowned by the rising of the Solway tide. The following inscription is on the marble with several emblematic designs :—

MARGARET

“ Virgin Martyr of the ocean wave with her like minded sister,” Agnes.

“ Love many waters cannot quench—God saves
His chaste, impearled one in Covenant true
O’ Scotia’s daughters ! earnest scan the page
And prize this flower of grace, blood bought for you.”

We turn to France and Geneva—Calvin is the center figure. The general massacre of Protestants on St. Bartholomew’s Day shocked all Europe—this was in 1572. France was drenched in blood, but the Protestants never yielded. After eight religious wars covering a period of about thirty years, King Henry, of Navarre on April 13th, 1598, signed the famous Edict of Nantes, by which the rights of the Protestants were established, and they were allowed freedom of religion. Louis XIV nearly a century after, on October 23rd 1685, revoked it. The Protestants were fearfully persecuted. Their marriages were declared null—children deprived of inheritance—preachers indiscriminately put to death. France lost by this time more than one million of her most active, enterprising and industrious citizens. About two million continued to adhere to the Protestant religion. Can any nation point to such heroic adherence to principle? The fight has continued to the present time and has been recently revived by the law known as the “ Law of Association Bill.” These Huguenots, like the Covenanters, left home and native land, scattered throughout America, and large numbers settled in the Eastern part of the Carolinas. This was early in the eighteenth

century, and they then and there planted the principles of civil liberty. About the same time and later the Scotch and Scotch-Irish (Scotch from Ulster in the North of Ireland) were settling Western Carolina along the Piedmont region. Alexander Craighead thundered from his pulpit at Sugar Creek Presbyterian Church. This Church is four miles North of Charlotte, the Church has been rebuilt several times. He was well versed in the history of his Church. "No free assembly, no free gospel," equal rights to the Protestants of all denominations. He believed in the rule of the people in Church and State. From those fathers of freedom of conscience, Knox, Buchanan, Boston, Erskine and others, he no doubt drew inspiration. Craighead is buried in Sugar Creek Church graveyard. In the cemetery, (Elmwood) in Charlotte is a monument erected to his memory, and on it these words: "Advocate of American Independence from 1743" "Inspirer of the Mecklenburg Declaration." The Presbyterian Clergy one year after his death (1767) were for the first time in North Carolina allowed to perform the marriage ceremony. Who can tell if this was not through his influence? Nine years later we find that the May Convention of 1775, held in Charlotte, is composed of members of Sugar Creek Church (the parent Church) and the other five Presbyterian Churches in Mecklenburg county and one in Iredell, (then Rowan). The Chairman of that Convention was naturally elected from the congregation of Sugar Creek Church, the present Church. He was Abraham Alexander, and is buried in old Sugar Creek Church graveyard.

Of the persons chosen to meet in the May assembly, one

was a Presbyterian minister named Hezekiah James Balch, and there were seven elders, and other members of the Presbyterian Church—in all twenty-seven. While the Covenanters were meeting in Piedmont Carolina the Huguenots and their allies were doing the same in Eastern Carolinas, when the proposition went forth for a general convention of all the States to confer together for mutual protection against the unjust taxes imposed by Great Britain without representation, South Carolina was among the first to respond and appointed delegates. In defiance of the remonstrance and menaces of Lieutenant Governor Bull, a provincial Congress of delegates, chosen by the people, met in Charleston on the 11th of January 1775. It approved the proceedings of the General Congress. It went further; it selected a committee to see that the recommendations were complied with. On such a committee strong men were needed—men of courage—a revolution was at hand—no weaklings were wanted. Christopher Gadsden was made chairman—the Samuel Adams of South Carolina. The following are some of the gentlemen of Huguenot descent we find on the committee, names familiar in South Carolina:—Isaac Huger, Maurice Simons, Thomas Legere and others. All had but one end in view, the principles of the various phases of Protestantism—the Puritans, the Covenanters and the Huguenots—their opinions are so impressed upon the constitutions of every State in the Union and upon the Constitution of the United States that we cannot but admit that in a large measure the whole superstructure of our laws are built upon religious freedom asserted by the Puritans, Covenanters and Huguenots. Free-

dom of conscience in matters of belief—freedom of action according to faith—freedom to choose teachers and rulers in Church and State.

The laws of entail and primogeniture were struck down; feudalism in State swept away; every man allowed to worship God according to the dictate of his own conscience; feudalism of Church wiped out. The time was ripe—who cares about the dates, May 20th or May 31st, or both? It was a citizenship that had come down from independent ancestry. The Stamp Act—exorbitant fees by public officials—the restrictions on the clergy other than those of the Established Church—the antipathy of some to the English Government—the dislike to the government on account of the fact that the king had disallowed the charter to the Presbyterian College, (Queen Museum) situated in Charlotte, which had been granted by the North Carolina legislature—taxation without representation. All these wrongs were keenly felt, and the people were restless and discontented. At the instance of Col. Thomas Polk (a great uncle of President James K. Polk, who was born in Mecklenburg) the Commander of the militia, two delegates from each company were called together at Charlotte as a representative committee. It is said that they were notified to meet on May 19th. The men selected were: the Reverend Hezekiah J. Balch, John McKnitt Alexander, Col. Thomas Polk, Hezekiah Alexander, John Phifer, Ephriam Brevard, Adam Alexander, James Harris, Charles Alexander, William Kennon, Zacheus Wilson, Sr., John Ford, Waightstill Avery, Richard Barry, Benjamin Patton, Henry Downs, Matthew McClure, Ezra Alexander, Neil Morrison, Wil-

liam Graham, Robert Irwin, John Query, John Flanniken, David Reese, Abraham Alexander, Richard Harris, Sr., John Davidson. These men met in the court house, which was then standing on what is now known as "Independent Square." The court house was packed to hear the proceedings. The wisest and best men had been selected. The meeting was organized by Abraham Alexander being called to the chair, and John McKnitt Alexander being selected as Secretary. Fiery speeches were made. A speech was being made on the burdens that had been borne by the people. The unjust taxes that had to be paid, the restrictions put on the nonconformist, and the speaker expressed the belief that the only hope of redress was Independence. The test had come. An old man, one of the oldest in the Convention, arose—"How can we declare ourselves free and independent?" said he. "Have we not sworn allegiance to King George?" A middle-aged man arose—he was cool and deliberate—he turned to the window and looked out—"See that beautiful oak yonder, with the leaves on it," said he, "suppose you swear to do a thing as long as those leaves are on the tree, and the leaves fall off, are you bound by your oath?" The court house shook with applause. The tide was turning. The King ought to be resisted as they were taught, if he "exceed his bounds and do against that for which he should be obeyed." Men were seen to gather at the large windows in the court house looking Southward, (now South Tryon Street) a horseman is seen rapidly approaching. He passes Queen's Museum—"Liberty Hall"—the Faneuil Hall of North Carolina—he approaches the court house, he dismounts,

several gather around him, he tells them hurriedly of the news brought to Charleston, that innocent blood had been spilt at Lexington. In that day the people of Mecklenburg were closely allied with Charleston, as it was the principle place where the people of Mecklenburg and the upcountry traded. The young horsman was required to tell the Convention of the news brought from Boston. The tale was told of how their Massachusetts brethren had been slain. The warm Southern hearts were moved at the wrongs. The oaths were forgotten. General Joseph Graham wrote some years after that the man who in the Convention called attention to the oath, although a strong patriot, was for years after looked upon with suspicion. A committee was appointed to prepare resolutions declaring themselves free and independent. The Convention is said to have met on May 19th and adjourned to May 20th. The following resolutions were adopted :

“1. That whosoever, directly or indirectly, abets, or in any way, form or manner, countenances the invasion of our rights, as attempted by the Parliament of Great Britain, is an enemy of his country, to America and the rights of men.”

“*Resolved 2.* That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us with the mother country, and absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British crown, abjure all political connection with a nation that has wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanly shed the innocent blood of Americans at Lexington.”

“*Resolved 3.* That we do hereby declare ourselves a free

and independent people, that we are and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing people under the power of God and the General Congress; to the maintenance of which independence, we solemnly pledge to each other, our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor."

"*Resolved 4.* That we do hereby ordain and adopt as rules of conduct, all and each of our former laws, and the crown of Great Britain cannot be considered hereafter as holding any rights, privileges or immunities among us."

"*Resolved 5.* That all officers, both civil and military, in this county, be entitled to exercise the same powers and authorities as heretofore; that every member of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer and exercise the powers of a Justice of the Peace, issue process, hear and determine controversies according to law, preserve peace, union and harmony in the county, and use every exertion to spread the love of liberty and of country, until a more general and better organized system of government be established."

"*Resolved 6.* That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by express to the President of the Continental Congress, assembled in Philadelphia, to be laid before that body."

These resolutions were unanimously adopted and subscribed by the delegates. (A spurious copy of the original declaration a few years ago was gotten up in Charlotte with forged signatures on it, for the purpose of sale. The original was destroyed by fire.) Captain James Jack was engaged to deliver the resolutions to the President of Congress; and also the delegates in Congress from North Car-

olina. The resolutions were read aloud to the people in Charlotte and proclaimed amidst shouts and huzzas. Capt. Jack, on his way to Philadelphia, stopped over in Salisbury, and court being in session, Mr. Kennon a lawyer, and one of the signers, read the resolutions aloud in open court to a large assemblage, and they were approved by all present except two lawyers, who afterwards were made to suffer severely for their disapproval. The Colonial Governor Martin writes this to the Secretary of State in England :

STATE PAPER OFFICE, LONDON, } Bancrofts' Collection,
America and West, I Vol. 204. } 1775, 153,

FORT JOHNSTON, NORTH CAROLINA,

30th June, 1775.

"The minutes of a council held at this place the other day, will make the impotence of government here as apparent to your Lordship as anything I can set before you, the Board having been afraid to take a becoming part, I firmly believe, from apprehensions of personal injury and insult.

* * * * *

The situation in which I find myself at present is indeed, my Lord, most despicable and mortifying. * * *
I live, alas ! ingloriously, only to deplore it. * * *
The resolves of the Committee of Mecklenburg, which your Lordship will find in the enclosed newspaper, surpass all the horrid and treasonable publications that the inflammatory spirit of the Continent have yet produced : and your Lordship may depend, its authors and abettors will not escape, when my hands are sufficiently strengthened, to attempt the recovery of the lost authority of the government. A

copy of these resolutions were sent off, I am informed by express to the Congress at Philadelphia, as soon as they were passed in the Committee. ”

The fierce storm of war then began; but fortunately for the Carolinas two decisive battles gave them comparative quiet for several years. The battle of Moore's Creek in North Carolina fought Feb. 26th, 1776, and the battle of Fort Sullivan in South Carolina, fought June 28th, 1776. During these stormy times the women were not lacking in their devotion to the cause of liberty. A cold winter day in the early part of February 1776, the young ladies of Mecklenburg county gathered at “Liberty Hall” and took strenuous means to ensure the success of the patriots. The South Carolina and American General Gazette, published at the time the following concerning their proceedings:

“The young ladies of the best families of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, have entered into a voluntary association that they will not receive the addresses of any young gentlemen of that place, except the brave volunteers who served in the expedition to South Carolina, and assisted in subduing the Scovalite (Tory) insurgents, the ladies being of opinion, that such persons as stay loitering at home, when the important calls of the country demand their military services abroad, must certainly be destitute of that nobleness of sentiment, that brave manly spirit that would qualify them to be the defenders and guardians of the fair sex. The ladies of the adjoining county, Rowan, have desired the plan of a similar association to be drawn up and prepared for signature.”

Time rolls on—news is brought to the up country that

Charleston has fallen. For nearly three months ill-fed, ill-clad and undisciplined militiamen under General Lincoln had baffled twelve thousand of the best disciplined troops of Great Britain. This was May 12th, 1780. An instance took place that saved Francis Marion from capture. He was staying at a house in Trade street, and his host determined that all his guests should drink his wine freely, he locked the door to prevent their departure. Marion would not submit to this act of social tyranny and leaped from a second story window to the ground. His ankle was broken and he was taken to his home some distance from the city, and thus was spared to his country. Many persons from the Western part of the Carolinas were in the city and surrendered. Among them Dr. Ephriam Brevard, one of the signers, who was a surgeon in the Continental army, and who broken by disease, when set at liberty, returned home to die in Mecklenburg. His grave is unknown. The Eastern part of South Carolina was absolutely in the power of the British. The interior must now be subdued. Sir Henry Clinton immediately after the surrender of Charleston sent Lord Cornwallis towards the frontier of North Carolina. Cornwallis heard that Colonel Buford with four hundred Continentals, who had started to the relief of Charleston, had left Camden and was retreating leisurely towards Charlotte. He sent a detachment under Tarleton of nearly twice Buford's in number to overtake him. Tarleton marched in fifty-four hours one hundred and five miles and came upon Buford on the Waxhaw by surprise. Buford sent a flag of truce, and it is related that while negotiations were pending and flags of confer-

ence were passing, Tarleton's cavalry fell upon the unsuspecting Continentals and gave them no quarter. This terrible cruelty spread consternation over that region, women and children took refuge in more distant settlements. The widowed mother of President Andrew Jackson left her home with her two sons, Robert and Andrew, and took refuge in Mecklenburg. They stayed with the widow of Rev. J. M. Wilson and widow Alexander, (mother of Susannah Alexander,) near Charlotte. This cruel treatment made an abiding impression on young Jackson who was then only thirteen years old. Who can tell if his early recollection did not in after life give him nerve and courage to endure and to conquer at New Orleans the foe of his youth? He and his brother Robert immediately entered the army under General Sumter. They were both made prisoners. The indomitable courage in the after man appeared in the boy, when ordered to clean the muddy boots of an English officer, he refused and received for this a sword-cut. His mother and two of her sons perished during the revolution. His mother died just after leaving Charleston, where she had been to visit friends and relatives who were there in prison. He alone of the family survived. The blood of Buford's men stirred the hearts of the patriots in Western Carolina. General Rutherford raised fifteen hundred men whom he brought together at Charlotte, this force was sufficient to discourage Tarleton. On June 22d the Loyalist under a Colonel Moore were defeated at Ramseur's Mill by Colonel Locke, who had a detachment of Rutherford's force. General Sumter at this critical period, with a force of North and South Carolini-

ans, returned to his State, and on July 12th defeated Colonel Furgerson and Capt. Houck at Williamson's plantation in the Western part of the State. His success brought many recruits to him and he was again successful at Hanging Rock. Many partisan bands now hurried to join Gates who had taken charge of the Southern army and was moving towards Camden where he was sent to meet Lord Rawdon and Lord Cornwallis; but alas! it was a fearful meeting for the Continentals. Gates was defeated, the brave DeKalb was left with eleven wounds on him and soon died. General Rutherford was compelled to surrender. This was August 16th. General Gates hastened to Charlotte and reached there—eighty miles away, the same day of the battle. On his way he was informed of Sumter's splendid victory taking Fort Carey on the Wateree. When Sumter heard of Gates' defeat he commenced retreating up the South side of the Wateree river. He was pursued by Tarleton with his wonderful celerity, who overtook and surprised Sumter at Fishing Creek. It is said that General Sumter escaped in his night clothes. Sumter came to Charlotte a day or two afterwards. He never forgave Tarleton for having caught him napping, and Nov. 20th following engaged him in battle at Black Stock Hill with such severe results that one-third of Tarleton's privates engaged were killed. Sumter was fortunate in having the mountain country of the Carolinas to draw upon for assistance. In his command were such men as Colonel William Hill, ancestor of General D. H. Hill. It now looked like the Carolinas were subdued. Lord Cornwallis commenced his march towards Charlotte to establish his head-

quarters. Behind him he left the unyielding Huguenots, in front were the Scotch-Irish Covenanters. Both were equal to the emergency. Johnson in his *Traditions and Reminiscences of the Revolution*, says :

"Among the most efficient of Marion's men were his neighbors and friends of Huguenot descent, the Horry's, Simons, Ravenels, Cordes', DuBos, etc. We think of Cornwallis at Dunbar. "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered." Nelson at Trafalgar displaying the signal—"England expects every man to do his duty." Wellington at Waterloo as he shouted to his troops: "Boys, can retreat be thought of? Think of old England." Napoleon at the battle of the Pyramids—"forty centuries look down upon you." To inspire the youth of our land, let us remember Washington at Valley Forge and Marion at Snow Island. Hope had died in the hearts of almost every Southern patriot. Marion kindled once more the spark. Who has not heard of the instance? the captured English officer taken to Snow Island in the swamps, the rendezvous of Marion and his men, Marion inviting him to dine with him, and handing the officer cold water and sweet potatoes for dinner. He asked Marion if that was what he and his men lived on. Marion told him it was. The Englishman said: "I can no longer fight against such brave men and patriots." When he was exchanged he returned to England, never more to fight against the Americans. Adversity shows the character of a people. Many of the rich and cowardly sought protection from Cornwallis to save their property from confiscation and for other sinister motives, but those who loved

freedom and served their conscience sprung by leaps and bounds to the front. No sooner had Cornwallis started towards Charlotte, thinking all behind was safe, than Marion and his men made the patriots' hearts glad with their marvelous exploits. Colonel Henry Lee, (father of the Confederate chieftain) who served with Marion, says of him:—"small in statue, hard in visage, healthy, abstemious and taciturn, enthusiastically wedded to the cause of liberty, he deeply deplored the condition of his beloved country. The common weal was his sole object; nothing selfish, nothing mercenary soiled his ermine character. Fertile in stratagem, he struck unperceived; and, retiring to those hidden retreats selected by himself in the morasses of the Pee Dee and Black rivers, he placed his corps not only out of the reach of his foe, but often out of the discovery of his friends. A rigid disciplinarian, he reduced to practice the justice of his heart; and during the difficult course of warfare through which he passed, calumny itself never charged him with violating the rights of persons, property or humanity, never avoiding danger, he never rashly sought it; and acting for all around him as he did for himself, he risked the lives of his troops only when it was necessary. Neither elated with prosperity, nor depressed by adversity, he preserved an equanimity which won the admiration of friends and exacted the respect of his enemies." Can higher tribute be paid to any man? Such was the hero who with McDowell, Morgan, Davidson, Lee, Sumter, Pickens and others did so much to redeem the South. We here take leave of these patriots' examples to the youth of all ages.

The battle of Camden was fought August 16th 1780.

Major William Richardson Davie's corps had suffered severely with Sumter at Hanging Rock, South Carolina, and he had been escorting to Charlotte the wounded to the hospital which he had previously established. After performing this service Davie hastened to the general rendezvous of General Gates, Rugely's Mill. He arrived on the 15th, after Gates had moved, and after marching all night, met our flying troops. General Huger informed him of the fate of the Americans. Major Davie at once did all in his power to relieve the situation. He had served with Sumter, and, as has been mentioned, Sumter was defeated at Fishing Creek by Tarleton a few days after the battle of Camden, so the burdens of defending this section were shifted to Davie. Bravely did he bear them. In 1780, he had obtained license to practice law, but seeing the need of his country, he again took up arms. He was now twenty-four years old. He had been wounded near Charleston the year before. The State being too poor he sold the little property he had and raised the funds to equip the troops under him. Such was the man who now returned to defend Charlotte. He had been a student at "Queen's Museum." He had heard the eloquent words of Dr. Alexander, McWhorter, the President of Queen's Museum on June 3d, when he had addressed the troops under General Rutherford. (One of Dr. McWhorter's sisters, Jane, married John Brevard, and another, Agnes, married Alexander Osborne.) Davie determined that Charlotte should not be taken without resistance. This was September 5th. He had been recently made Colonel. Cornwallis was slowly approaching. Davie went forward with his small force to harass

his foraging parties. He was accompanied by Maj. George Davidson. They took post at Providence, on the Charlotte road. On the evening of September the 20th they decamped and determined to strike a blow at the Loyalist encamped at the plantation of Captain James Wahab (whose name was later changed to Walkup) in the Southwestern part of Union county, then Mecklenburg. Many of his troops were from that section. Early next morning they gained unperceived the camp of the Loyalist. The house and yard were almost surrounded by a splendid corn-field. He detached Major Davidson through the corn-field and he himself took the lane leading to the house. The enemy were completely surprised and fled, sixty were killed and wounded, ninety-six horses were taken, and one hundred and twenty stands of arms. The British drums in contiguous quarters then beat to arms. Captain Wahab, the owner of the farm, spent a few minutes halt in rapt converse with his wife and children, who ran out as soon as the firing ceased, to embrace their protector. Bitter followed those sweet moments. The British troops, reaching the house, the commander yielded to diabolical fury and ordered it burnt. Wahab saw his home that sheltered his wife and little children, wrapped in flames, and he unable to relieve them. Davie made good his retreat and returned to Providence, having marched sixty miles in twenty-four hours. Generals Sumner and Davidson arrived the evening of his return. They had about one thousand men and Davie less than two hundred. Four days after the affair at Wahab's, Cornwallis put his army in motion, taking the Steel Creek road to Charlotte. This being announced to

General Sumner he retired, leaving Colonel Davie who was strengthened by Major Joseph Graham. Major Graham, like Colonel Davie, had been a student at "Queen's Museum." He had been in Charlotte when the Declaration of Independence on May 20th 1775, was formerly and publicly made. He was deeply impressed with the importance of the struggle, and no man acted a braver part.

At midnight, September 25th, 1780, this little band of heroes reached Charlotte. Next day the battle of Charlotte took place. I give the account as narrated by Colonel Davie: "Charlotte, situated on a rising ground, contains about twenty houses, built on two streets which cross each other at right angles, at the intersection of which stands the court house (Independence Square.) The left of the town, as the enemy advanced, was an open common on the woods which reached up to the gardens of the village. With this small force, viz: one hundred and fifty cavalry and mounted infantry and fourteen volunteers under Major Graham, Davie determined to give his Lordship a foretaste of what he might expect in North Carolina. For the purpose he dismounted one company, and posted it under the court house, where the men were covered breast-high by a stone wall. Two other companies were advanced about eighty yards, and posted behind some houses and in gardens on each side of the street. While this disposition was making, the Legion (Tarleton's) was forming at the distance of three hundred yards, with a front to fill the (South Tryon) street, and the light infantry on their flanks. On sounding the charge, the cavalry advanced at full gallop within sixty yards of the court house,

where they received the American fire, and retreated with great precipitation. As the infantry continued to advance, notwithstanding the fire of our advanced companies, who were too few to keep them in check, it became necessary to withdraw them from the cross street, and form them in line with the troops under the court house. The flanks were still engaged with the infantry, but the center was directed to reserve their fire for the cavalry, who rallied on their former ground and returned to the charge.

They were again well received by the militia, and galloped off in great confusion, in the presence of the whole British army. As the British infantry were now beginning to turn Colonel Davie's right flank, these companies were drawn off in good order, successively covering each other, and formed at the end of the street about one hundred yards from the court house, under a galling fire from the British light infantry, who had advanced under the cover of the houses and gardens. The British cavalry again appeared, charging by the court house, but upon receiving a fire, which had been reserved for them, they again scampered off. Lord Cornwallis in his vexation at the repeated miscarriage of his cavalry openly abused their cowardice. The Legion, reinforced by the infantry pressed forward on our flanks, and the ground was no longer tenable by this handful of brave men. A retreat was then ordered on the Salisbury road, and the enemy followed, with great caution and respect, for some miles, when they ventured to charge the rear guards. The guards were of course put to flight; but on receiving the fire of a single company, they retreated. Our loss consisted of Lieutenant Locke, and four privates killed, and Major Graham and five privates wounded. The British stated their loss at twelve non-

commissioned officers and privates killed, and Major Hanger, Captains Campbell and McDonald, and thirty privates wounded. In the engagement Major Graham received nine wounds, six with the sabre and three with lead. He was mercifully spared to his country. This brave youth, only twenty-one years of age, as soon as he recovered from his wounds returned to the army. Cornwallis' stay in Mecklenburg was a stormy one. He had a large army which had to be fed. The Mecklenburg men were determined. Colonel Polk had a mill (old Bissell mill) about two miles Southwest of Charlotte, the British pickets were attacked there. On October 5^d a foraging party of about four hundred under Major Doyle went towards the fertile region of Long Creek. While plundering McIntyre's farm, about seven miles North of Charlotte, twelve men under Captain James Thompson attacked and actually drove the British raiders from the farm. The British loss was so severe that the survivors upon reaching Charlotte declared "every bush along the road concealed a rebel." Lieutenant George Graham was one of this brave party. He was a brother of Joseph Graham, and was a strong, courageous man. He is buried in the old Presbyterian cemetery in Charlotte. He was active during Lord Cornwallis' stay in Charlotte attacking his foraging parties. On October 7th Major Ferguson was defeated at King's Mountain and slain. He was one of Cornwallis' most trusted officers. Upon Cornwallis hearing of the defeat Charlotte was immediately evacuated. This was on the evening of October 14th. We read in Tarleton's campaigns this about Mecklenburg :—

"It was evident and it has been frequently mentioned to the King's officers, that the counties of Mecklenburg and Rowan were more hostile than any others in America." We read this about Charlotte :

"The town and environs abounded with inveterate en-

emies," when later the suggestion was made to go by Charlotte, he says:—"The route by Charlotte town through the most hostile quarter of the province on many accounts not advisable." Cornwallis later on his way North did not go by Charlotte, but went North of Charlotte and crossed at Crown's Ford. In a letter to Colonel Balfour, of the British army, Cornwallis says: "Charlotte is an agreeable village, but in a d——d rebellious country." When Cornwallis retired from Charlotte, he halted upon Robert Wilson's plantation, and himself and staff quartered at the house of the patriot. The Wilsons were all staunch Scotch-Irish, and sturdy Republicans. The wife of Robert Wilson, (a brother of Zacheus, a signer,) had "seven sons in the rebel army," and also her husband. Mrs. Wilson was very courteous, and Cornwallis endeavored to win her to the Royal cause by flattering words. Her reply deserves to be inscribed upon brass and marble: "I have seven sons who are now, or have been, bearing arms; indeed, my seventh son, Zacheus, who is only fifteen years old, I yesterday assisted to get ready to go and join his brothers in Sumpter's army. Now, sooner than see one of my family turn back from the glorious enterprise, I would take those boys, (pointing to three or four small sons) and with them would myself enlist under Sumter's standard and show my husband and sons how to fight; and if necessary, how to die for their country." Ah, General, said the cruel Tarleton, "I think you've got into a *Hornet's Nest*." Cornwallis' reply was: "Never mind, when we get to Camden, I'll take good care that old Robin Wilson never gets back again."

On the spot where Queen's Museum once stood is the county court house. In front is a handsome monument erected to the signers of the Mecklenburg Independence. On one side are the names of the signers. On the other side facing South Tryon street is a *Hornet's Nest*, and on it are these words: "Let us alone."

THE NORTH CAROLINA

State Normal and Industrial College.

LITERARY COMMERCIAL
CLASSICAL INDUSTRIAL
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Greene's Retreat

—BY—
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GREENE'S RETREAT.

BY
D. H. HILL.

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1901.



NATHANAEL GREENE

**“Carolina! Carolina! Heaven’s blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her.”**

GREENE'S RETREAT.

"The retreat of Gen. Greene and the pursuit of Lord Cornwallis are worthy to be placed among the most remarkable events of the American war; they would have done honor to the most celebrated captains of that, or any former epoch."—Botta.

Not even the Valley Forge days brought more gloom to the American revolutionists than did the summer of 1780 and the following winter. Almost every adventure, whether of arms or of statecraft went awry. The British were making a supreme effort to dismember the colonies by the conquest of the Southern states. They thought, says Holmes, that "important advantages might be expected from shifting the war to the rich Southern colonies, which chiefly upheld the financial credit of the Confederacy in Europe, and through which the Americans received most of their military and other supplies."

To effect this end, the English commander had, since December 1778, been concentrating troops in that section. Taking Georgia as a starting point, his purpose was to sweep northward in a march of subjugation. Georgia was overcome and occupied, and in 1780 South and North Carolina became objectives.

Washington, in order to meet the new invasion, was forced to divide his army and send his Southern regulars to defend their homes. Most of these, after a terrible winter march from New Jersey, went to reinforce Lincoln at Charleston. The Northern army, thus reduced in number, was compelled to remain inactive. Moreover,

small as it was, there was no money to support it, and hunger and indignation added to supineness drove the men to mutiny. Congress seemed powerless and resourceless. The continental currency was expiring. Enlistment was ceasing. Treachery was added by Arnold's shameless act of perfidy. Even Washington, on whom all hopes stayed, became so despondent that he wrote Mr. Mason, "Unless there is a material change both in our civil and our military policy, it will be in vain to contend much longer." Lafayette, buoyant and optimistic, refrains from writing to his government, declaring, "pride has stopped my pen." The only alleviation to the general gloom in the North was the coming of the French force under Rochambeau.

In the South disaster followed disaster. On the 12th of May, Lincoln surrendered Charleston, and nearly all the continental, or regular soldiers of the South, thereby became prisoners. On the 29th of the same month, Buford's Virginia continental regiment that had failed to get to Charleston to aid in the siege, was hacked to pieces at Waxhaws by Tarleton. Congress, hoping to help matters, now detailed Gen. Gates, Saratoga's hero, to command all the troops in the Southern department. This included the Maryland division of two thousand men and the Delaware regiment both of which Gen. Washington had already generously detached to go South under Gen. DeKalb. But Gates marched to Camden, S. C., only to be appallingly defeated by Earl Cornwallis. Only two days later, at Fishing Creek, Tarleton defeated Sumter, apparently the last hope of South Carolina.

The only gloom-dispelling exploits were Col. Locke's defeat of the Tories at Ramseur's Mill, the signal victory of the allied colonels over "Fierce Ferguson" at King's Mountain, and Sumter's retaliation on Tarleton at Blackstock.

Following the reverses in South Carolina, and the apparent subjugation of that State, came Cornwallis's determination to invade and subdue North Carolina. This further movement in the development of the original plan of the campaign was expected to bring a third state into vassalage. If the British could conquer North Carolina as they had done Georgia and South Carolina, then Cornwallis with his army could join Arnold in Virginia, crush that colony, and the two armies then unite with the Northern army in offensive operations against Washington. The British had been led to believe that North Carolina was full of royal adherents. But the reckless resistance of Davie and Graham to Lord Cornwallis's entering Charlotte, the untiring cutting down of all his detached parties, and the fact stated by Rawdon, that "not a single man attempted to improve the favorable moment to join us," convinced his lordship not only that the "assurances of attachment from our poor distressed friends in North Carolina" were only assurances, but that he was, as he profanely expressed it, "in a d——d rebellious country." His colleague, Gen. Leslie, was meeting with the same sort of reception from at least a part of the inhabitants of Eastern North Carolina, for he writes disconsolately, "I am sorry to observe that the women don't smile on us." However the defeat of Ferguson forced Cornwallis to retire from North Caro-

lina and to order Leslie to join him in South Carolina. Thus reinforced by two thousand men, he made ready for a second invasion of North Carolina.

The State was ill prepared to withstand his fierce coming. With its usual unselfishness, the province had, to aid the common cause, almost stripped itself of defenders. How freely it had aided imperiled districts is shown by a letter from Charles Pinckney: "They have been so willing and ready on all occasions to afford us all the assistance in their power that I shall ever love a North Carolinian, and join with General Moultrie in confessing that they have been the salvation of this country." All her Continental Troops, after long service with Washington, had, during the severe winter of '79 and '80, marched every step of the way from New Jersey to South Carolina to aid beleaguered Charleston. There together with a thousand of her militia, they had been surrendered by Lincoln. Between three and four hundred of her militia, with their ranking officer, General Rutherford, had been captured in Gates's untimely defeat at Camden. Many of her officers and better trained militia, who had served in other States, were broken down in health or "fettered by paroles."

Hence, in the emergency created by the coming of Cornwallis, the State had almost entirely to rely on levies of raw militia.

The militiaman of Western North Carolina was unique in his way. Regarded by his government, in the words of Governor Graham, as a "self-supporting institution," he went forth to service generally without thought of drawing uniform, rations, arms or pay. A piece of white paper

pinned to his hunting cap was his uniform ; a wallet of parched flour or a sack of meal was his commissariat ; a tin-cup, a frying-pan and a pair of saddle-bags, his only impedimenta ; his domestic rifle—a Deckard or a Kutter, and sometimes a sword made in his own black-smith shop, constituted his martial weapons ; a horse capable of “long subsisting on nature’s bounty ” was his means of rapid mobilization or hasty “change of base ” ; a sense of manly duty performed, his quarter’s pay. Indeed, his sense of propriety would have been rudely shocked by any suggestion of reward for serving his endangered country. He had mental characteristics that made both for and against good soldier-ship. An expert rider and an unerring shot, he was yet disdainful of the discipline that must mechanize a man into a soldier or convert a mob into an army. Patient under hardship, inured to constant activity, unmoved in reverses, he was however so tenacious of personal freedom as to be jealous of the authority of officers chosen by his own suffrage. Of little worth when commanded by untried officers, he was, when led by men of daring whose success had won his confidence, a dauntless and persistent fighter.

To this militia the State appealed after Gates’s defeat and on the second approach of Cornwallis. This appeal was in some cases even anticipated ; for a letter to Washington says : “ Upon this defeat the yeomanry of North Carolina turned out unsolicited. ” Governor Burke, in a letter to John Adams declares : “ The people, under all the distresses inseparable from an unprovided soldiery flew to arms with the greatest alacrity. ” In fact, the militia seemed at last to be catching the spirit of the indomitable Davie, who

on meeting the fleeing Gates responded to that officer's "Flee or Tarleton will be upon you," "We are accustomed to Tarleton and do not fear him."

To command this militia, "the remnants of the regulars" and Lee's Legion detached from Washington and ordered South, Congress now sent an officer whose very "coming was worth a thousand men."

Great soldiers are often made of queer stuff: a Narses out of a household slave; a Stilicho out of a Vandal's boy; a Cromwell out of a country squire; a Vauban out of a priest's protege. But none ever came from a more unexpected quarter than did Nathanael Greene, now sent to supersede Gates; for not only was he a man of thirty-two years, utterly unlettered in the art of war, before he had ever touched a musket, but he was bred in the bosom of sectaries whose fundamental tenet is the eschewing of all violence, and his own father was a straight-laced Quaker minister, a zealous preacher of the doctrine of passivity. So great however were Greene's powers of acquisition that, although raised behind the plow and beside the anvil, he became one of the most polished gentlemen of the army and so distinguished was his natural ability that in the rough school of the camp he became, according to the statements of his opponents, "a soldier as dangerous as Washington."

Gen. Greene arrived at Charlotte to take his new command on the 2d of December, 1780. Even his imperturbable spirit sank somewhat when he found, as he wrote to Washington, "only the shadow of an army." There were but two thousand troops in all—over half militia. "Only eight hundred," Gates reported, "are properly clothed or

equipped," Col. Lee writes: "The only covering of the Virginians is an old shirt and trousers* *the whole [army] is without shoes; our provisions are from hand to mouth. If we leave here I know not on what we will employ our teeth." Gen. Greene wrote to Gen. Washington: "Nothing can be more wretched and distressing than the condition of the troops starving with cold and hunger, without tents and without camp equipage. Those of the Virginia Line are literally naked and a great part totally unfit for any duty. * * A tattered remnant of some garment, clumsily stuck together with the thorns of the locust tree forms the sole covering of hundreds. We have three hundred men without arms and more than one thousand are so naked that they can be put on duty only in case of desperate necessity."

There were more serious difficulties even than lack of clothing and lack of arms. The Regulars were utterly dispirited by frequent defeats and by want of confidence in their leaders. "The shoals of militia," as Bancroft styles them, were accustomed to go and come at pleasure—"one day" growls Davie, "in camp; another day gone to secure their property." They were called out for only sixty or ninety days, and as their times were constantly expiring, the number of available men was a variant. To enforce proper discipline without alienating the good will of these independent soldiers was a serious problem in tact and judgment. Greene accomplished its solution by forbearance at first, whereby he won the sympathy of the thoughtful among the militia; by shooting a deserter at last, whereby he frightened into obedience all foolish recalcitrants.

The same prudence and foresight were shown in all his

acts. He had written Gen. Washington: "I will recover the country or die in the attempt," and every energy was bent to that end. He thoroughly re-organized his little army. William R. Davie, one of those sunshiny forces, like Sidney, whose gracious personality wins heart and brain obedience, not mere hand service, was reluctantly induced to become Commissary-General. Col. Edward Carrington, a trained organizer and tireless worker, was appointed Quarter-Master General. Indeed Greene had the power that all men of executive genius have, the power to so read character as to select the fittest agents and then to leave them untrammelled to do their work. "No General in the war," comments Prof. Daves, "was surrounded by a more brilliant group of officers. Smallwood, Williams and Howard, of Maryland; Sumner, Eaton and Davie, of North Carolina; Morgan, Lee, Washington, Pickens, Sumter, Huger, Marion, Kirkwood, Carrington—what a list in the rolls of honor! And many a simple Lieutenant or Captain, as Duval, of Maryland, or Forbis, of North Carolina, was well worthy to be ranked with these illustrious leaders."

Nothing better illustrates Greene's thoroughness than his study of the topography of the country in which he operated. Seeing the State intersected by rivers, he had each with its tributaries carefully mapped. Carrington mapped the Dan; Stevens the Yadkin; and Kosciusko, his chief-engineer, the Catawba. So completely did Greene master these maps that when in Morgan's retreat, the question of fords came up, Gen. Davidson exclaimed in surprise and admiration, "Greene never before saw the Catawba, but he knows more about it than those who have been raised on

its banks." This knowledge subsequently saved his army.

Opposed to Greene's "shadow of an army" was a well equipped corps of seasoned soldiers, commanded by trained officers in whose mastery of their art the men had so much reliance that they looked upon their foes with contempt, and went into battle with no other thought than that of victory. Lord Cornwallis, its leader, had worked his way from ensign to commander. Capable, cold-blooded, indifferent to suffering, too fastidiously delicate to imbrue his own hands in the innocent blood of non-combatants and captives, yet too callous to stay the hand of the ruthless and bloody-minded, he was an opponent worthy of any man's steel. Upon the projection of his entry into North Carolina, Sir Henry Clinton, his Commander-in-Chief, had written him, "As your move is important, it must not be stinted, I will give you all you wish of every sort." Hence his army moved with comforts unknown to the Americans.

Greene, as soon as the state of his little army permitted movement, established himself in a comfortable camp on the Pee Dee river. The object of this move from Charlotte was to find in a less exhausted country, a suitable camp for drill and discipline. Before he left Charlotte, he detached Gen. Morgan to take post south of the Catawba. Morgan was instructed "to give protection to that part of the country and to spirit up the people, to annoy the enemy in that quarter and to collect forage and provision out of their way." With three hundred and twenty regulars of the Maryland line, two hundred Virginia militia and sixty of Col. Washington's dragoons, Morgan, who is justly called

the ablest commander of light troops of his time, set out for his new station. He was speedily joined by about three hundred North Carolina militia, collected by Gen. W. L. Davidson and Major Joseph McDowell, and by some South Carolina and Georgia militia under Gen. Pickens and Col. McCall. To protect as much territory as possible, Morgan pitched camp on the Pacolet river.

The relative position of the two armies is shown by a capital V with its right prong elongated. Greene was at the right apex of the letter, fifty-five miles west from Charlotte and a hundred from Morgan, who was at the left apex. Cornwallis was at the base of the V, and about forty-five miles from Morgan and eighty from Greene.

Cornwallis rejoiced to hear of the division of the American army. He at once determined on the following plan: Tarleton was to be set on Morgan, an easy prey, he thought; Leslie was to threaten Greene by a march up the river; he himself was to march between his two lieutenants, and in the neighborhood of Charlotte to receive into outspread arms the fugitives from Tarleton's ruthless sword.

In pursuance of this plan, Tarleton moved out hot-footed "to destroy Morgan's corps or push it before him to King's Mountain." Cornwallis moved north, but never advanced beyond Turkey Creek.

Morgan soon learned of Tarleton's rapid coming and fell back to Cowpens. There, contrary to the advice of his best officers, he drew up line of battle to await Tarleton's onset. On the 17th of January 1781, Tarleton rushed in his precipitate way upon this grimly waiting foe whose sledgehammer blows the British of the North had learned to

dread. In less than an hour and a half Tarleton's army "was scattered and slain," and he himself scampering in mad haste from the stricken field.

This battle at Cowpens is memorable for five things: first, that Tarleton, usually clear-headed and brilliant, if hasty, should have so soon forgotten his experience at Blackstock; second, the confidence that a born leader like Morgan can inspire; "I am accustomed to beat my foes," was his self-assured declaration in a speech to the militia on the day of battle, "and if you stand by me and give me two fires at killing distance, I will beat them to-day;" third, the cool stand of the raw militia as its marksmen, in accordance with Morgan's orders, "picked off the epaulette men"—another illustration of what untrained volunteers can do when led by fighters like Pickens and directed by veteran tacticians like Morgan; fourth, the heroism of Col. Howard and his Maryland Line, and of Col. Washington and his horse; fifth, for the sweeping demolition of the British detachment. Of a thousand men taken into action, only about two hundred returned to Cornwallis. In addition to the unusually large number killed and wounded, 527 prisoners were taken. Two field pieces, several hundred muskets, thirty-five supply wagons and one hundred horses fell into the hands of the victors.

The effects of this battle are best stated in the words of the British historian Stedman: "Had Lord Cornwallis had with him at Guilford Court House the troops lost by Col. Tarleton at the Cowpens, it is not extravagant to suppose that the American colonies might have been re-united to the empire of Great Britain." The victory at Cowpens led

to Cornwallis's chase of Greene, and that chase led to the surrender at Yorktown.

Morgan's next thought was to secure his prisoners and sorely-needed munitions of war, and effect a junction with Greene before Cornwallis, who was only twenty-five miles away, could demolish his little force and re-capture the prisoners. Hence, even before his cavalry returned from pursuing Tarleton's fugitives, he paroled the captured officers and marched for the fords of the Catawba. Thus the retreat that was to continue for twenty-eight weary days and nights, and that was to be the admiration of two continents was begun.

Stung to unwonted celerity by this startling disaster to his favorite officer, Cornwallis, after impatiently waiting two days for Leslie to unite, took up from Fisher's Creek the pursuit of Morgan. "He was determined," says Lee, "on unceasing efforts to destroy Morgan and recover his captured troops; to keep separate the two divisions of Greene's army, and should he fail in these attempts, to bring Greene to action before he could reach Virginia."—thus was the pursuit joined.

As army set out to follow army, neither realized the grievous suffering it was to undergo in that desolate winter march of two hundred and thirty miles; neither anticipated the hunger, fatigue, rain, icy rivers, sleepless nights that were before them. Prof. Daves thinks:

"On no page of military history can be found greater skill of leadership or more admirable examples of heroic endurance on the part of troops. Cornwallis was in hot pursuit with four thousand well equipped veterans, while Greene could muster but two thousand men, deprived al-

most of the necessities of life. The roads were few and wretched ; the country traversed by great rivers ; the season cold and wet, and yet in this march of four weeks, in the depth of winter, the men half-naked, marking their steps with blood which flowed from their bare feet ; pinched with hunger, without tents, without money, destitute of blankets, drenched with perpetual rain, often wading waist-deep through rapid streams—not one man deserted ! ”

Greene’s bearing was most admirable during these trying days. His personal example of participation in every hardship, of dangers sought rather than avoided, of thoughtful and restless activity of mind and body, of consideration of every detail of routes, march, supplies, camps, was an inspiration to his followers. Only once did his dauntless mettle quail, and then his spirits were revived by the patriotism of a woman. Johnson thus gives the story : On his arrival at Salisbury after his long cross country ride, Dr. Reid asked whether he were alone. “ Yes, alone, fatigued, hungry, penniless,” answered Greene. Mrs. Steele heard the despondent remark, and brought him two bags of specie, saying nobly : “ Take these, for you will want them, and I can do without them.”

If Cornwallis had been as prompt and persistent in pursuit at the beginning of the great retreat as he was at its close, Morgan and Greene could hardly have escaped either destruction or battle against great odds. But his delay of two days for Leslie to unite gave Morgan an opportunity that he joyously utilized. He sent Col. Washington with the militia to escort the prisoners on the Gilberttown road while he with the rest of his force, moved on the lower Flint Hill road. Both bands marched incessantly to get the

Catawba river between them and the British. Should a winter rain make that river impassable, their doom was sealed. Col. Washington with the prisoners, crossed safely at Island ford. After getting his prisoners over the river, Col. Washington and his cavalry turned South to rejoin Morgan, who had reached and crossed Sherrill's ford on the 23d of January. Gen. Pickens then conducted the prisoners on toward Virginia. Morgan on being informed of Cornwallis's tardy movements and his stop at Ramseur's Mill remained on the East bank of the river to rest his men.

On the 25th Greene learned by courier of Morgan's signal victory. Realizing the dangers threatening Morgan, he made speedy preparations for his second in command, Gen. Huger, to move the whole army up the Yadkin and be ready to form a junction with Morgan, near Salisbury. Greene himself "with only a guide, an aid, and a sergeant's guard of cavalry struck across the country to join Morgan and aid him in his arduous operations." He traveled the hundred miles intervening in three days, reaching Sherrill's Ford on the 30th. In a twenty minute conference the two veterans planned their future operations, and each rode off: Morgan to overtake his men who were retiring under Howard over the Salisbury road; Greene to arrange for the safe withdrawal of the neighborhood militia who were to oppose the British crossing.

Meantime Cornwallis, leaving Turkey Creek on the 19th, had reached Ramseur's Mill on the 25th of January. Had he moved on a direct instead of a circuitous route, he could have marched this distance in two days instead of six, and could most probably have struck Morgan a blow before he

crossed the river. Ramseur's is only twenty-five miles from the Catawba; hence, after a six days' march, Cornwallis was exactly the same distance from the Americans that he was on the day of battle. At Ramseur's, the British commander resolved to facilitate his march by destroying all his heavy stores. He destroyed all wagons except those loaded with hospital stores, salt and ammunition and four empty ones for the sick or wounded. This destruction of supplies so far from his base, in a hostile country, subsequently proved well-nigh fatal to his army. Either two days were required for this destruction or, as Schenck says, "some fatuity overshadowed his reason;" for, as already seen, the Americans used that time to get their prisoners safely away and to give their army a needed rest. It has often been stated that the Americans were saved from the pursuing British by the swelling of the Catawba just after their passage. This is an error. Graham, who was present, says: "It was fordable from the week before until two days after this time."

At last, on the 28th, Cornwallis with a force stated by Sir Henry Clinton to be "considerably above three thousand, exclusive of cavalry and militia," moved towards Beattie's Ford. Henceforth his army was to move with most soldier-like precision and swiftness. On the 31st, the very day that Morgan took up his march for Salisbury, Cornwallis approached the Catawba. Feinting at Beattie's Ford with his main force, he sent Gen. O'Hara's division to force a crossing at Cowan's Ford, four miles below. There the intrepid Gen. Wm. Lee Davidson had arrayed a small body of local militia to retard the passage over the riv-

er. The object of this one-sided fight was, if possible, to delay the British long enough for the coveted union between Morgan and Huger to be effected.

At daybreak on the 1st of February, O'Hara's men forced the passage, killed Gen. Davidson, a wise and gallant officer, and scattered his militia. Davidson's men however, made a stubborn stand, and slew Col. Hall, of the leading regiment, and thirty of his men. The rest of the day was consumed in getting all the British troops across at Beattie's and at Cowan's Ford and in dispersion of militia.

On the 2d, over miry roads, the British resumed pursuit of Morgan. The ever active militia of Mecklenburg and Rowan collected behind the Redcoats and followed sullenly in their rear, ready to strike hard whenever their foes made a small measure of success possible. To expedite the pursuit, Cornwallis placed all the cavalry under Gen. O'Hara's orders, and mounting some infantry to accompany the cavalry, directed O'Hara to press on ahead of the marching columns and bring Morgan to bay. However, the horrible state of the roads and the day and night's lead obtained by the Americans enabled them to reach Trading Ford on the Yadkin, seven miles from Salisbury, just before the stream became impassable on the 3d. The cavalry forded the rapidly rising stream at midnight, and at dawn the infantry was ferried over in boats collected for miles up and down the river. O'Hara in fierce following arrived on the river bank in time to capture a few stuck-in-the-mud wagons that one hundred and fifty militia still on the west bank of the river, made him pay for with a dozen lives.

His disappointment found expression in a harmless cannonade across the rushing waters.

Gen. Greene, who had remained in much peril behind Morgan to be of service to the militia, was disappointed in getting many immediately together, and after a lonely ride reached Salisbury during the night of the 2d. On the 3rd he overtook Morgan and crossed the Yadkin with him. Prior to this he had sent orders to Huger to bear to the right and effect the desired junction at Guilford Court House.

This second escape of the Americans was a bitter disappointment to Cornwallis, but he did not allow it to slacken the sinews of his pursuit. It necessitated the giving up of his hopes of defeating Morgan before he could unite with Huger, but he at once recurred to his other alternative—the cutting off of Greene's united army from the fords of the Dan. He says: "The river had now become impassable, and I determined to march to the upper fords and with great expedition get between them and Greene—in hopes that he would not escape me without a blow." He reasoned that as the high water would prevent Greene from crossing the lower Dan, the Americans would have to make a trial of the upper fords. Hence, if he could first reach these fords, Greene being intercepted, must fight on British terms. Accordingly, although he recognized fully the danger of getting daily farther away from his supply base, he resolutely decided to dash ahead with every man and beast strained to utmost marching capacity. The prize was tantalizingly near and tantalizingly great. To secure it he turned up the Yadkin, crossed at Shallow Ford on the 6th,

and marched direct for the upper Dan, keeping Greene on his right.

But his lordship had far underestimated the forethought and resourcefulness of the American commander. Before Cornwallis had made a day's march, Greene had divined his plans and was preparing to contravene them. After resting his army from the 3d to the afternoon of the 4th of Feb., he set forward for Guilford Court House, where he expected Huger. To appear to be falling into the trap set by Cornwallis, he bore to the north until he reached the site of the present town of Salem. At that secluded Moravian settlement, founded in faith, built upon industry, justice and equality, destitute of all defence except that "it had raised the symbol of the triumphant Lamb," Greene halted for his scouts to bring in accurate information as to his enemy's movements. Finding that Cornwallis was following, he turned almost due east and marched to Guilford Court House. There the two divisions of his army were safely united. On the day of their union the British army was at Salem—twenty-five miles away. Thus after a continuous pursuit of twenty-two days, the British were again no closer to their adversaries than on the day of Cowpens. The Americans had so far outbattled them, outmarched them and outgeneraled them.

Although Gen. Greene had already been maturing ways and means for crossing the Dan, he knew how depressed in spirit and how harassed in body the patriots of North Carolina would be if he entirely left the State, and he had not been without hope of giving Cornwallis battle on the union of Morgan and Huger. Before he reached Guil-

ford he sent out orders for a concentration of local militia at that point, and after his arrival he went so far as to select favorable ground for a passage at arms. Nothing can better show the soldierly skill of Greene than the fact that he forced Cornwallis, a month later, to fight on the very ground selected upon this February survey. However, as the camp at Hillsboro had no reinforcements to send, and as so few militia responded to his summons, Gen. Greene felt impelled to avoid the risk of a battle. A council of war unanimously confirming him in this opinion, preparations were at once made to continue the retreat.

All realized that the last stage of the great retreat had now been reached. All equally realized that this was to be the hardest of all, for hitherto only Morgan's light division had been endangered; now the united army was, while yet too weak to fight, to be the quarry chased. A third time the objective was to be the passage of an uncertain river. A third time the same commanders were strategically pitted against each other. A third time, over winter-washed roads, with shoeless feet frozen and bleeding, with bodies, only in too many cases, fluttering with rags, the liberty-loving privates of America were for four days and nights to measure endurance and fortitude with well-equipped Britons.

A decision to continue the retreat having been reached, several further questions arose. Where should a crossing be attempted? How should it be made? What steps should be taken to cover the crossing? Upon Col. Carrington's presentation of facts obtained from his survey of the river and of routes, Irwin's Ferry, seventy miles from Guilford

Court House was selected as the place. This selection settled the manner, for there the crossing could be only by ferry, and Carrington and Smith went forward at once to collect boats. To secure the march and to protect the passage, Greene embodied a light corps. Col. Lee, who was a prominent officer in this corps, says : " Gen. Greene formed a light corps consisting of some of his best infantry under Lieutenant-Col. Howard, of Washington's cavalry, the legion of Lee, and a few militia riflemen, making in all seven hundred. These troops were to take post between the retreating and the advancing army, to seize every opportunity of striking in detail, and to retard the enemy by vigilance and judicious positions; while Greene, with the main body hastened toward the Dan, the boundary of his present toils and dangers."

The command of this body was offered to Gen. Morgan, but that officer had become so enfeebled by rheumatism that he was forced to decline it. Col. Otho Williams, of Maryland, was then put in command, and nobly did he measure up to all the requirements of that difficult position.

Leaving Col. Williams to front the enemy and mask the movement, Greene on the 10th put his army in motion for Irwin's Ferry, seventy miles distant, and in a well-ordered march of seventeen miles a day continued to press for the river. This division of the army escaped in a measure the forced marches, the nerve-wearing apprehension and rear-guard fighting that fell to the lot of Williams's light troops. But as the men were without shoes and without tents and proper clothing, and as the weather was very

cold, the roads miry and washed, the march was one of great discomfort.

After Greene had fully disappeared, Williams rather ostentatiously moved out on a road that intercepted the British line of march, there saucily placed himself in Cornwallis's front, and marched to the left, as though making for the upper Dan.

This light corps was composed of the choice soldiers of Greene's army, both in military quality and equipment. Not a man in it but was elated at being deemed worthy of such important, if arduous service; not a man but was bent on showing that his mettle was equal to the call made upon it. Each, with the American soldier's intelligent appreciation of public events, knew that the salvation of Greene's army and the fate of the Southern Colonies depended upon the ability of his little corps to mislead and delay the British army. And, while every one was impressed with the conviction that it might become necessary for him to throw himself recklessly and unsupportedly against the British to secure time by his death for Greene's passage, each was resolved, if the necessity came, to do so with the utmost cheerfulness. So in spite of the facts that they began the days' march at three o'clock in the morning in order to get far enough ahead of their enemies to cook breakfast, the only meal eaten during the day; that they marched continuously until dark; that after the days' journey one-half of them were on patrol or picket duty every night; that they got only six hours of sleep out of every forty-eight hours, that what little sleep they got was on wet ground and without blankets or tents—in spite of all these things,

there is abundant testimony that through the four days and nights of the march there was not only no grumbling nor discontent, but that the men were happy and proud of the responsibility put upon them. Thus constituted then were the troops who now by a cross road marched into the road ahead of Cornwallis.

The British commander seeing both horse and foot ahead of him, and seeing apparently a movement to cover Dix's Ferry, naturally concluded that the entire American army was before him. Consequently, after halting for an hour or two for his extended marching lines to close up on O'Hara's light troops in front, he did just what Williams desired—followed his command and left Greene an unmolested march. Cornwallis at first followed on a parallel road to the left of the one upon which Williams was traveling—Greene using a parallel one to the right. But on the wide plantations the two armies were frequently in rifle range of each other. At first approximation the fiery spirits on each side blazed up, and skirmishes were of almost hourly occurrence. But, as they soon realized, the sacrifice of a few heroic souls in this way was fruitless, and the practice was discontinued. Then followed a rare sight. Through the peaceful solitudes of the winter roads, two armies each bent on the ultimate destruction of the other marched hour after hour with no more apparent animosity than though they were following the same flag and engaged upon the same mission.

So thoroughly did Williams's movements deceive Cornwallis, and so cleverly did his patrols keep royalist messengers from reaching his lordship, that it was not until the

evening of the 12th or the morning of the 13th that Cornwallis received the mortifying intelligence that Greene was on the Irwin's Ferry road, and that he had been chasing only a detachment. Determining that his prey should nevertheless not escape him, Cornwallis wheeled sharply to the right, and with every nerve and muscle strained to the cracking point made straight for Greene's rear.

About the same time that the British discovered their error and tried to rectify it, Williams received the joyful tidings that the American army was nearing the ferry. His task thus being accomplished, he too turned to the right and came into the Irwin's Ferry road just ahead of the hastening British.

Immediately preceding and during the turn for the new road, Lee's Legion, the rear-guard of Williams's force, and O'Hara's front had one or two sharp clashes. Lee however, drew his men well in. "Only," says he in his narrative, "when a defile or water-course crossed our route did the enemy exhibit any indication to cut off our rear, in which essays, being always disappointed, their useless efforts were gradually discontinued." Stakes were now too high to play any but trump cards.

On the night of the 13th, the Americans, still doggedly pressed even after dark by their desperate adversaries, were dismayed to see camp-fires brightly burning just before them. "Surely," they cried out, "that must be our commander's army with camp pitched and with men utterly unprepared for the onset of the British." The determination that followed was so noble that it must be told in the words of one of the little band: "Our dauntless corps was

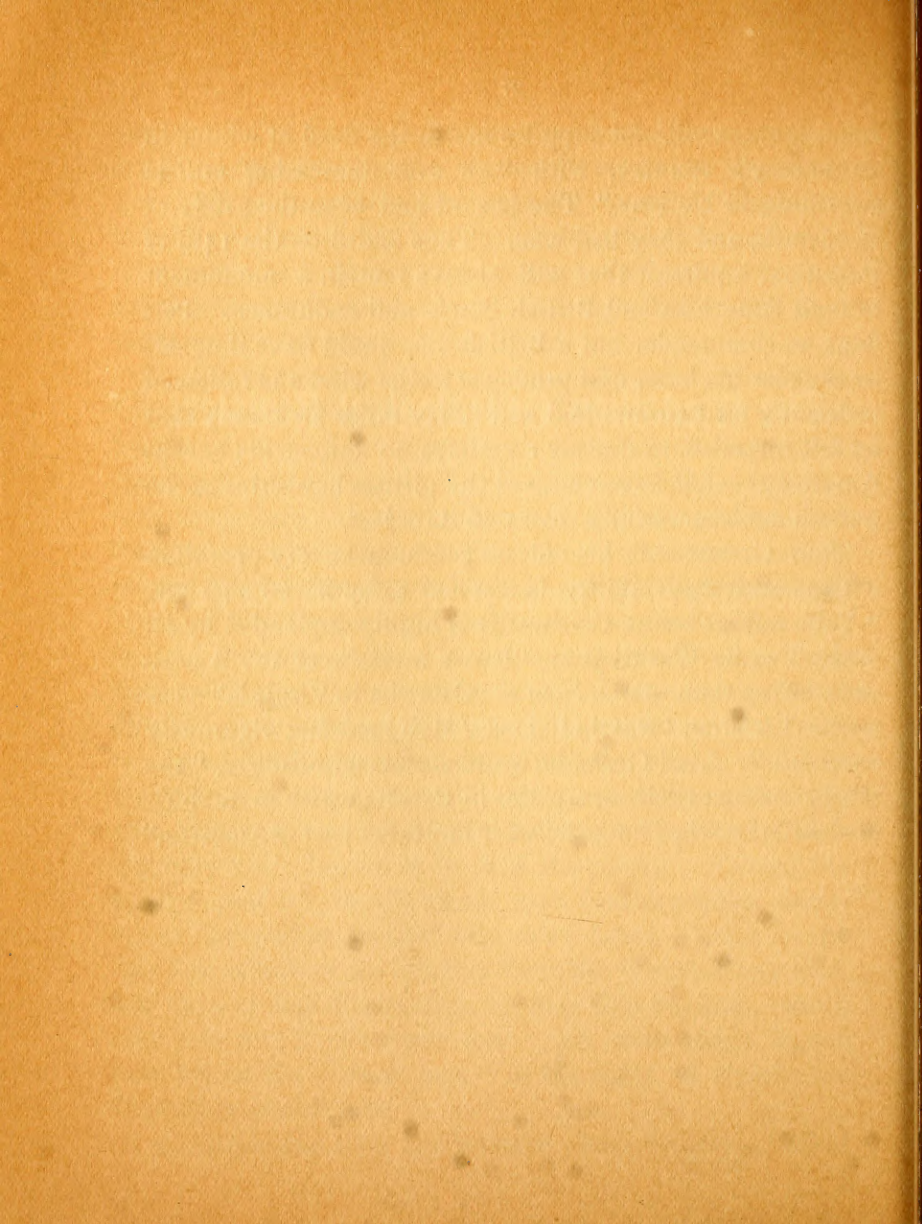
convinced that the crisis had now arrived when its self-sacrifice could alone give a chance of escape to the main body. With one voice was announced the noble resolution to turn on the foe, and by dint of desperate courage, so to cripple him as to force a discontinuance of pursuit." But happily Greene's camp fires of the night before had been mistaken for his camp of that night.

On this night the light corps was allowed a rest of only from nine o'clock until midnight. They were then aroused by the advance of the enemy who was resolved to rest neither night nor day until Greene was destroyed. All day over deep roads incrusting with frost, pursuer and pursued tramped painfully, but continuously. At noon a courier set the wearied Americans into a frenzy of delight by bringing word that Greene's army was safely across the Dan. Not in vain had they suffered and marched as an army is seldom called upon to suffer and march. "One more effort," shouted their officers, "and we too will have shaken off our foes." With a quickened step that the British could not rival the men swung onward. So much distance did they gain that at three o'clock, Col. Williams felt safe in leaving only Lee's Legion in front of the enemy. He took the nearest road for Boyd's Ferry, only fourteen miles away, where Carrington awaited him with boats. Later in the day Lee withdrew his infantry from the Irwin's Ferry road, and then at dark his cavalry, leaving fires burning, turned also into the Boyd's Ferry road. All were safely ferried over before ten o'clock, and "in the camp of Greene joy beamed in every face."

An impassable river lay between them and their baffled

foe, who now without supplies lay in the dead of winter in an enemy's country, with "an ever increasing militia swarming in his rear." The hazard had been the safety of the South, and they had won. Thus ended on the 14th of February, a pursuit that will always remain a monument to both American and British pluck and endurance. Perhaps no commander but a British one would have thus cut loose from his base, cast prudence to the wind and followed recklessly for two hundred and thirty miles an enemy that he felt impelled to destroy : perhaps no opponents except Americans could have endured the pitiless hardships of the pursuit and successfully thwarted its object.

That Greene and his officers conducted every operation with consummate ability is testified to by friend and foe. "Your retreat before Cornwallis is highly applauded by all ranks," wrote Washington. "Every measure of the Americans during their march from the Catawba to Virginia" comments Tarleton, "was judiciously designed and vigorously executed." Lord Germain wrote almost admiringly, "the rebels conduct their enterprises in Carolina with more spirit and skill than they have shown in any other part of America."



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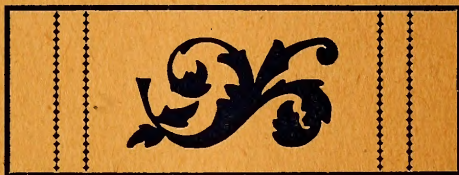
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The North Carolina Booklet.

Vol 1

GREAT EVENTS IN
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

No 8



Monsieur Le Marquis De La Fayette.

—BY—

MAJ. E. J. HALE.



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Monsieur Le Marquis De La Fayette.

BY
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1901.

**“Carolina! Carolina! Heaven’s blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her.”**

MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.

It has been said that France had for centuries been preparing for the Revolution ; yet the world's picture of that great tragedy contains but a few figures, and the shifting scenes are comprised within but a limited period. It is so with other great events, and we deduce the corollary that the origin of them, generally, is difficult to trace, and that many minds and many circumstances are concerned in the least of them. But public opinion does not go amiss in its judgment of their main features, and it is that judgment which history ascertains and records. In this view history is not a lie, though it err so often in its details. Thus Washington comes down to us as contemporary history made him, the overshadowing domestic factor in the success of the American Revolution ; and La Fayette, mere boy as he was when he espoused our cause, as the embodiment, if not the creator, of that foreign movement in our behalf without which Washington's efforts would have been in vain.

While the fame of both these heroes is the common heritage of all the States, that of La Fayette appeals with especial force to women and to North Carolinians. He was a master of those elegancies of manner which distinguished the class from which he sprung, and which are so pleasing to the opposite sex ; he performed, as we shall see, a memorable act of homage to a woman ; and, under even more trying circumstances, he was the object of a devotion at the hands of his wife that was worthy of the best days of Roman

matronhood. At the same time, it happens that one of our chief commercial towns, shortly afterwards an alternate capital of North Carolina, was the first of the numerous communities throughout the Union to be named in his honor, and that he duly recognized the fact in his tour of America years afterwards. So it comes about that the North Carolina Society of the Daughters of the Revolution have very great reason indeed for cherishing the memory of Monsieur Le Marquis de La Fayette, French Patrician, American Patriot, and Patron of a historic Carolinian town.

MARIE JEAN PAUL ROCH YVES GILBERT MOTIER, MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE, was born at the chateau of Chavagniac in Auvergne, France, on the 6th of September, 1757. He was left an orphan, with a princely fortune and a great title, at the age of thirteen. When but sixteen he married a daughter of the Duc d'Ayen, afterwards Duc de Noailles, of that great family of Noailles which has supplied so many of the most famous soldiers and diplomatists of France, and which reached also the highest eminence there in the church and in science. He chose to follow the soldier's career of his father, who had fallen at Minden, entered the Guards, and was nineteen years old and a captain of dragoons when the American colonies declared their independence. His memoirs contain the averment that "at the first news of this quarrel, my heart was enrolled in it."

La Fayette was of that *haute noblesse* of France whose members were, for the most part, opposed to the American cause, regarding its adherents as rebels against their King. It is said that on hearing the Declaration of Independence read, he was completely convinced of the justice of the col-

onists' cause, and he determined to give them all the assistance in his power. The Count de Broglie, companion in arms of his father, and other nobles exerted themselves to dissuade the young enthusiast from his purpose, but without avail. On the 7th of December, 1776, but five months after the Declaration, La Fayette concluded an arrangement with the American agent in Paris, Silas Deane, of Connecticut, who had been sent abroad to solicit aid, by which he was to enter the American service as major-general. At this moment the news of the series of grave disasters to the American arms which marked the closing months of 1776 reached Europe. These were the defeat of Sullivan and Stirling on Long Island on the 27th of August; the evacuation of New York early in September; the retreat after the battle of White Plains on October 28th; the surrender of Fort Washington with three thousand men on the 17th of November; the abandonment by Washington of his headquarters at Fort Lee in New Jersey, and his retreat across New Jersey into Pennsylvania, pursued by the British, his army reduced to but three thousand men. Indeed, according to the news, his army seemed on the point of destruction, desertions were constantly occurring, and the prospect was so gloomy that many friends of the cause in America itself shrunk from further recognition of it. Again La Fayette's friends urged the abandonment of his purpose. Franklin, and Arthur Lee, Deane's new colleagues, who arrived the day after La Fayette's contract was signed, felt it their duty to withhold any further encouragement of his plans, and the King himself, to whose ears news of his purpose had come, forbade his leaving. Instead of

yielding to the dissuasion of his friends or listening to the royal command, our hero purchased a ship on his own account and invited such of his friends as were willing to share his fortunes to accompany him. At the instance of the British ambassador to France, orders were issued to seize his ship then fitting out at Bordeaux, and La Fayette himself was arrested. But the ship had been sent to a neighboring Spanish port before the orders for her seizure could be executed, and La Fayette escaped from his guards in disguise. It was May, 1777, when he joined his ship, and, with eleven chosen companions, he set sail for America. Though pursued by two British cruisers which had been sent to intercept him, he reached Philadelphia in July of that year and presented himself to the Congress of the Revolution sitting there. It turned out that Mr. Deane's contracts abroad had been so numerous and for officers of such high rank that Congress was unable to ratify them without injustice to others who had won promotion by service in the field. Especially did it seem so in the case of this youth with a contract for a major-general's commission, and the reception accorded him by Congress took him aback. He soon appreciated the situation, however, and addressed a note to the president of Congress asking permission to serve in the army as a volunteer and without pay. His offer was "so different from those made by other foreigners," says Mr. Bigelow in his biography, it had been "attended by such substantial sacrifices" and "promised such substantial indirect advantages," that Congress passed a resolution (July 31, 1777,) "that his services be accepted, and that, in consideration of his zeal, illustrious family, and con-

nexions," he have the rank and commission of major-general of the United States. The next day Washington invited him to become one of his military family, which he gladly accepted, and the association thus begun ripened into the friendship which bound the two together during their lives.

Congress, it would seem, meant that his appointment should be merely honorary, but the battle of the Brandywine, which occurred on the 11th of September, two months after his arrival, gave him the opportunity to distinguish himself in the field, which he hastened to avail himself of. He received a bullet in his leg without being disabled; was commended by Washington for displaying the possession of "a large share of bravery and military ardour" and other good qualities; and, upon Washington's recommendation, was given a command equal to his rank. What an extraordinary attainment for a youth of twenty!

The further military career of La Fayette in the Revolution is familiar history—his brave conduct at Monmouth (June 28, 1778), which elicited from Congress a formal recognition of his services, and his retreat from Barren Hill, which was described as "masterly;" his operations in command in Virginia from July, 1779, to October 1781, including his efforts to capture the traitor Arnold in the former year; his borrowing money from Baltimore bankers on his personal responsibility in order to relieve the necessity of his troops; and his participation with Washington in the capture of Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown, October 19th, 1781, where, by an agreeable coincidence, his wife's cousin and brother-in-law, the brilliant Louis, Vicomte

Noailles, concluded the capitulation with the British commander. This versatile gentleman, by the way, afterwards became a successful banker in Philadelphia, but later accepted a command against the English in San Domingo, under Rochambeau, where he made a brilliant defence of the mole St. Nicholas, of which we have recently heard so much in connection with our late operations against Spain.

From his arrival in this country in July, 1777, until the surrender at Yorktown, La Fayette's military service was continuous, with the exception of six months, (January to July, 1779), when he was sent on a mission to the French Court, which was so successful that Congress voted him a complimentary resolution. Immediately upon the termination of the campaign which destroyed the British hopes, at Yorktown, La Fayette sought and obtained leave to return to France, where it was supposed he might be useful in negotiations for a general peace. He was appointed by the French Government chief of staff of a combined French and Spanish expedition against the British West Indies, which was nearly ready to set sail when the preliminary treaties of peace, on November 30, 1782, between Britain, France, Holland and the United States, put an end to the war. To La Fayette was accorded the privilege of first communicating this intelligence to Congress. Upon his return from America, crowned with all the laurels it was able to bestow, he was notified by the French Minister of War that he should have the same rank under his King which he held in the United States, and that his commission should date from the surrender at Yorktown.

With the exception of a visit to the United States in

1784, where he remained for five months, the guest of the nation, he did not appear again in public life until 1787, when he took his seat in the Assembly of Notables. He was thenceforward a conspicuous figure in the history of France. On the 11th of July, 1789, he presented to the National assembly a Declaration of Rights (*Declaration des droits de l'homme*) modelled on Jefferson's declaration of 1776. The King had become but a shadow, and LaFayette, destined soon to see his own land in revolution, was placed in command of the newly organized national guard, which numbered over three millions of men. For the succeeding three years his history is the history of France. He is described by his biographer, whom we have before quoted, (Mr. Bigelow), as almost the only one in that cycle of horrors, the French Revolution, who did not lose his reason or his humanity. He was endowed with unparalleled responsibility and subjected to inconceivable perils amid a frenzied people "who had come to regard order and humanity as phases of treason." Yet his voice was ever for order—for that "liberty restrained by law" which he had so signally helped Washington to establish in America, but for which his own countrymen were so ill prepared. In his role as mediator between the lingering monarchy and the fierce advocates of equality, La Fayette performed at this time an act which none less gifted than he with courage, calmness of mind, resourcefulness in emergencies, and the supreme graces of a courtier, could have successfully accomplished.

The suggestion of a royal veto, even though limited, which was included in the scheme that the conservatives

of the national assembly proposed for their Constitutional monarchy, aroused vehement disturbances. These were increased ten fold by the "amazing folly of Versailles," where the court goaded the hungry populace of Paris to madness by a great banquet given on the 3d of October, 1789, to the soldiers quartered there, amid royalist songs and ladies' smiles. The degraded inhabitants of the Faux-bourgs assembled and armed themselves, determined to go to Versailles, the greater part for vengeance on the royal family, the others with the purpose of forcing the King to restore the royal residence to Paris. Over a hundred thousand ferocious men and women thronged the road to Versailles; the National Guard clamored to accompany them; LaFayette opposed their inclination, until, on the afternoon of the 5th of October, it became evident that his duty required him to go to what had become the post of danger. He arrived at Versailles at ten o'clock at night, after having been on horseback from before daylight in the morning, and having made incredible exertions to control the multitude and calm the soldiers. Between two and three o'clock, the Queen and the royal family went to bed. LaFayette, too, slept after the fatigues of the fearful day. At half past four a portion of the populace made their way into the palace by an obscure and secret passage. It is said that the form of the infamous Duke of Orleans was repeatedly recognized on the staircase, pointing the assassins the way to the Queen's chamber. They easily found it. Two of her guards were cut down in an instant; and she made her escape almost bare of clothing. La Fayette was aroused, and, rushing in with the national troops, protected the

Swiss guards and saved the royal family. Day dawned on these fearful scenes. As soon as it was light the same furious multitude filled the vast space known as the court of marble. They demanded that the King go to Paris; and they called for the Queen, who had but just escaped from their daggers, to come out upon the balcony. The King consented to go, but La Fayette was afraid to trust the Queen in the midst of the bloodthirsty multitude. He is described as going to her with respectful hesitation, and asking her if it were her purpose to accompany the King to Paris. "Yes," she replied, "although I am aware of the danger." "Are you positively determined?" asked La-Fayette. "Yes sir," replied the Queen. "Condescend then," said La Fayette, "to go out upon the balcony, and suffer me to attend you." "Without the King?" she replied, hesitating—"have you observed the threats?" "Yes, madam, I have; but dare to trust me." He led her out upon the balcony. The tumult rendered it impossible that his voice should be heard, and it was necessary that he appeal to the eye. Turning to the Queen, and with that dignity and marvelous grace which distinguished him, he simply kissed her hand before the vast multitude. An instant of silent astonishment greeted the act, but immediately it was interpreted, and the air was rent with cries of "Long live the Queen! Long live the General!" from the same fickle and cruel populace that two hours before had sought her life.

When the Constitution was proclaimed on the 14th of July, 1790, La Fayette felt that his life work was complete—he had at last secured for his country "liberty with or-

der"—and he resigned his command and retired to private life. At the outbreak of the war with Austria, at the close of 1791, he was summoned from his retirement and placed in command of one of the three armies sent in the field against that country and her allies. On the 12th of June 1792, so rapidly had the factions drifted apart, he publicly denounced the Jackobin Club, and called upon the assembly to suppress them. Thenceforth he became the object of their rage. On the 8th day of August a motion was made to have him arrested, and tried as an enemy of his country. The motion was defeated by 446 votes against 224; but two days afterwards the palace was stormed, and the King, and his Queen, whom La Fayette had saved by his courtier's ruse, the beautiful but hated Austrian, Marie Antoinette, were sent to the prison from which they passed to the guillotine.

With the destruction of the Constitution and the government, along with the monarchy, we are told that La Fayette felt that his occupation as the priest of liberty, humanity, and order was gone. He would have marched to Paris to defend the Constitution, but his troops sympathized with the sentiments which triumphed in the seizure of the monarch, the head of the government. He was himself soon forced to take refuge in neutral territory, where, however, he was seized by the Austrians and held as a prisoner of state for five years, first at Wessel on the Rhine, and afterwards in dungeons at Magdeburg, both in Prussian territory, where he was exposed to disgraceful indignities. But the Prussians became unwilling to bear the odium of such unlawful and disgraceful treatment of a prisoner of war,

and transferred him to the Austrians, who secretly confined him in the dark and damp dungeons of the citadel of Olmutz, in Moravia. The almost unbearable barbarities to which La Fayette was here subjected are supposed to have been due to the circumstance that, as leader of the early part of the French Revolution, he was held to have brought on those events which led to the overthrow of the Monarchy, and the death of Marie Antoinette, who was an Austrian. The nature of the treatment to which he was subjected may be inferred from the circumstance that he was officially informed that his situation was one which would naturally lead him to suicide. At the same time his estates in France were confiscated, his wife cast into prison, and *Fayettisme*, as adherence to the Constitution was called, was punished with death. His name was effaced from the reports sent by his keepers to their government, he was designated only by a number, and the world knew not but that he had ceased to live. His friends, however, all over Europe, were watching every opportunity to obtain some intelligence which should, at least, render his existence certain. The story of the eventual and most ingenious discovery of the place of his confinement by Dr. Erick Bollman, a Hanoverian, a protegee of Madame de Stael; of Bollman's temporary rescue in 1794 of La Fayette, by the assistance of a young American, Francis K. Huger, of Charleston, then travelling in Austria; of the recapture of La Fayette and the capture of his rescuers; of his more rigorous confinement than ever, and their detention in prison, chained to a dungeon floor for eight months; of the hastening of Madame de La Fayette, now apprised of

her husband's existence and of the place of his confinement, to join him in prison; of her sending her son for safety to the care of Gen. Washington, and of her taking with her into the prison her two young daughters; of her sinking under the complicated sufferings and privations of her loathsome imprisonment; of her asking permission of the Austrian government to be allowed to spend a week in Vienna in order to breathe pure air for that space of time and to obtain medical assistance; of the reply that she might leave her husband upon condition that she should never return to him; of her immediate answer that she would refuse to avail of the offer upon those conditions; and of her thereupon signing her consent and determination "to share his captivity in all its details"—this story, romantic as any ever told in fiction, and interesting beyond measure, would fill many more pages than this booklet affords. We may content ourselves with reproducing the letter of Madame de La Fayette to the commandant of the citadel, which is as follows:

"The Commandant of Olmutz informed me yesterday that in answer to my request of being allowed to go for eight days to Vienna, for the purpose of consulting the faculty, his Imperial Majesty signified that on no consideration whatever, I am permitted to visit that capital; and that he will consent to my quitting this prison only on condition of never entering it more. I have the honor to reiterate the answer which I made to the Commandant. To solicit the assistance which the state of my health requires is a duty which I owed my family and my friends; but they are sensible that it is not possible for me to purchase it at the

price at which it is offered. I cannot forget, that while we are both on the point of perishing; me, by the tyranny of Robespierre; M. de Lafayette, by the moral and physical sufferings of his captivity; that I was not allowed to obtain any account of him, or to inform him that his children and myself were yet in existence: and nothing shall tempt me to expose myself a second time to the horrors of such a separation. Whatever then may be the state of my health or the inconvenience which may result to myself and my daughters from this habitation, we will all three avail ourselves with gratitude of the goodness of his Imperial Majesty, who permits us to share this captivity in all its details."

Madame De La Fayette never afterwards made an effort to leave her husband. In reference to this episode, Madame de Stael has observed that, "antiquity offers nothing more admirable, than the conduct of General La Fayette, his wife and his daughters, in the prison of Olmutz."

Strenuous efforts were made by our government to secure the release of the noble prisoner; Washington addressed a letter, written by his own hand, to the Emperor of Austria interceding in his behalf; and it is understood that at the negotiation of peace with Austria it was stipulated that the prisoners at Olmutz should be released. The Austrian government attempted to compel La Fayette to receive his freedom on conditions prescribed to him; but this he refused, notwithstanding the dreadful alternative of a continuation of his sufferings, declaring that he would never accept his liberation in any way that should compromise his rights and duties, either as a Frenchman, or *as an*

American citizen. He was, with his family, released at last, on the 25th of August, 1797; his wife and his daughters having been confined twenty-two months, and he himself five years. After two years spent in Holstein, he returned to France and established himself and his family at La Grange, a fine old castle about forty miles from Paris. Here his faithful wife, who had never recovered from the effects of her imprisonment, died in December, 1807.

Upon La Fayette's return to France in 1799, he rejected the overtures of Napoleon, who offered him the tempting place of Senator, with its emoluments, and he preserved his consistency by voting against the life consulate and the imperial title which Napoleon sought and obtained. He lived in retirement for many years at La Grange, though called from it to become Vice-President of the Assembly under Louis XVIII, before the battle of Waterloo.

In 1824, on the invitation of Congress, La Fayette visited the United States. He was received with every demonstration of affection, and overwhelmed with popular applause, in his travels through the country. Congress voted him, as part payment of the debt due him by the country, the sum of two hundred thousand dollars and a township of land.

On the 27th of February (Sunday), 1825, La Fayette, entered North Carolina. Volume VIII of the Fayetteville Observer (July, 1824, to July, 1825), which includes the issues of that paper during the period of his visit, contains elaborate accounts of his reception, from which the following extracts are taken or condensed.

General LaFayette was met at Northampton Court

House by Chief Justice Taylor, Colonel William Polk (a revolutionary officer of distinction), General Daniel, General Williams, and Major Stanly. The Chief Justice addressed him as follows :

"General La Fayette: We are sent by the Governor to offer you a warm and affectionate reception in the State of North Carolina. Associated as your name is with that of the beloved father of our country, not less in the dark and dismal nights of the Revolution, than in the periods of its glory, we cannot but greatly rejoice at your arrival among us, that you may receive the grateful salutations of a free people, some of whom have witnessed your generous exertions in their cause, and all of whom have been accustomed to connect your name with whatever is just and elevated in sentiment, or praiseworthy and beneficent in conduct.

"Consistently devoted as your life has been to the cause of rational liberty, and liberal institutions in two hemispheres, it must be a source of the purest gratification to you to survey in this, that fabric of political freedom which has grown up and flourished under the practical operation of principles, for which you have made so many sacrifices; to witness the powerful effects of a just government in expanding the moral energies of man, and laying deep the foundations of his happiness.

"We rejoice, General, that after an interval of nearly half a century, you see the sons of those in whose cause you fought and bled, in the tranquil enjoyments of all those blessings, deeply sensible of their value, and firmly resolved to transmit them unimpaired to their children; and although in your long extensive tour through our country,

you will, of course, see different degrees of improvement, and find some of our sister States more happily situated to give you a reception suited to the universal estimate of your worth, yet amid the thousands who hail your arrival, there are none to whom it affords higher satisfaction than to our fellow-citizens, nor can a mind like yours view with indifference the improvements made in the State, since your former journey through it to join our army in the most hopeless crisis of the struggle. You will now see smiling villages and cultivated fields, and an industrious population, where before an almost trackless forest overspread the country. You will see a nation of farmers, unobtrusively cherishing the domestic virtues, practicing that of hospitality in its primitive purity, and gratefully feeling that a more fit occasion for its exercise never can occur than in welcoming to their hearts and firesides the last surviving General of the Revolution, their venerable and beloved fellow-citizen, La Fayette."

To the Chief Justice's welcome, General La Fayette is represented as making a brief reply, but "pithy and full of sentiment." His meeting with Colonel Polk was most affecting. He was also received "with much warmth of affection" at Halifax.

He arrived at Raleigh on Wednesday, March 2d. He was received by Captain Ruffin's Company of Blues, and the Mecklenburg troop of cavalry. On reaching the Governor's House, he was thus addressed by Governor Burton:

"General,—In the name of the people of North Carolina, unanimously expressed through their legitimate organ, the Legislature, I bid you welcome to our Capitol. At the

same time be assured of the deep and grateful sense entertained by the people of this State, of the value and importance of your services, in obtaining the independance they now enjoy. Hailed as your arrival has been by the plaudits of a nation, and cheered at every turn in your progress through the interior, by the enthusiastic efforts of genius, I am but too sensible of my own inability to add anything new or to do justice to the feelings of those whom I have the honor to represent on the present occasion.

"For you who have ever been animated and swayed by the enlarged and manly principles of rational freedom—whose sacrifices have been beyond all calculation, may I be permitted to say our hearts are filled with respect and veneration; and although, from the local situation of our State, you cannot be received and entertained with the magnificent display of wealth, which is the result of successful commerce, yet will North Carolina yield to none of her sister States, in admiration of your devotion to the cause of liberty, in gratitude for your distinguished services, rendered our common country, and lasting esteem for your personal worth."

To which General La Fayette replied:

"On the first moment of my return to the blessed shores of America, I anticipated the pleasure to revisit this State and here to witness the prosperous result of that independence and self government, the cry for which had been heard from North Carolina long before it was re-echoed in a Continental Congress. This fond desire could not but have been enhanced by the very kind invitations, and testimonies of affection and esteem, I had the happiness to

receive from the Representatives of the people, in their Legislative and executive Branches. While I regret not to have had it in my power to tender in person, my acknowledgments to both houses of the General Assembly, I eagerly seize the present opportunity, to express at this seat of government, the high sense I have of my obligations to them, to your Excellency, to the State Committee, and to offer a tribute of my respectful, lively gratitude to the people of North Carolina, whom I would have been happy now to visit in several most interesting parts of the State ; but whose affectionate welcome, wherever I could meet them, has left on my heart a lively and indellible impression. ”

The General was then conducted to the Capitol, where, in front of the statue of Washington,* he was addressed by Colonel William Polk, in behalf of the citizens of Raleigh, to which he made an appropriate answer. He then viewed the statue of Washington, was introduced to the students of the University, who had come to Raleigh for the purpose of paying their respects to him, and was reconducted to the “Government House,” where suitable apartments had been fitted up for his accommodation. At 5 o'clock he attended a dinner, and, in the evening, a ball, given by the citizens. The following toast was drunk at the dinner :

“General LaFayette—Our illustrious guest. The eloquence of gratitude is silence. ”

General LaFayette rose, after this toast had been drunk,

*This was the marble statue of Washington, by Canova, in the rotunda of the Capitol, Houdon's bronze statue not then having been erected.

expressed his thanks to the company for their kindness, and, in conclusion, proposed the following :

"The State of North Carolina, its Metropolis, and the 20th May, 1775, when a generous people called for independence and freedom, of which may they more and more, forever, cherish the principles, and enjoy the blessings."

On Thursday morning, he received the visit of the citizens generally, and, in the afternoon, took his departure for Fayetteville, escorted by Colonel Polk's Cavalry.

On Friday afternoon, March 4th, at 5 o'clock, LaFayette entered Fayetteville. He was accompanied by his son and secretary ; the Governor of the State ; General William Williams, of Warren ; Colonel J. G. A. Williamson, of Person, who had been appointed by the Governor to escort him through the State, and Judge Taylor, of Raleigh, in behalf of the citizens of that place.

"He was escorted from Raleigh," says the Fayetteville Observer, "by Colonel Polk's fine troop of Cavalry from Mecklenburg ; was met at the house of Robert Campbell, Esq., ten miles from town, by the Fayetteville troop of Flying Artillery, commanded by Colonel Townes, and at Clarendon Bridge by the Magistrate of Police and the Commissioners of the town who were there to receive and welcome him, and by Major Strange's* Independent Company, Captain Hawley's Eagle Artillery, and Captain Birdsall's Light Artillery. This ceremony over, the corps of Artillery, with the Mecklenburg Troop on the right, the whole under command of Colonel Ayer, of the corps of Artillery, formed

*Robert Strange, afterwards Judge and U. S. Senator.

the escort to the Town House," to which they proceeded "amidst the discharge of artillery." "A spacious stage" had been erected "in front of the Town House, the troops formed lines on each side of the street, and the carriages, containing the General and suite, passed between them to the east door of the House. Here alighting from his carriage, with the gentlemen accompanying him, he was met by Judge Toomer, who, in behalf of the Committee and citizens of Fayetteville, welcomed him in the following words, "pronounced in the forcible manner for which the Judge is so remarkable:"

"General La Fayette: The Congress of the United States, expressing the will of ten millions of people, invited you to our shores, as 'The Guest of the Nation.' Your arrival was hailed as an era in the annals of our country. Wherever you were seen, you were greeted with acclamations. The 15th of August, in each returning year, will be celebrated as a day of jubilee, by the sons of freedom. Already has American genius consecrated your fame. History has recorded the incidents of your eventful life; oratory has portrayed your character, and poetry has sung your praise.

"The Governor of North Carolina, anticipating the wishes of his constituents, invited you to our State. The invitation was echoed from the mountains to the coast.

"My fellow-citizens, the inhabitants of Fayetteville, have also, solicited the honor of a visit. In their behalf, and as their organ, I bid you welcome to our homes. Forty-three years ago, our fathers named this town to commemorate your achievements and to express their gratitude. We

receive you with joy and exultation, at our family altars, and request your participation in our domestic comforts. We are plain republicans, and cannot greet you with the pomp common on such occasions. Instead of pageantry we offer you cordiality. We have no splendid arches, gilded spires, or gorgeous palaces to present you, but we tender the hospitality of our homes, and the grateful homage of devoted hearts.

“Ingratitude is no longer the reproach of republics. The free men of America, when asked for their jewels, rejecting classic example, point not to their sons, but to the surviving heroes of the Revolution.

“You, Sir, have been the steadfast friend of liberty, in every period of your life. In youth, you fought the battles of freedom ; in age, you advocated the rights of man. You embarked your life and fortune on the tempestuous sea of American liberty, when clouds and darkness portended the most fatal disasters. Neither the admonitions of prudence, the precepts of wisdom, nor the frowns of power could restrain you. Our Commissioners at the Court of Versailles frankly represented to you the gloomy aspect of our affairs, at that crisis, and advised you not to link your fortune with ours, in the struggle for independence. Your Sovereign, also, interdicted your participation in the contest. Notwithstanding all these adverse circumstances, at the age of 19, such was the ardour of your devotion, you left wealth and beauty, family and friends, influence and distinction, and all the fascinations of the most polished Court, to encounter the perils of the deep, and to brave the dangers of the tented field, Your embarkation quickly

sounded the tocsin of alarm, and the fleets of France and Great Britain were ordered to pursue and arrest you ; but, protected by the genius of Liberty, you escaped the eagerness of pursuit. Your ardent devotion to this sacred cause, and your youthful enthusiasm, 'touched a nerve which vibrated to the centre of Europe.'

"The Southern States of the Union, Sir, have strong claims to your affection. North Carolina is the birth-place of American Independence. At Charlotte, in this State, independence was first conceived, and first declared. Although History may not have recorded this fact, yet witnesses still live to attest it ; and we now have before us, in the patriotic troop of Mecklenburg Cavalry, the sons of those heroes who made the bold declaration, that we were, and should be free and independent. South Carolina was the place of your first landing in America ; Virginia was the theatre of your youthful glory. Forty-eight years have elapsed since you passed through this state, to join the army of the Revolution. You disinterestedly lavished your treasure, and shed your blood, in the hallowed contests, and, by the influence of your high example, you consecrated the principles for which our ancestors contended. The heights of Brandywine witnessed your valour and your sufferings ; and on the plains of Yorktown you obtained a wreath of laurel, which encircles your brow with unfading verdure. Never, never can we forget the youthful stranger who, in the darkest hour of adversity, so generously flew to our succor, and so gallantly fought the battles of freedom.

"The names of Washington, La Fayette and Hamilton, will ever be dear to American patriotism ; and let it be

remembered that Washington and Hamilton fought for country and for home, La Fayette for liberty alone.

"Your ardent devotion to the rights of man, was sealed with your blood in America, and attested by your sufferings in Europe. Your love of liberty exposed you to the persecution of tyranny, and you were cast into the dungeon of Olmutz; but incarceration could not extinguish the sacred flame which fired your bosom. An American youth of chivalrous feelings, aided in an attempt to rescue you from imprisonment; the attempt was abortive. Oppression riveted her chains, and rendered your confinement more oppressive. Amid all the vicissitudes of your fortune, it is gratifying to us to recollect, that your sufferings always excited the sympathy, and, on this occasion, induced the mediation of your friend and compatriot, the illustrious Washington.

"Nature has lavished her choicest gifts on my native State. We have a salubrious climate, fertile soil, and numerous rivers susceptible of the highest improvement. I fear, Sir, your anticipations may not have been realized. We have neglected to improve our advantages; we have relied too much on the bounty of the Parent of every good. But the spirit of internal improvement is, at length, awakened; North Carolina may look forward with pride and pleasure to her destiny. We place our confidence in the liberality and exertions of succeeding legislatures. Colleges will be endowed; the arts and sciences will be patronized; roads will be made; rivers will be opened; our resources will be annually developed, and Fayetteville at some future day, may be worthy of the distinguished name it bears. You

have just left, in the capital of our State, the statue of Washington, the master piece of Canova. Would that you could have visited the University of North Carolina. These, Sir, are monuments of an enlightened liberality, in which we indulge a generous pride.

"The darkness of error is vanishing before the light of truth. The doctrines of divine right and passive obedience are viewed as relics of ancient barbarism. Our political institutions are founded on the sovereignty of the people, from whom all power is derived; and here the jargon of legitimacy is not understood. We recognize no Holy Alliance, save that of religion and virtue, liberty and science. The sun of freedom is extending the sphere of his genial influence; South America is 'regenerated and disenthralled;' the thrones of Europe are supported by bayonets and must totter to their fall; and the genius of our country is ready to hail the spirit of 'universal emancipation.'

"Sir, in behalf of my townsmen I welcome you to our homes."

To which the General replied, as follows :

"Sir, at every step of my progress through the United States, I am called to enjoy the emotions arising from patriotic feelings and endearing recollections, from the sight of the improvements I witness, and from the affectionate welcomes I have the happiness to receive. Those sentiments, sir, are particularly excited when upon entering the interesting and prosperous town which has done me the honor to adopt my name, I can at once admire its actual progress and anticipate its future destinies; convinced as I am that the generous and enlightened people of North Car-

olina will continue all assistance to improve the natural advantages of Fayetteville and make it more and more useful to the State.

"Your kind allusions to past times, your flattering commendation of my personal services in our common cause, your remembrance of my peculiar state and connexions, and particularly of my obligations to my gallant Carolinian deliverer, call for my most grateful thanks. The spirit of independence early evinced by the fathers of the young friends who so kindly accompany me, is highly honorable to that part of the Union. I cordially join in your wishes for the universal emancipation of mankind; and beg you, my dear sir, and the citizens of Fayetteville, to accept the tribute of my deep and lively gratitude for your so very honourable and gratifying reception."

Upon the conclusion of the General's response, which was received by the multitude with enthusiasm, he was "conducted to the State Banking House, the residence of Duncan Mac Rae, Esq., which had been politely tendered by him for the General's use." Presently the distinguished guest appeared on the balcony, and was "saluted by the military," after which he dined in company with "the Governor, the several committees, and some of the oldest citizens of the town." About 9 o'clock he made his appearance in the ball room of "the new La Fayette hotel," (one of the finest hostelries in the South), where several hundred ladies and gentlemen were assembled, to whom he was presented, taking "each affectionately by the hand." LaFayette retired from the ball room at 11 o'clock, but the dancing continued until 3. The next day he reviewed the four

uniformed companies of the town and the Mecklenburg troop and expressed high satisfaction with their military appearance. Later he received a large number of ladies and gentlemen who called upon him; and subsequently he paid a visit to the Masonic Lodge, where he was addressed by Major Strange and made response and partook of refreshments. At 3 o'clock, "the General being under the necessity of departing in the afternoon," about a hundred and fifty gentlemen sat down to dinner with him at the La Fayette hotel. "Judge Toomer presided, assisted by Major Strange. On the right of the President sat General La Fayette, and on the left, Governor Burton." Some of the toasts given from the chair were as follows :

"The memory of Washington—He was the friend of La Fayette."

"The nation's Guest.—The only surviving Major General of the Revolution."

When the latter toast had been drunk, General La Fayette arose, expressed his thanks for the welcome he had met with from the citizens of Fayetteville, and proposed the following toast :

"Fayetteville.—May it receive all the encouragements, and obtain all the prosperity which are anticipated by the fond and grateful wishes of its affectionate and respectful namesake."

At 5 o'clock the company rose from the table, and Gen. La Fayette took his departure for Cheraw on his way to Camden, which place he was under engagement to visit on the following Tuesday for the purpose of laying the corner stone of

a monument to General De Kalb, who fell in the battle there on the 16th of August, 1780. He was accompanied from Fayetteville by General Williams, Colonel Williamson, Judge Taylor and Major Stanly; a committee from Cheraw; a number of citizens of Fayetteville, and the Fayetteville troop of cavalry.

During his stay in Fayetteville the General was called upon by Mr. Isham Blake, a citizen of the town, who had been one of his body guard at Yorktown, and who was warmly received by him. The venerable Robert C. Belden, Esq., in his "Reminiscences of Fayetteville" (Fayetteville Observer, September 28, 1893), describes La Fayette, on the occasion of his visit, as being "somewhat above medium stature, broad shouldered and quite corpulent," and his son, George Washington La Fayette, as "a fine specimen of a man, well proportioned, graceful in carriage and of easy manners." Many stories are told of the incidents of this eventful visit. Two are worth recording. The aged courtier, as the ladies were presented, saluted each one, young and old, with a kiss. When a veteran of the Revolution was presented, he would enquire "are you married?" "Yes, General," one would say, and the gallant response was, "Happy man!" Another would reply, "No, General," and "Lucky dog!" would be the Frenchman's consoling comment.

Upon his return to France, La Fayette, now an old man, passed a comparatively uneventful life at his country estate, La Grange. During the Revolution of 1830, he again took

command of the National Guard. But his life was near spent, and he died in Paris in 1834, not long after delivering a speech on political refugees. His death occurred on the 20th of May, a day hallowed by the promulgation of the first Declaration of Independence on American soil—a historical fact some time much disputed, but which, as the reader will have seen, La Fayette did not hesitate to recognize, and with warm words, in his speeches at Raleigh and Fayetteville, in 1825.

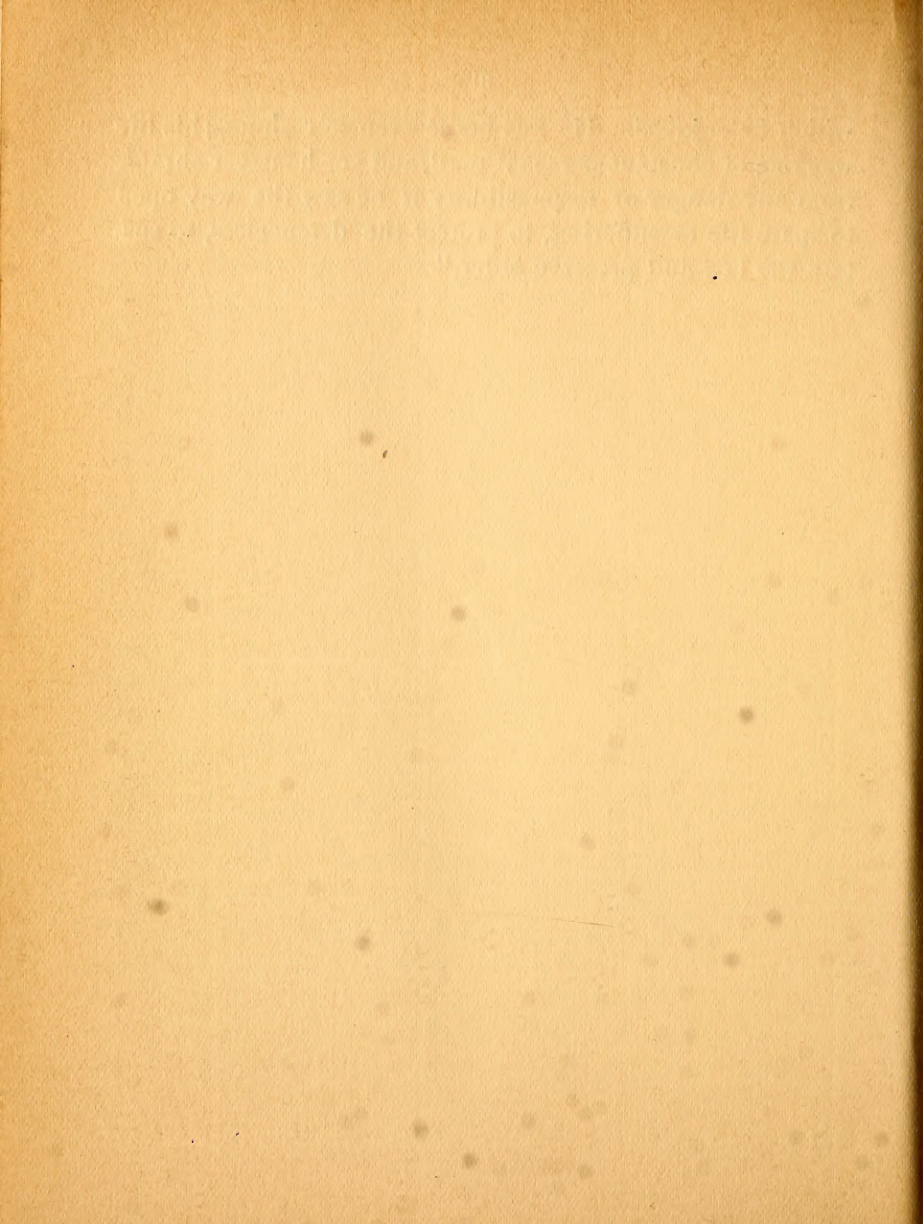
The career of this remarkable man has been briefly sketched in these pages in connection with those local incidents which touch us of North Carolina more nearly. The biographer who has been several times quoted here remarks that few men have owed more of their success and usefulness in the world to their family rank than La Fayette, though still fewer have abused it less. Yet it must be added that the youth who, whatever his advantages of birth and fortune, could have attained so great a place as he on the lofty stage of the American Revolution, when such veteran soldiers of noble rank as Steuben, De Kalb, Pulaski, D'Estaing and Rochambeau were also actors upon it, must have been of heroic stature. Nor is this view in any degree lessened, but quite the contrary, by consideration of his marvelous and long sustained influence upon the people and fortunes of his native land. Of his moral side Mr. Bigelow says: "He had what Jefferson called a 'canine appetite' for popularity and fame, but in him the appetite only seemed to make him more anxious to merit the fame

which he enjoyed. He was brave even to rashness; his life was one of constant personal peril, and yet he never shrank from any danger or responsibility if he saw the way open to spare life or suffering, to protect the defenceless, to sustain the law and preserve order."

The Brandywine, on whose decks

Mathew Fontaine Maury began his nautical career, sailed from Hampton Roads under Commodore Charles L. Morris. Her mission was to convey La Fayette back to France after his last visit to the United States.

There were twenty-seven wardship men on board, and it was noticed that when others were at amusements, Maury was at the milligan-top, studying seamanship. Then he made his mark among his fellows, and gained their entire respect. The monthly pay of these cadets was nineteen dollars. They assembled and resolved to appropriate one month's pay for a testimonial of their regard for the noble soldier who had helped to win the independence of their Country. Maury was elected one of the Committee to secure the silver urn suitably inscribed, and to present it to the hero. This gift was the homage of youth to manhood. It was an offering from glad hearts on the altar of patriotism, a touching tribute from the young sailors to General La Fayette, and it was most highly appreciated by him. These boys of the sea were heroes worthy of the station and the place which they occupied."



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The North Carolina Booklet.

Vol-1

GREAT EVENTS IN
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

109



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An Admiral ^{or} & his Daughter

—BY—

DR. K. P. BATTLE.



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CAPTAIN JOHNSTON BLAKELY.

BY
DR. K. P. BATTLE.

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1902.

**“Carolina! Carolina! Heaven’s blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her.”**

A NORTH CAROLINA NAVAL HERO AND HIS DAUGHTER.

CAPTAIN JOHNSTON BLAKELY.

Johnston Blakely, cut off in the midst of a glorious career, by a mysterious fate, in the flower of his manhood and of his reputation, was one of those heroes of the seas in our war of 1812, whose character and deeds demonstrated to the world that a new nation of present strength and future potency had taken its place among the foremost of the civilized peoples of the earth.

He was born in October 1781. His birth-place, Seaforth, County Down, Ireland, and his first name, that of a great family of South Scotland and North England, suggest that he belonged to the Scotch-Irish race which has been conspicuous in the old world and the new for intelligence, pluck and all manly virtues. His father, John Blakely, emigrated to America at the close of the war of the Revolution, in the fall of 1783. His mother, with an infant son, died on the voyage, or soon after landing at Charleston, South Carolina. The father within a year removed to Wilmington with his two-year old boy. Here he was cordially received by a countryman, who was a descendant of the eminent Jeremy Taylor, Edward Jones, afterwards Solicitor General of North Carolina. A warm-hearted, generous man, Jones met his countryman at the wharf, and welcomed him to his home, carrying the motherless boy in his own arms.

John Blakely engaged in merchandise and, being successful, invested his gains in buildings in Wilmington. He sent young Johnston to a widely patronized school at Flatbush, on Long Island, New York, where he was prepared to enter the University of North Carolina. Before his matriculation the father died, in 1796, leaving Edward Jones executor of his will and guardian of his son, duties performed with conspicuous faithfulness. In fact the guardian and his excellent wife, born Mary Curtis Mallett, were second parents to the boy, took him as an inmate of their family, and treated him so kindly and cordially that their Chatham county home, Rock Rest, was likewise a home to him. Intimacy with this accomplished couple and their equally accomplished children, among whom were Mrs. Dr. Wm. Hooper, Mrs. Wm. H. Hardin, Mrs. Abram Rencher, and the late very able Dr. Johnston Blakely Jones, of Chapel Hill and Charlotte, N. C., had a marked effect in moulding his character.

Young Blakely entered the University in 1797 and was distinguished in all his studies, the chief of which were mathematics and its applications to navigation, surveying and the like. He refused to join in the riots and disorders so prevalent while he was a student that the Principal Professor, Gillespie, was forced to resign, yet lost no popularity with his fellows. In the Philanthropic Society, of which he was a member, he was elected to every office, from the Presidency down, and was placed on all the important committees. Like his father he was of a genial, agreeable temperament, and the only exception I find to his uniform faithfulness to duty, was laughing three times while the

Society was in session. For these offences, which certainly were not of a very serious nature, the future autocrat of the quarter deck was mulcted a grand total of fifteen cents. He was punctual in debating, on one occasion winning as a leader the question, "Is luxury always the cause of the downfall of nations?" the Society voting in his favor, the negative. He lamented in after life the paucity of good books in the University and Society libraries, and feelingly spoke of the injury he received in reading Paine's *Age of Reason*.

While Blakely was an exemplary student he was immovable in standing to his rights. Professors in his day and long afterwards in enforcing discipline felt it their duty to invade the rooms of students and question them rigidly in regard to their participation in disturbances. Once Presiding Professor Caldwell entered the room of Blakely, and when he denied any knowledge of the disorders then raging, questioned the veracity of his statement. This was resented with such heat as to provoke the Professor into threatening to throw him out of the window. With a manner, firm but respectful, the answer was, "I beg sir, you will not attempt it, as it will necessitate my putting you out." As Caldwell was never known to be intimidated when he deemed himself in the right, the presumption is that he recognized the impropriety of his language. Certainly he did not pursue the matter further. Ten years afterwards, during his last furlough from his active duties on the sea, having become from experience fully aware of the evil of want of respect by an inferior to his superior officer, the naval lieutenant asked the pardon of Dr. Caldwell for

his rudeness, which was freely granted, and cordial friendship thenceforward existed between the two.

Blakely's career as a student was cut short by the burning of his uninsured buildings in Wilmington, the rents of which were his income. His guardian urged him to accept a loan, to be repaid only when convenient, and thus continue his education. This he declined, left the University in the fall of 1799 and the next year joined the United States navy, as midshipman, owing his appointment doubtless to the influence of his guardian, then very influential. His acceptance was dated March 5th, 1800, and two months thereafter he was ordered to the frigate, the President, the flagship of Commodore Richard Dale, in the Mediterranean. This gallant old seaman, who as Lieutenant on the Bonhomme Richard, and a favorite of Paul Jones, had helped gain the desperate battle with the Serapis, then about to engage in the Tripolitan war, was an excellent instructor of aspiring youths.

Two years afterwards Blakely was assigned to the John Adams under the able command of Capt. John Rodgers, who was likewise fighting against Tripoli. He was afterwards in the brig Congress under the same commander, and then under Commodore Decatur. Returning from the Mediterranean on the President, he was in 1805 attached to the Hornet, which was used mainly as a transport, under Lieutenant S. Evans. His next service was in the Argus in 1806 along the Atlantic coast, under Captain Jacob Jones, an experienced officer, afterwards to become famous. On the 10th of February, 1807, he received his Lieutenant's commission. He was then for two years in service at

the Navy Yard at Norfolk, and then was attached successively to the Essex and John Adams. On March 4th, 1811, he was placed in command of the small but lucky vessel, the Enterprise, and so well acquitted himself that on July 24th, 1813, he was commissioned a Master Commandant.

The foregoing statement shows that Blakely had the best practical instruction in seamanship under able and distinguished officers, in times of peace enforcing the blockade declared by Congress, together with a short war with the insolent Tripoli. He acquired thoroughly the knowledge how to handle a vessel in the calms and storms of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. He learned the potency of strict discipline and rapid and accurate firing.

Mrs. Charlotte Hardin, a daughter of Col. Jones, from her own recollection and that of her mother, has left a description of the person of Blakely, which enables us to look on him with the eyes of our mind. "His face was handsome and kindly; his eyes black and sparkling, his teeth, when displayed by his frequent winning smiles, of exceeding whiteness. His hair was coal black in youth, but even at the age of twenty-six turning rapidly gray. His person was small but strong and active, and his motions easy and graceful. He was grave and gentlemanly in his deportment, but at the same time cheerful and easy when at home; among strangers rather reserved." Considerate of and polite to old and young, equals and inferiors, he had the respect and affection of all. When a boy he often preferred the study of books and conversation with his adopted mother to the sports of those of his own age. There is no tradition to show that he ever indulged in gambling and

drinking and other vices and practices so fashionable among students and naval officers, in fact among all classes, in his day. On the contrary, it is known that he spent his time on sea and on shore in diligent study and preparation for the duties of his calling, and the instruction and rigid discipline of the men under his charge. His reputation as a skilled officer gained by the manner in which, as Lieutenant, he handled the petty cruisers engaged in enforcing the Embargo and Non-intercourse regulations, marked him as an expert, fit to be entrusted with vessels of war on independent cruises.

Before war was declared however, he became thoroughly dissatisfied with the disposition of the government to submit to any grievance and insult rather than resort to hostilities. Nothing but the hope of a firmer stand and the triumph of the war party prevented his throwing up his commission in disgust. When it was resolved to fight, such had been the want of preparation, that against one thousand and sixty vessels, over eight hundred effective, which sailed the British flag, the United States had only seventeen effective cruisers, of which nine were of a class less than frigates. And yet the skill and bravery of their officers and men gained victories which filled Americans with newborn enthusiasm, intensified their patriotism and taught England that the young nation of the West must thenceforth be treated as an equal.

Among these commanders none had a greater combination of daring, prudence and skill than Johnston Blakely. It has been mentioned that he commanded the fourteen-gun brig, the Enterprise. Before sailing, many months were

spent in superintending alterations in the vessel, supplying its armament and drilling and disciplining his men. After sailing he was vigilant and efficient in cruising along the Atlantic coast in search of British privateers. On August 20th, 1813, he reported the capture of the privateer schooner, the *Fly*, and on the same day was promoted to the command of the new *Wasp*, then being built at Portsmouth, N. H., to replace a first vessel of the same name, which had gallantly under Captain Jacob Jones, captured the *Frolic*, and then herself been taken by a line-of-battle ship. Sixteen days after he left the *Enterprise*, his successor, Captain Burrows, captured the *Boxer*, a victory largely due to the excellent crew trained by Blakely.

The building and equipment of the *Wasp* and the drilling the crew required Blakey's residence on land until she was thoroughly sea-worthy. This required several months. While engaged in this work of preparation he found time to marry in Boston, Jane Ann Hooper, (one authority has this name Hoope) daughter of a former merchant of New York, who had been a friend and correspondent of his father while residing in Wilmington.

Captain Blakely set sail on May 1st, 1814. He had a crew of 173, officers, men and boys included, most of them acquainted with the sea in fishing voyages and trading with the West Indies, and some having smelt gunpowder in encounters with privateers, and pirates, Spanish, Frenchmen, British or Malays. They were all cool-headed and resourceful New Englanders. Roosevelt truly says in his "Naval War of 1812" that "during the whole war no vessel was ever better manned and commanded than this

daring and resolute cruiser." In a letter to the Secretary of War, written at sea May 1st, 1814, Blakely says of his vessel, "From the speed of this ship since leaving port I entertain most favorable presages of her future performances." The prediction was justified.

His cruising area was near the western entrance of the English Channel in the track of English commerce. On July 28th he encountered the brig-sloop, *Reindeer*, commanded by one of the most gallant seamen England had, Captain William Manners, a scion of the Ducal house of Rutland. The *Reindeer* was able to fire her shifting 12 pound carronade five times at the distance of sixty yards before the *Wasp* could bring a gun to bear, an ordeal which her sailors bore for nine minutes without flinching. When Blakely put his vessel in proper position for returning the fire, in nineteen minutes her adversary was cut to pieces. Captain Manners, after a grape-shot had passed through both thighs, gave the order to board and sprang to lead his men in person. A ball through the brain brought him down, the effort was repulsed and the Americans swarmed over the Englishman's bulwarks. After a fierce fight the Captain's clerk, the highest officer left, surrendered the brig. Of her crew of 118, 33 were slain and 34 wounded. The *Wasp* lost 11 killed and 15 wounded.

Cooper says "It is difficult to say which vessel behaved the best in this short but gallant combat. The officers and people of the *Wasp* displayed the utmost steadiness, a cool activity, and an admirable discipline. * * Throughout the whole affair, the ship was conspicuous for the qualities that most denote a perfect man-of-war, and the results of

her efforts were in proportion." "On the other hand the attack of the Reindeer has usually been considered the most creditable to the enemy of any that occurred in this war." Roosevelt is equally emphatic. "I doubt if the war produced two better single-ship commanders than Captain Blakely and Captain Manners, and equal degree of praise attaches to both crews."

On the day after the victory the prize was found to be so damaged that it was necessary to burn her, the crew being carefully removed.

Blakely in his official report, while saying nothing in praise of himself, pays this tribute to his officers and crew, "The cool and patient conduct of every officer and man, while exposed to the fire of the shifting gun of the enemy, and without an opportunity of returning it, could only be equalled by the animation and ardor exhibited when actually engaged, or by the promptitude and firmness with which every attempt of the enemy to board was met and successfully repelled."

The victorious Captain took his battered ship to L'Orient in France, and having thoroughly repaired her and filled out his crew, sailed again on August 27th. Within three days two prizes were taken, and he then cut out from a convoy, protected by a 74 line-of-battleship, a very valuable transport laden with cannon and military supplies. On the same day he attacked the British sloop, Avon, of 18 guns and captured her after a furious fight of thirty-one minutes. A second brig of the enemy coming up, the Wasp was again cleared for action, but the vessel, the Castilian, although showing her willingness to engage, was

obliged to rescue the people of the Avon, which began to sink. Seeing other enemy ships of vastly superior force approaching Blakely sailed away. As Cooper says of this day's work, "The steady, officerlike way in which the Avon was destroyed, and the coolness with which he prepared to engage the Castilian within ten minutes after his first antagonist had struck, are the best encomiums on this officer's character and spirit, as well as on the school in which he had been trained."

The Wasp next steered to the South-West and captured, besides one or two prizes, the brig Atlanta, eight guns, which was sent to Savannah, with his oldest midshipman, Geisinger, as prize-master. She next spoke the Swedish brig, Adonis, on October 9th, in lat. $18^{\circ} 35' N.$ and long. $30^{\circ} 10' W.$ Finding on board as passengers Lieut. McKnight and Mr. Lyman, a Masters mate, both captured by the British with the Essex and exchanged, they were induced to throw in their lot with the ship of their own flag.

This is the last authentic intelligence of the victorious Wasp and of her gallant commander and crew. Their fate is one of the dark mysteries of the devouring ocean. Various rumors and conjectures are extant in regard to it. One is that an English frigate, much crippled, reported at Cadiz that in a severe fight with a large American at night, the latter suddenly disappeared; another that the Wasp was wrecked on the African coast and that her crew were prisoners among the Arabs; a third that she reached the coast of South Carolina and on the 21st of November was attacked by an English frigate of superior strength, beat

off her adversary but was herself sunk. The English records do not sustain the first of these stories and there is no evidence at all of the second. With regard to the third it is certain that an engagement between two vessels occurred at the time designated off the South Carolina coast, but the Raleigh Register of that date states that it had been ascertained that it was between a British brig and an American privateer. Dr. Wm. Johnson in the N. C. University Magazine of February 1854, contends that one of the combatants was the Wasp, but it is generally thought that the noble ship went down in a tornado, or by the accidental explosion of her magazine, or other casualty, always threatening those who go down to the seas.

The foregoing sketch of a worthy life amply corroborates the judgment of Fenimore Cooper, that "this gentleman enjoyed a high reputation in the service, which his short career as a commander fully justified. There is little doubt, had he survived, that Capt. Blakely would have risen to the highest consideration in his profession. As it was, few officers have left better names behind them." This high praise was won in a life of thirty-three years.

While the fate of her father was still in doubt, when her mother was listening anxiously for reports brought by homeward bound cruisers and privateers of tidings of the gallant Wasp and her crew, in January, 1815, the little daughter of the lost hero was born, and named Maria Udney* Probably no child in all America was the centre of so much interest and sympathy as she. Nor did this

*I have endeavored in vain to find the origin of this singular name.

sympathy evaporate in empty words and fruitless tears. The representatives of the people of North Carolina, in those days economical to the verge of parsimony, not from personal stinginess, but because they were as a rule Jeffersonian Democrats and believed that governments should not engage in any work except protection of life, liberty and property, departed from their rule and resolved that she should be the ward of the State.

The General Assembly of North Carolina, and the United States Congress, both voted swords to Blakely as soon as the tidings of the capture of the Reindeer was officially reported. Two years afterwards on motion of Senator Archibald D. Murphey, the General Assembly unanimously passed a resolution requesting the Governor to forward to Mrs. Blakely the sword, and to express to her the deep interest which the legislature would always take in her happiness and welfare. It was further resolved that Captain Blakely's child be educated at the expense of the State, and that his wife be requested to draw on the Treasurer of the State for the required sums. Six hundred dollars per annum was agreed on as a reasonable sum and it was regularly paid until 1829 inclusive. No reason is given for the withdrawal but it was probably because the mother married a second time, and became a resident and probably a citizen of a Danish island.

Mrs. Blakely in addition to this annuity, and as guardian of her child, received for the share of her husband in the prize money for his captures, \$7,500, and also his share of the Atlanta. Besides, there was paid to her, \$900 his uncollected pay.

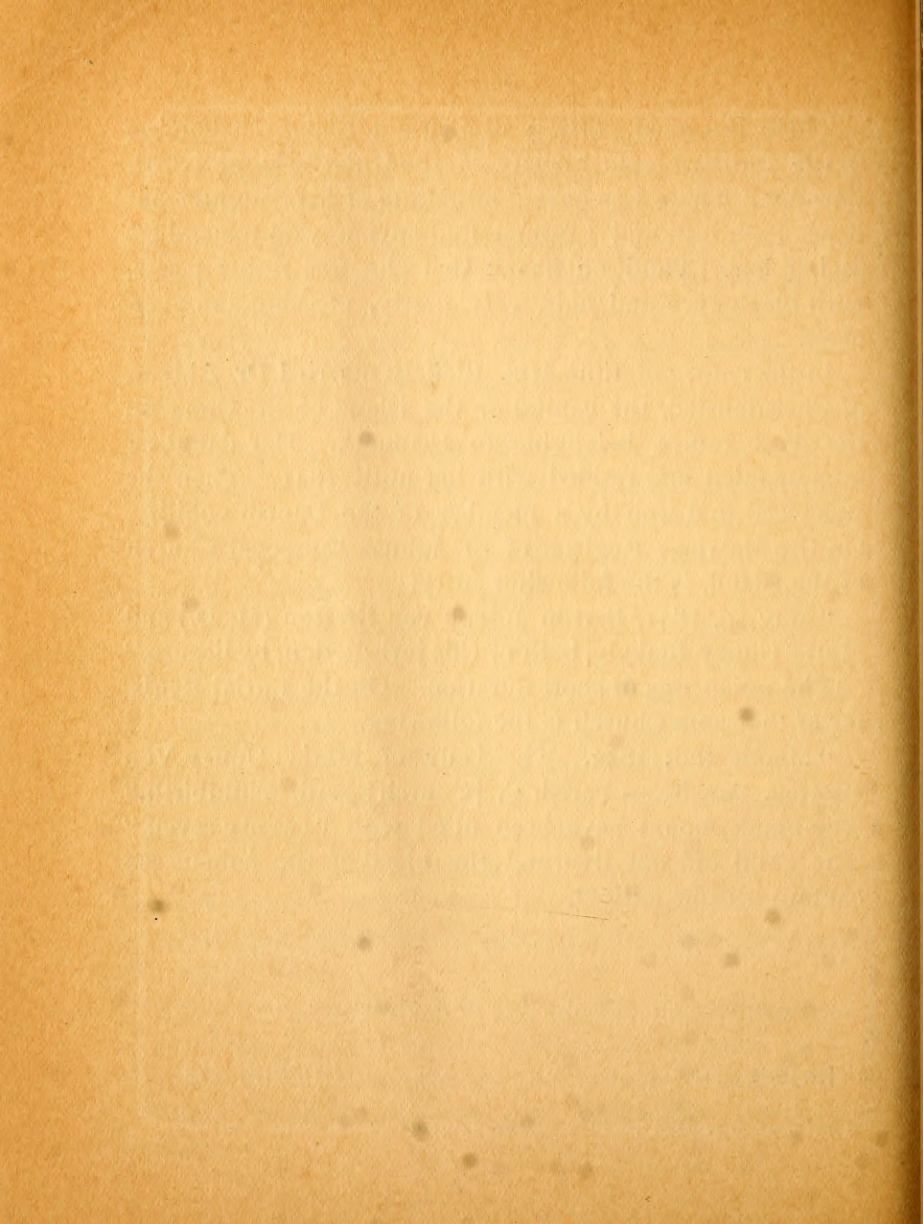
There is a good portrait of Captain Blakely belonging to the Philanthropic Society of the University of North Carolina. There was once a miniature of his daughter but it has been lost, and I cannot find anyone who remembers seeing her. Tradition has it that she was rather petite, with black eyes and hair, very pretty, pleasing and vivacious.

In the course of time Mrs. Blakely married Dr. Abbott, of Christiansted, the capital of the island of St. Croix, in the West Indies, belonging to Denmark. Her daughter accompanied and resided with her until 1841. Then she was wooed and won by a member of the Danish nobility. On the Marriage Register of St. John's Episcopal Church of the island, is the following entry:

"May 19, 1841, Barron Joseph von Bretton (M. D.) and Maria Udney Blakely, both of this jurisdiction, by license."

The union was of short duration. On the Burial Register of the same Church is the following.

"March 2nd, 1842. The body of Maria Udney Von Bretton. Aged—— Parish C. [Church] yard. Childbirth." The blank should have been filled with "twenty seven." The child did not live and the blood of the famous sea captain became extinct.



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The North Carolina Booklet.

Feb 1902

vol 1

GREAT EVENTS IN
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.



Tales of the Cape Fear Blockade.

—BY—

JAMES SPRUNT.

FORMERLY PURSER OF THE CONFEDERATE
STEAMER "LILIAN."



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Tales of the Cape Fear Blockade.

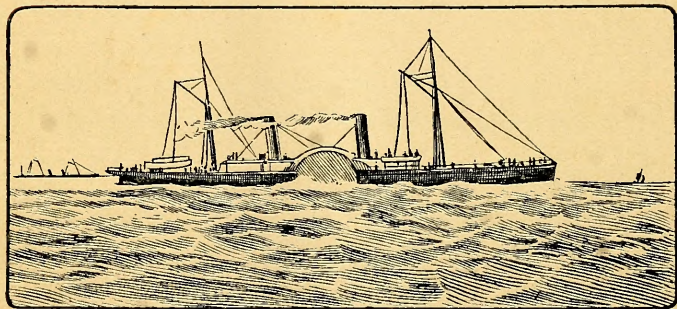
BY

JAMES SPRUNT,

FORMERLY PURSER OF THE CONFEDERATE STEAMER
"LILIAN."

RALEIGH:
CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY.
1902.

**“Carolina! Carolina! Heaven’s blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her.’**



BLOCKADE RUNNER "COL. LAMB."

PREFACE.

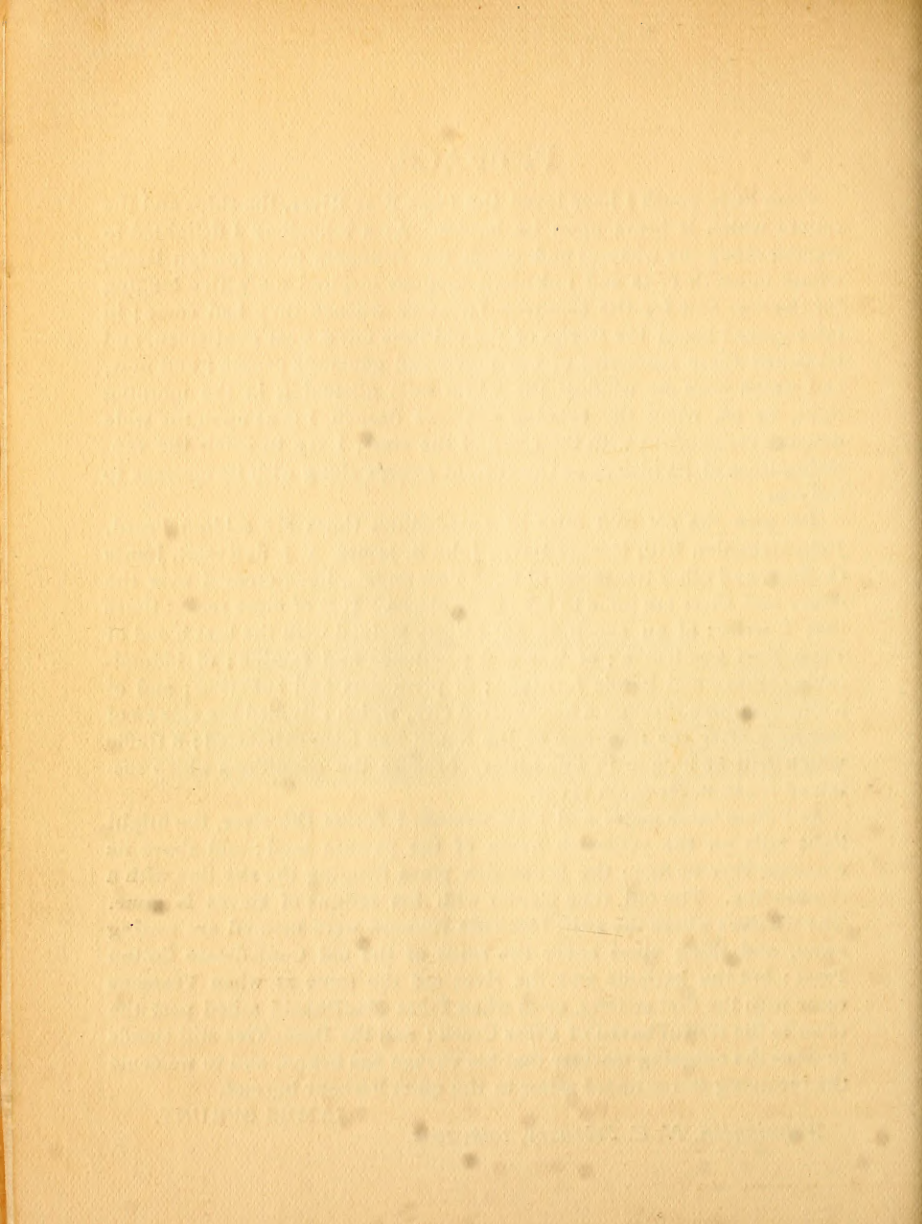
From early youth I have loved the Cape Fear River, the ships and the sailors which it bears upon its bosom. As a schoolboy I delighted to wander along the wharves and watch the strangers from foreign lands, whose uncouth cries and unknown tongues inspired me with a longing for the sea, and for the countries far away whence they had come; in later years I heard the stories of the old time Cape Fear gentlemen, and treasured these memories of our brave and generous people; and now, as I watch from my window the white sails glistening in the morning light, or as, when the evening shadows deepen, I gaze upon the wide expanse resplendent with the glory of the stars, I try to catch the vanishing lines of its history as the current sweeps along with its message to the sea.

But now the oft told tales of ante-bellum times are seldom heard. John Hampden Hill, George Davis, John S. James, A. J. deRosset, James G. Burr, and other treasurers of Cape Fear annals, have crossed over the river, and there are none to take their places. It is of more recent times that I write: of an epoch in our history stained with the best blood of Cape Fear gentlemen; of war and pestilence and famine; of indomitable courage and heroic fortitude; of privations and suffering; and of a strange traffic through a beleaguered city, which supplied the sinews of war long after the resources of the South had been exhausted; a traffic which will be unique in our history because the conditions which sustained it can never again occur.

As I close these gages and look westward across the river, the bright light falls on the yellowish green of the pasture land; and above its ceaseless current loom the Brunswick pines fringing the sky line with a sombre hue. The old time planter with his retinue of slaves is gone. The wharves where the swift blockade runners were moored are rotting away, and thick vines cover the ruins of the old Confederate Cotton Press: but the harbour and the river are the same as when Yeamans came with the first settlers, or as when Flora MacDonald sailed past the town to the restful haven of Cross Creek; and the Dram Tree still stands to warn the outgoing mariner that his voyage has begun, and to welcome the incoming storm-tossed sailor to the quiet harbour beyond.

JAMES SPRUNT.

Wilmington, N. C. February, 10th, 1902.



THE BLOCKADE.

On the nineteenth of April, 1861, President Lincoln declared by proclamation, a Military and Commercial Blockade of our Southern ports, which was supplemented by the proclamation of the twenty-seventh of May, to embrace the whole Atlantic Coast from the capes of Virginia to the mouth of the Rio Grande. This was technically a "Constructive," or "Paper," Blockade, inasmuch as the Declaration of the Great Powers assembled in Congress at Paris in 1856 removed all uncertainty as to the principles upon which the adjudication of prize claims must proceed, by declaring that "Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective; that is to say, must be maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the enemy's coast."

It was obviously impossible at that time for the Federal Government to enforce a blockade of the Southern Coast, measuring 3,549 miles and containing 189 harbors, besides almost innumerable inlets and sounds through which small craft might easily elude the four United States warships then available for service, the remaining 38 ships of war in commission being on distant stations.

Measures were, therefore, taken by the Navy Department to close the entrance of the most important Southern ports, notably those of Charleston and Savannah, by sinking vessels loaded with stone across the main channels or bars. Preparations were also made on a more extensive plan to destroy the natural roadsteads of other Southern

ports and harbours along the coast by the same means; but, although twenty-five vessels were sunk in the smaller inlets, it does not appear that this novel method of blockade was generally adopted.

In the meantime, urgent orders had been sent recalling from foreign stations every available ship of war; and by December of the same year the Secretary of the Navy had purchased and armed 264 ships which, with their 2,557 guns and 22,000 men, rendered the "Paper Blockade" comparatively effective. A sorry looking fleet it was as compared with our modern navies: ships, barks, schooners, sloops, tugs, passenger boats,—anything that would carry a gun, from the hoary type of Noah's Ark to the double-end ferry boat still conspicuous in New York waters.

"The Blockading Fleet," says Judge Advocate Cowley, "was divided into two squadrons; the Atlantic Blockading Squadron of 22 vessels carrying 296 guns and 3,300 men, and the Gulf Blockading Squadron of 21 vessels carrying 282 guns and 3,500 men." This force was constantly increased as the two hundred specially designed ships of war were built by the Navy Department. The Squadron reached its highest degree of efficiency during the fourth year of the war by the acquisition of many prizes which were quickly converted into light draft cruisers and which rendered effective naval service, frequently under their original names.

THE BLOCKADERS.

The first blockader placed upon the Cape Fear Station was one bearing the misnomer "Daylight," which appeared July 20, 1861. Others soon followed, until the number

of the blockaders off New Inlet and the main bar of Cape Fear River was increased to about thirty or more; these formed a cordon every night in the shape of a crescent, the horns of which were so close in shore that it was almost impossible for a small boat to pass without discovery. Armed picket barges also patrolled the bars and sometimes crept close in upon the forts. For a year or more the fleet was largely kept upon the blockading stations; then a second cordon was placed across the track of the blockade runners near the ports of Nassau and the Bermudas, the cruisers of which sometimes violated the international distance restriction of one league—three geographical miles—from neutral land. At last a third cordon was drawn on the edge of the Gulf Stream, by which the hunted and harassed blockade runner often became an easy prey in the early morning, after a hard night's run in the darkness during which no lights were visible to friend or foe; even the binnacle lamp being carefully screened, leaving only a small peep hole by which the ship was steered.

THE CRUISERS.

Some of the later cruisers were faster than the blockade runners, and were more dreaded than the blockading squadron; not only because of their greater speed, but chiefly because of the proximity of their consorts which kept them almost in sight, often to the discomfiture of their unhappy quarry, headed off and opposed in every direction. The prospective division of big prize money running into millions of dollars was, of course, the most exciting feature of the service on the Federal side. Occasionally there was

comparatively trifling compensation, but greater enjoyment, in the capture of some small fry of blockade runners, consisting of pilot boats or large yawls laden with two or three bales of cotton and a crew of three or four youths, which sometimes came to grief in a most humiliating way. These small craft, upon one of which the writer was at sea for two weeks, were too frail for the risk of the longer voyages, and were usually projected from the small inlets, or sounds, farther south, which gave them a short run of about a hundred miles to the outer Bahama Keys, through whose dangerous waters they would warily make their way to Nassau. A boat of this description sailed over a Florida bar on a dark night under a favorable wind; but, failing to get out of sight of land before morning dawned, was overhauled at sunrise by a blockader and ordered to come alongside, where, with their own hands, these miniature blockade runners were obliged to hook on the falls of the Yankee's davits, by which they were ignominiously hoisted—boat, cargo and crew, to the captor's deck.

The desertion of negro slaves from tide water plantations and their subsequent rescue as "Intelligent Contrabands" by the coasting cruisers formed an occasional incident in the records of their official logs; but it is a noteworthy fact, deserving honorable mention, that comparatively few of the trusted negroes upon whom the soldiers in the Confederate Army relied for the protection and support of their families at home were thus found wanting. A pathetic and fatal instance is recalled in the case of a misguided negro family which put off from the shore in the darkness, hoping they would be picked up by a chance gunboat in

the morning. They were hailed by a cruiser at daylight, but in attempting to board her their frail boat was swamped, and the father alone rescued; the mother and children perished in the sea.

PORTS OF REFUGE.

The natural advantages of Wilmington at the time of which we write made it an ideal port for blockade runners, there being two entrances to the river; New Inlet on the north, and the Western, or main bar on the south of Cape Fear. "This cape," said Mr. George Davis, "is the southernmost point of Smith's Island, a naked, bleak elbow of sand, jutting far out into the ocean. Immediately in its front are the Frying Pan Shoals, pushing out still farther twenty miles to sea. Together they stand for warning and for woe; and together they catch the long, majestic roll of the Atlantic, as it sweeps through a thousand miles of grandeur and power from the Arctic towards the Gulf. It is the play-ground of billows and tempests, the kingdom of silence and awe, disturbed by no sound save the sea-gull's shriek and the breaker's roar. Its whole aspect is suggestive, not of repose and beauty, but of desolation and terror. Imagination cannot adorn it; romance cannot hallow it; local pride cannot soften it; there it stands to-day, bleak and threatening and pitiless as it stood three hundred years ago when Grenville and White came near unto death upon its sands; and there it will stand bleak and threatening and pitiless until the earth and sea shall give up their dead. And as its nature, so its name, is now, always has been, and always will be, the 'Cape of Fear.'"

The slope of our beach for many miles is very gradual to deep water. The soundings along the coast are regular, and the floor of the ocean is remarkably even. A steamer hard pressed by the enemy could run along the outer edge of the breakers without great risk of grounding; the pursuer, being usually of deeper draft, was obliged to keep further off shore. The Confederate Steamer *Lilian*, of which I was then Purser, was chased for nearly a hundred miles from Cape Lookout by the U. S. Steamer *Shenandoah*, which sailed a parallel course within half a mile of her and forced the *Lilian* at times into the breakers. This was probably the narrowest escape ever made by a blockade runner in a chase. The *Shenandoah* began firing her broadside guns at three o'clock, p. m., her gunners and commanding officers of the batteries being distinctly visible to the *Lilian's* crew.

A heavy sea was running which deflected the aim of the man-of-war, and which alone saved the *Lilian* from destruction. A furious bombardment by the *Shenandoah*, aggravated by the display of the *Lilian's* Confederate flag, was continued until nightfall, when, by a clever ruse, the *Lilian*, guided by the flash of her pursuer's guns, stopped for a few minutes; then, putting her helm hard over, ran across the wake of the war-ship straight out to sea, and, on the following morning, passed the fleet off Fort Fisher in such a crippled condition that several weeks were spent in Wilmington for repairs.

This principal seaport of North Carolina had become also the most important in the Southern Confederacy. Prior to the beginning of hostilities it had sustained a large traf-

fic in naval stores and lumber, and now it was to be for a time the chief cotton port of America. Before the war, its miles of tidy wharves had been lined, often three deep, with white-winged sailing vessels from near and far : there being only two steamers, the North Carolina and the Parkersburg, forerunners of the steam era which was to revolutionize commerce throughout the world.

A startling change in the aspect of the port was now apparent. The sailing vessels, even to the tiny corn crackers from Hyde County, had vanished : likewise, the two New York steamers. The long line of wharves was occupied by a fleet of nondescript craft the like of which had never been seen in North Carolina waters. A cotton compress on the western side of the river near the Market Street ferry was running night and day, to supply these steamers with cargoes for Nassau and Bermuda, while other new comers were busily discharging their anomalous cargoes of life-preserving and death-dealing supplies for the new Confederacy.

The good old town was sadly marred by the plagues of war and pestilence and famine ; four hundred and forty-seven of a population reduced by flight to five thousand, had been carried off by the epidemic of yellow fever brought from Nassau by the steamer Kate ; and hundreds more of the younger generation, who gave up their lives in the Confederate cause, had been brought to their final resting place in Oakdale Cemetery. Suspension of the civil law, neglect of sanitary precautions, the removal of nearly all the famine stricken women and children to safer places in the interior, and the coming of speculators and adventur-

ers to the auction sales of the blockade runners' merchandise, as well as of lawless and depraved characters attracted by the camps and shipping, had quite changed the aspect of the whole community. The military post, including all the river and harbour defences, was under the command of Major General W. H. C. Whiting, a distinguished West Point engineer of great ability, well known and honoured in Wilmington, where he married and resided. He fell, mortally wounded, in the last Fort Fisher fight, and died a prisoner of war in a Northern hospital. His remains were brought home, and now rest in Oakdale beside those of his most estimable wife who recently followed him.

The distress of Wilmington during the yellow fever epidemic was described as follows by the late Doctor Thomas F. Wood in his biographical sketch of one of the heroes of that fearful scourge, Doctor James H. Dickson, who died at his post of duty.

"The month of September, 1862, was one of great calamity to Wilmington. The alarming forebodings of the visitation of yellow fever in a pestilential form had ripened into a certainty. Depleted of her young and active men, there was only a military garrison in occupation, and when the presence of fever was announced the soldiers were removed to a safer locality. The country people, taking a panic at the news of the presence of the fever, no longer sent in their supplies. The town was deserted, its silence broken only by the occasional pedestrian bound on errands of mercy to the sick, or the rumbling of the rude funeral cart. The blockade was being maintained with increased rigor. The only newspaper then published was 'The Wilmington

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Journal,' a daily under the editorship of James Fulton, and its issues were maintained under the greatest difficulties, owing to the scarcity of paper and to sickness among the printers. All eyes were turned anxiously toward the physicians and those in authority, for help. To all the resident physicians, the disease was a new one; not one in the number had ever seen a case of yellow fever, and among them were men of large experience. The municipal authorities recognized their helplessness; the town was neglected, for it had been overcrowded with soldiers and visitors since the early days of the spring of 1861. The black pall of smoke from the burning tar barrels added solemnity to the deadly silence of the streets; designed to purify the air and mitigate the pestilence, it seemed more like fuliginous clouds of ominous portent, a somber emblem of mourning. Panic, distress, mute despair, want, had fallen upon a population then strained to its utmost, with the bleeding columns of its regiments dyeing the hills of Maryland with their blood, until the whole air was filled with the wail of the widow and orphan, and the dead could no longer be honored with the last tribute of respect.

'The Wilmington Journal' of September 29th, 1862, gave all its available editorial space to chronicle, for the first time, the character of the epidemic, and in a few brief words to notice the death of some of the more prominent citizens. One paragraph in the simple editorial notice ran as follows: 'Dr. James H. Dickson, a physician of the highest character and standing, died here on Sunday morning of yellow fever. Dr. Dickson's death is a great loss to the profession and to the community.' Close by, in an-

— Thomas Clarkson Worth, a retired Physician, volunteered to stay and devote his time to relieving the sick — lost his life in the cause

other column, from the pen of the acting Adjutant, Lieutenant VanBokkelen, of the 3d N. C. Infantry, numbering so many gallant souls of the young men of Wilmington, was the list of the killed and wounded from the bloody field of Sharpsburg.

"Distressed and bereaved by this new weight of sorrow, Wilmington sat in the mournful habiliments of widowhood, striving, amidst the immensity of the struggle, to make her courageous voice heard above all the din of war, to nerve the brave hearts who stood as a girdle of steel about beleaguered Richmond.

"James Fulton, the well known editor of the 'Journal,' the wary politician and cautious editor, striving to keep the worst from the world, lest the enemy might use it to our disadvantage, often ruthlessly suppressed from his limited space such matters as in these days of historical research might be of the greatest service. There were two predominant topics which eclipsed all the impending sorrow and distress: first, foreign intervention, for the purpose of bringing about an honorable peace; second, warnings to the State government of the inadequacy of the defense of Wilmington harbour against the enemy. The former topic was discussed with unvarying pleasure. The horizon of the future was aglow with the rosy dreams of mandates from the British and French governments which would bring independence to the Confederacy and peace and quietness to the numerous homes, from the sea to the mountains, where sorrow and death had hung like a pall. It is not strange, therefore, that the few publications that had survived the scarcity of printing material should have contained so lit-

tle biographical matter. Comrades dropped on the right and on the left, but the ranks were closed up, the hurried tear wiped away, and the line pushed steadily forward. The distinguished physician, or general, or jurist, as well as the humble private, got his passing notice in the meagre letters which a chance correspondent sent to one of the few newspapers, and in a short time he was forgotten in the fresh calamity of the day."

RESCUE OF MADAME DEROSSET.

We found at the ship-yard in Wilmington, while the "Lillian" was undergoing repairs, the noted blockade runner Lynx, commanded by one of the most daring spirits in the service, Capt. Reed. This officer has been described in a Northern magazine as a pirate, but he was one of the mildest mannered of gentlemen, a capital seaman, and apparently entirely devoid of fear. He had previously commanded the Gibraltar, formerly the first Confederate cruiser Sumter; and he brought through the blockade in this ship to Wilmington the two enormous guns which attracted so much attention at that time. One of them exploded, through a fault in loading; the other was used for the defense of Charleston, and rendered effective service.

A thrilling incident occurred in the destruction of the Lynx, a few weeks after we left her at Wilmington, which nearly terminated the life of a brave and charming little lady, the wife of Mr. Louis H. deRosset, and of her infant child, who were passengers for Nassau. At half past seven o'clock on the evening of September 26, 1864, the Lynx attempted to run the blockade at New Inlet, but was imme-

diately discovered in the Swash Channel by the Federal cruiser Nippon, which fired several broadsides into her at short range, nearly every shot striking her hull and seriously disabling her. Notwithstanding this, Captain Reed continued his efforts to escape, and for a short time was slipping away from his pursuer; but he was again intercepted by two federal men-of-war, the Howquah and the Governor Buckingham. Mrs. deRosset describing the scene a few days afterwards, said :

"Immediately the sky was illuminated with rockets; broadside upon broadside, volley upon volley, was poured upon us. The Captain put me in the wheel house for safety. I had scarcely taken my seat when a ball passed three inches above my head, wounding the man at the wheel next to me; a large piece of the wheel house knocked me violently on the head. I flew to the cabin, took my baby in my arms, and immediately another ball passed through the cabin. We came so near one of the enemy's boats that they fired a round of musketry, and demanded surrender. We passed them like lightning; our vessel commenced sinking! Eight shots went through and through below the water line. I stayed in the cabin until I could no longer keep baby out of the water."

The Howquah then engaged the Lynx at close quarters, and her batteries tore away a large part of the paddle boxes and bridge deck. The Buckingham, also attacked the plucky blockade runner at so short a range that her commander fired all the charges from his revolver at Captain Reed and his pilot on the bridge. The continual flashing of the guns brightly illuminated the chase and, escape being impossi-

ble, Captain Reed, much concerned for the safety of his passengers, headed his sinking ship for the beach. In the meantime Fort Fisher was firing upon his pursuers with deadly effect, killing and wounding five men on the Howquah and disabling one of the guns. The sea was very rough that night, and the treacherous breakers with their deafening roar afforded little hope of landing a woman and a baby through the surf; nevertheless, it was the only alternative, and right bravely did the heroine meet it. Through the breakers the Lynx was driven to her destruction, the shock as her keel struck the bottom sending her crew headlong to the deck. Boats were lowered with great difficulty, the sea dashing over the bulwarks and drenching the sailors to the point of strangulation. Madame deRosset, with the utmost coolness, watched her chance while the boat lurched and pounded against the stranded ship, and jumped gracefully to her place; the baby, wrapped in a blanket was tossed from the deck to her mother ten feet below, and then the fight for a landing began; while the whole crew, forgetful of their own danger, and inspired with courage by the brave lady's example, joined in three hearty cheers as she disappeared in the darkness towards the shore. Under the later glare of the burning ship, which was set on fire when abandoned, a safe landing was effected, but with great suffering; soaking wet, without food or drink, they remained on the beach until a message could reach Colonel Lamb at Fort Fisher, five miles distant, whence an ambulance was sent to carry the passengers twenty miles up to Wilmington. The baby blockade runner, Gabrielle, survived this perilous adventure, also an

exciting run through the fleet in the Confederate steamer Owl; and she is now the devoted wife of Colonel Alfred Moore Waddell, Mayor of Wilmington.

WAR PRICES.

The prices of food and clothing had advanced in proportion to the depreciation of Confederate money; the plainest necessities were almost unobtainable.—\$50 for a ham, \$500 for a barrel of flour, \$500 for a pair of boots, \$600 for a suit of clothes, \$1,500 for an overcoat, and \$100 a pound for coffee or tea, were readily paid as the fortunes of the Confederacy waned. Coffee was perhaps the greatest luxury, and was seldom used; substitutes of beans, potatoes and rye, with “long sweetening,”—sorghum, having been generally adopted. Within a mile or two of our temporary home in the country there lived two unattractive spinsters of mature age, one of whom, in the other’s absence, was asked by an old reprobate of some means in the neighborhood to marry him, a preposterous proposal which she indignantly rejected. Upon the return of the absent sister, however, she was made to feel that she had thrown away the golden opportunity of a life time; for, “Why,” said the sister, “didn’t you know he has a bag of coffee in his house?”

Another true incident will also serve to illustrate the comic side of the great crisis. Our evening meal consisted of milk, rye coffee, youpon tea, honey, and one wheaten biscuit each, with well prepared corn muffins and hominy ad libitum. These biscuits, however, were valued beyond price, and the right of each individual to them, as well as the plate upon which they rested, was closely guarded by

the younger members of the family. One evening there appeared just before supper an itinerant preacher, who was made welcome to the best we had. Addressing himself with vigor to the tempting plate of biscuits, and ignoring the despised muffins, which were politely pressed upon him by our dismayed youngsters at his side, he actually devoured the entire dozen with apparent ease and great relish. Upon being informed at the hour of retiring that it would be inconvenient to serve his breakfast at daylight, when he desired to depart, he said, to our amazement, that, rather than disturb us in the early morning, he would take his breakfast then and there before going to bed.

INTERMEDIATE PORTS.

The chief intermediate neutral ports of refuge for the blockade runners from Wilmington were Nassau, upon the island of New Providence in the Bahamas, and St. George's and Hamilton, in the Bermudas. These towns were of small note before the civil war began, but they became of great commercial importance as the traffic through the blockade increased. The distance from Cape Fear to Nassau, almost due south, is 570 miles, and to Bermuda, nearly due east, is 674 miles. The run to Nassau by a fast ship was 48 to 55 hours, and to Bermuda about 72 hours.

The inhabitants of Nassau had, with few exceptions, gained a precarious and questionable livelihood by wrecking, which in many instances was little short of piracy. Nature is so bountiful in the West Indies that the worthless, indolent negroes who largely composed the population subsisted daily upon fish and yams and tropical fruits, in

great variety, at the cost of an hour's work. Left to themselves, they had relapsed into semi-barbarism, which may be said of the West Indies negroes of Congo origin in general. The American blacks, especially those of the South in their state of slavery, were infinitely superior, and their characteristics were kindly and peaceable, quite the reverse of those with whom we had to deal in Nassau. The influx of speculators and adventurers, and good business men as well, from all parts of the world soon gave to Nassau, and also to Bermuda (whose population comprised a much better class of natives), a heterogeneous and motley aspect sometimes quite picturesque. The cost of respectable living became so exorbitant that the British government was asked for a larger allowance by the officers of the regiment quartered at Nassau, and also by the commander at the Bermudas. The enormous profits made by successful blockade runners quite turned their heads; and swaggering sailors with their pockets full of gold were as reckless in spending it upon their dissolute associates, as many of the officers and ship owners were in the indulgence of their more expensive tastes for wine and gambling at the Royal Victoria Hotel.

FINANCIAL ESTIMATES.

I have not been able to obtain an approximate estimate of the value of supplies brought by blockade runners into the Confederacy during the four years' war, nor the amount of the losses by ship owners who failed to make a successful voyage through the Federal fleet. I have, however, carefully computed the actual sum realized by the United

States government from public sales of prizes, recorded by Admiral Porter in his "Naval History of the Civil War," which aggregates \$21,759,595.05; to which may be reasonably added \$10,000,000.00 for prizes of my knowledge not included in this report, and \$10,000,000.00 more for valuable ships and cargoes stranded or destroyed by design or accident while attempting to escape from the blockading squadron. This total of \$42,000,000.00 represents only a part, perhaps one-half, of the capital invested. Many successful steamers ran up their profits into millions. A steamer carrying 1,000 bales of cotton sometimes realized a profit of a quarter million dollars on the inward and outward run, within two weeks. Cotton could be purchased in the Confederacy for 3 cents per pound gold, and sold in England at the equivalent of 45 cents to \$1 a pound, and the profits on some classes of goods brought into the Confederacy were in the same proportion. It is probably within the bounds of truth to say that the blockade running traffic during the war, including the cost of the ships, amounted to about one hundred and fifty-millions of dollars, gold standard.

THE FAMINE STRICKEN CONFEDERACY.

A pathetic feature of the traffic in the last year of the war was the falling off in the demand for blockade goods in the South at a time when they were most needed by the people, and when they were most difficult to obtain, even by the employment of the latest designed blockade runners, the construction of which cost twice as much as that of the previous type. The sad truth is, the Confederates were no longer able to buy even the commonest necessities of life,

and four-fifths of the women and children at home, as well as the soldiers in the field, were on the verge of starvation. Also, the demands of the Confederate Government for a larger proportion of the cargo space at reduced rates of freight had a depressing effect upon traffic; and many of the successful traders withdrew their ships, which, otherwise, would have had to face the hazard of almost certain capture or destruction. Mr. Tom Taylor, a conspicuous and celebrated leader in blockade running, who controlled a fleet of steamers, said that the Commissary General of the Confederacy in Richmond divulged to him early in the last year of the war that Gen. Lee's army had rations for only thirty days, and that there were no means of replenishing the commissariat unless Mr. Taylor could proceed to Nassau and bring relief within three weeks. Mr. Taylor had then in Wilmington his steamer *Banshee*, whose captain he telegraphed to prepare for sea and await his arrival. After an exciting and lengthy journey of three days and nights from Richmond to Wilmington by way of Danville, the Weldon road connection having been cut off, Mr. Taylor embarked upon the steamer *Banshee* on a most exciting and dangerous run to Nassau, and brought back a ship-load of provisions, which he landed in Wilmington within eighteen days after his departure from Richmond. It is an established fact, stated by both Southern and Northern authorities, that the *Banshee* saved the Army of Northern Virginia from starvation. Mr. Taylor graphically describes this run as follows:

"In the interim between our leaving Wilmington and our return, Porter's fleet had made an unsuccessful attack upon Fort Fisher, and this Federal commander was just

then, at the time of our appearance upon the scene, concluding his attack and re-embarking his beaten troops. When morning broke and we were near the fort, we counted sixty-four vessels that we had passed through. After being heavily fired into at daybreak by several gunboats (the fort being unable to protect us as usual, owing to nearly all of its guns having been put out of action in the attack of two days previous), it was an exciting moment as we crossed the bar in safety, cheered by the garrison, some two thousand strong, who knew that we had provisions on board for the relief of their comrades in Virginia.

"I shall never forget that trip. We sailed from Nassau at dusk on the evening before Christmas day, but were only just outside the harbor when our steam-pipe split and we had to return. As it was hopeless, on account of the moon, to make the attempt unless we could get away next day, I was in despair, and thought it was all up with my enterprise. After long trying in vain to find some one to undertake the necessary repairs, owing to its being Christmas day, I found at last a Yankee, who said: 'Well, sir, it's only a question of price.' I said, 'Name yours,' and he replied, 'Well, I guess \$400 for three clamps would be fair.' I said, 'All right, if finished by six o'clock.' He set to work, and we made all arrangements to start. Shortly after six the work was finished, but the black pilot then declared he couldn't take her out until the tide turned, there being no room to turn her in the harbour. As it was a question of hours, I said, 'Back her out.' He grinned and said, 'Perhaps do plenty damage.' 'Never mind,' said I, 'try it'; and we did, with the result that we came plump into the

man-of-war lying at the entrance of the harbour (officers all on deck ready to go down to their Christmas dinner), and ground along her side, smashing two of her boats in, but doing ourselves little damage. 'Good-bye,' I shouted; 'A merry Christmas! Send the bill in for the boats.' Away we went clear, and fortunate it was we did so, as we only arrived off Wilmington just in time to run through Porter's fleet before daybreak on the 28th of December.

"The trip out was equally exciting, for I had as passengers General Randolph, ex-Secretary of State for War, who was going to Europe invalided, and his wife. I did not want to take them, as the Banshee had practically no accommodation whatever, particularly for ladies. However, she had such a good character for safety, that they pleaded hard to be taken, and I at last consented, though I did not like at all the responsibility of having a lady on board. I was determined, however, to make Mrs. Randolph as safe as possible, so I told the stevedore to keep a square space between the cotton bales on deck, into which she could retire in case the firing became hot. And hot it did become. Running down with a strong ebb tide through the Smith's Island inlet channel, we suddenly found a gunboat in the middle of the channel on the bar. It was too late to stop, so we put at her, almost grazing her sides and receiving her broadside point blank. Mrs. Randolph had retired to her place of safety, but she told me afterwards that, alarmed as she was, she could not help laughing, when, after she had been there only an instant, my colored servant, who had evidently fixed upon the place as appearing to be most safe, jumped right on top of her, his teeth chattering

through fear. How we laughed the next morning, and how poor Sam got chaffed! But he afterwards became quite a cool hand; and when we were running in, in daylight, in the Will-o'-the-Wisp and the shot were coming thick, Sam appeared on the bridge with his usual 'Coffee, Sar!'

"After we had got rid of our friend on the bar, we were heavily peppered by her consorts outside, from whom we received no damage; but we fell in with very bad weather, and the ship was under water most of the time. Right glad I was to land my passengers, who were half dead through sea-sickness, exposure and fatigue."

DEFENSES.

The defenses of Oak Island, commanding the main bar of the Cape Fear river, were composed of Fort Caswell and Fort Campbell—the latter a large earth work situated about one mile down the beach from Fort Caswell—Battery Shaw, and some smaller earthworks. With reference to the principal fortification I have received the following official particulars from the Secretary of War:

"Fort Caswell, at the mouth of the Cape Fear river, North Carolina, was commenced in the year 1826, the first appropriation for its construction being under act of Congress approved March 2nd, 1825. It was reported as about completed by Captain Alexander J. Swift, United States Engineers, Oct. 20th, 1838, at a total cost of \$473,402. From 1838 to 1857, for preservation of site, repairs &c., at Fort Caswell, and some repairs at Fort Johnston, the sum of \$69,422.09 was expended, making a total to 1857 of \$542,-

844.09. It was named Fort Caswell by War Department Order, No. 32 of April 18th, 1833.

"Fort Caswell was an enclosed pentagonal work, with a loop-holed scarp wall, flanked by caponieres; it was constructed for an armament of 61 channel-bearing guns, mounted en-barbette, and a few small guns for land defense. Capacious defensive barracks, called a citadel, occupied a large part of the parade."

It is a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding its exposed position to the Federal fleet, no general engagement occurred at Caswell during the four years' war. The fort was of great service, however, in defending the main bar and the garrison at Smithville, although the fighting was confined to an occasional artillery duel with the United States blockading fleet.

During the past three years the ruins of Fort Caswell have disappeared; and the General Government has erected on Oak Island, under the old name—in honor of the first governor of North Carolina—one of the strongest forts on the Atlantic coast, armed with far reaching disappearing batteries and equipped with the most approved appliances of modern warfare.

The New Inlet, which was more frequently used by the blockade runners, was protected for four years by Fort Fisher a splendid creation of its gallant defender, Colonel Lamb, and which was styled by Federal engineers "The Malakoff of the South."

The plans of Fort Fisher were Colonel Lamb's; and as the work progressed they were approved by Generals French, Raines, Longstreet, Beauregard and Whiting, who

were among the best engineers of West Point. It was built solely for the purpose of resisting the fire of a large fleet, and it withstood uninjured, as to armament, two of the fiercest bombardments in history. The land face of the works was 682 yards long, and the sea face was 1,898 yards long. The position commanded the last gateway between the Confederate States and the outside world. Its capture, with the resulting loss of all the Cape Fear river defenses and Wilmington, the most important entrepot of the Confederacy, effectually ended blockade running. Gen. Lee, recognizing the importance of Wilmington, sent word to Colonel Lamb that Fort Fisher must be held, or he could not sustain his army. The following description of the land face and sea face of Fort Fisher is given in Colonel Lamb's own words :

"At the land face of Fort Fisher the peninsula was about half a mile wide. This face commenced about one hundred feet from the river with a half bastion, and extended with a heavy curtain to a full bastion on the ocean side, where it joined the sea face. The work was built to withstand the heaviest artillery fire. There was no moat with scarp and counterscarp, so essential for defence against storming parties, the shifting sands rendering its construction impossible with the material available.

"The outer slope was twenty feet high and was sodded with marsh grass which grew luxuriantly. The parapet was not less than twenty-five feet thick, with an inclination of only one foot. The revetment was five feet nine inches high from the floor of the gun chambers, and these were some twelve feet or more from the interior plane. The

guns were all mounted in barbette on Columbiad carriages, there being no casemated gun in the fort. Between the gun chambers, containing one or two guns each, there were twenty heavy guns on the land face; there were heavy traverses exceeding in size any known to engineers, to protect from an enfilading fire. They extended out some twelve feet or more in height above the parapet, running back thirty feet or more. The gun chambers were reached from the rear by steps. In each traverse was an alternate magazine, or bomb-proof, the latter ventilated by an air chamber. The passage ways penetrated traverses in the interior of the work, forming additional bomb-proofs for the reliefs for the guns.

"As a defence against infantry there was a system of sub-terra torpedoes extending across the peninsula, five to six hundred feet from the land face, and so disconnected that the explosion of one would not affect the others; inside the torpedoes, about fifty feet from the berme of the work, extending from river bank to sea shore, was a heavy palisade of sharpened logs nine feet high, pierced for musketry, and so laid out as to have an enfilading fire on the center, where there was a redoubt guarding a sally port, from which two napoleons were run as occasion required. At the river end of the palisade was a deep and muddy slough, across which was a bridge, the entrance of the river road into the port; commanding this bridge was a napoleon gun. There were three mortars in the rear of the land face.

THE SEA FACE OF FORT FISHER.

"The sea face for one hundred yards from the northwest bastion was of the same massive character as the land

face. A crescent battery intended for four guns joined this. But it was converted into a hospital bomb-proof. In the rear a heavy curtain was thrown up to protect the chambers from fragments of shells. From the bomb-proof a series of batteries extended for three-quarters of a mile along the sea, connected by an infantry curtain. These batteries had heavy traverses, but were not more than ten or twelve feet high to the top of the parapets, and were built for ricochet firing. On the line was a bomb-proof electric battery connected with a system of submarine torpedoes. Farther along, where the channel ran close to the beach, inside the bar, a mound battery sixty feet high was erected, with two heavy guns which had a plunging fire on the channel; this was connected with the battery north of it by a light curtain. Following the line of the works it was over one mile from the mound to the northeast bastion at the angle of the sea and land faces, and upon this line 24 heavy guns were mounted. From the mound for nearly one mile to the end of the point, was a level sand plain scarcely three feet above high tide, and much of it was submerged during gales. At the point was battery Buchanan, four guns in the shape of an ellipse commanding the inlet, its two eleven-inch guns covering the approach by land. An advanced redoubt with a 24-pounder was added after the attack by the forces on Christmas, 1864. A wharf for large steamers was in close proximity to these works. Battery Buchanan was a citadel to which an overpowered garrison might retreat and, with proper transportation, be safely carried off at night, and to which reinforcements could be sent under the cover of darkness. "

THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

If the Federal Government was unprepared for naval warfare at the beginning of the civil strife, the Confederacy was even less prepared, for it could not claim the ownership of a single ship. In a conversation shortly after the war, our distinguished naval officer, Captain John Newland Maffitt, said :

"The Northern navy contributed materially to the successful issue of the war. The grand mistake of the South was neglecting her navy. All our army movements out West were baffled by the armed Federal steamers which swarmed on Western waters, and which our government had provided nothing to meet. Before the capture of New Orleans, the South ought to have had a navy strong enough to prevent the capture of that city and hold firmly the Mississippi and its tributaries. This would have prevented many disastrous battles; it would have made Sherman's march through the country impossible, and Lee would have been master of his lines. The errors of our government were numerous, but the neglect of the navy proved irremediable and fatal.

"Nobody here," he continued, "would believe at first that a great war was before us. South Carolina seceded first, and improvised a navy consisting of two small tug boats! North Carolina followed suit, and armed a tug and a small passenger boat! Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana put in commission a handful of frail river boats that you could have knocked to pieces with a pistol shot. That was our navy! Then came Congress and voted money to pay officers like myself, who had resigned from the Federal navy, but no-

thing to build or arm any ships for us to command. Of course, it woke up by and by, and ordered vessels to be built here, there and everywhere, but it was too late."

"And yet," said the Captain, with a momentary kindling of the eye, as the thought of other days came back to him, "The Confederate navy, minute though it was, won a place for itself in history. To the Confederates the credit belongs of testing in battle the invulnerability of iron-clads, and of revolutionizing the navies of the world. The Merrimac did this; and, though we had but a handful of light cruisers, while the ocean swarmed with armed Federal vessels, we defied the Federal navy and swept Northern commerce from the seas."

Colonel Scharf, in his admirable "History of the Confederate States Navy" says: "In many respects the most interesting chapter of the history of the Confederate navy is that of the building and operation of the ships-of-war which drove the merchant flag of the United States from the oceans and almost extirpated their carrying trade. But the limitations of space of this volume forbid more than a brief review of the subject. The function of commerce-destroyers is now so well admitted as an attribute of war between recognized belligerents by all the nations of the world, that no apology is necessary for the manner in which the South conducted hostilities upon the high seas against her enemy; and, while the Federal officials and organs styled the cruisers 'pirates' and their commanders 'buccaneers,' such stigmatization has long since been swept away, along with other rubbish of the War between the States, and their legal status fully and honorably es-

tablished. We have not the space for quotations from Prof. Soley, Prof. Bolles and other writers upon this point; but what they have said may be summed up in the statement that the government and agents of the Confederacy transgressed no principle of right in this matter, and that if the United States were at war to-day, they would strike at the commerce of an enemy in as nearly the same manner as circumstances would permit. The justification of the Confederate authorities is not in the slightest degree affected by the fact that the Geneva Tribunal directed Great Britain to pay the Federal government \$15,500,000 in satisfaction for ships destroyed by cruisers constructed in British ports.

"Eleven Confederate cruisers figured in the 'Alabama Claims' settlement between the United States and Great Britain. They were the Alabama, Shenandoah, Florida, Tallahassee, Georgia, Chickamauga, Nashville, Retribution, Sumter, Sallie and Boston. The actual losses inflicted by the Alabama, \$6,547,609, were only \$60,000 greater than those charged to the Shenandoah. The sum total of the claims filed against the eleven cruisers for ships and cargoes was \$17,900,633, all but about \$4,000,000 being caused by the Alabama and Shenandoah. The tribunal decided that Great Britain was in no way responsible for the losses inflicted by any cruisers but the Alabama, Florida and Shenandoah. It disallowed all the claims of the United States for indirect or consequential losses, which included the approximate extinction of American commerce by the capture of ships or their transfer to foreign flags. What this amounted to is shown in the 'Case of the

United States' presented to the tribunal. In this it is stated that while in 1860 two-thirds of the commerce of New York was carried on in American bottoms, in 1863 three-fourths was carried on in foreign bottoms. The transfer of American vessels to the British flag to avoid capture is stated thus: In 1861, vessels 126, tonnage 71,673; in 1862, vessels 135, tonnage 64,578; in 1863, vessels 348, tonnage 252,579; in 1864, vessels, 106, tonnage 92,052. Commanders of the Confederate cruisers have avowed that the destruction of private property and diversion of legitimate commerce in the performance of their duty was painful in the extreme to them; but in their wars the United States had always practiced this mode of harassing an enemy, and had, indeed, been the most conspicuous exemplars of it that the world ever saw."

Since the foregoing was written by Colonel Scharf in 1887 there has been a growing aversion on the part of the principal commercial Powers to privateering. A recent press association dispatch from Washington says:

"The report from Brussels that former President Kruger is being urged to notify the Powers that unless they intervene in the South African contest he will commission privateers, is not treated seriously here. It is well understood, as one outcome of the war with Spain, that the United States government will never again, except in the most extraordinary emergency, issue letters of marque; and the same reasons that impel the government to this course would undoubtedly operate to prevent our government from recognizing any such warrants issued by any other nation, even were that nation in full standing.

"In the case of the Spanish war, both the belligerents by agreement refrained from issuing commissions to privateers, and it now has been many years since the flag of any respectable nation has flown over such craft."

About the beginning of the year 1862, the Confederate States Government began the construction of an iron clad ram, named North Carolina, on the west side of Cape Fear river at the ship yard of the late B. W. Beery; the drawings and specifications of the vessel having been made by Captain John L. Porter, Chief Naval Constructor of the Confederate States Navy, with headquarters at Portsmouth, Virginia.

The armament of the North Carolina consisted of one 10-inch pivot gun in the bow and six broadside guns of about 8-inch calibre. The timbers of the vessel were heavy pine and hard wood covered with railroad iron, giving the ram, when launched, the appearance of a turtle in the water.

The North Carolina was subsequently anchored for a long time off Smithville, now Southport, as a guard vessel commanding the entrance to the river at the main bar, until she was gradually destroyed by the toredo, or sea-worm, and sank at her moorings, where I believe she still remains.

The Raleigh, a vessel of like construction, was built later at the wharf near the foot of Church street; and after being launched was completed at Cassidey's ship-yard.

Her construction and armament were similar to that of the North Carolina, but she was covered with heavy iron plates of two thicknesses running fore and aft and athwart ship.

I am indebted to a distinguished ex-Confederate officer for the following particulars of an expedition from Wilmington against the Federal blockading fleet off New Inlet Bar, in which the Raleigh took a conspicuous part; and which, contrary to the hopes and expectations of our people, not only proved to be a dismal failure, but resulted in the loss of the Raleigh, which broke her back while trying to re-enter the river and sank in the middle of the narrow channel, proving afterwards a troublesome obstruction to the blockade runners at New Inlet.

The Star of the Confederacy was waning in the spring of 1864, a depreciated currency and the scant supply of provisions and clothing had sent prices almost beyond the reach of people of moderate means. In Richmond, meal was \$10 per bushel; butter, \$5 per pound; sugar, \$12 per pound; bacon, hog round, \$4 per pound; brogan shoes, \$25 per pair; felt hats, \$150; cotton cloth, \$30 per yard: and it was a saying in the Capital of the Confederacy, that the money had to be carried in the market basket and the marketing brought home in the pocket book.

Early in May the condition of the commissariat had been alarming; but a few days' rations were left for Lee's army, and only the timely arrival of the blockade runner Banshee with provisions saved the troops from suffering.

Wilmington was the only port left to the blockade runners, and the blockade of the mouths of the Cape Fear had become dangerously stringent. Some twenty steamers guarded the two inlets, besides two outer lines of fast cruisers between this city and the friendly ports of Nassau and the Bermudas. On dark nights, armed launches were sent

into the bar to report outgoing steamers by firing rockets in the direction taken by them. The ceaseless vigilance of the forts could scarcely make an exit for friendly vessels even comparatively free from danger. An hour after dark, Fort Fisher, having trailed its sea-face guns upon the bar, would ricochet its Columbiad shot and shell upon that point, so as to frighten off the launches; and then the blockade runners would venture out and take their chances of running the gauntlet of the blockading fleet.

In this emergency, Commodore Lynch, commanding the Confederate fleet in the Cape Fear river, determined to raise the blockade off New Inlet, the favorite entrance of the blockade runners.

The iron-clad ram Raleigh, already described, Lieutenant J. Pembroke Jones, commanding, and two small wooden gun-boats, Yadkin and Equator, were chosen for the purpose.

Our late townsman, Captain E. W. Manning, chief engineer of the station, and the late engineer Smith, C. S. N., of Fayetteville, were in charge of the machinery of the Raleigh. On the afternoon of May 6, 1864, the Commodore visited Fort Fisher, to take a reconnoissance, and obtain, as far as practicable, the co-operation of the fort. Seven vessels were at the anchorage at sundown; the Tuscarora, Britannia, Nansemond, Howquah, Mount Vernon, Kansas and Nippon. He arranged a distinguishing signal for his vessels—a red light above a white one, so that they would not be fired upon by the fort.

Fort Fisher had its sea-face guns manned after dark by experienced artillerists, and about eight o'clock the range

lights were set at the Mound and the Confederate flotilla put to sea. The commander of the fort, Colonel William Lamb, with some of his officers, repaired to the ramparts opposite the bar and awaited the result.

Within thirty minutes after the vessels had disappeared from the vision of the anxious garrison, a few shots were heard from seaward, and some Coston blue lights were seen in the offing; then all was dark as Erebus and silent as the grave.

Speculation was rife among the Confederates who manned the guns. Had the foe been dispersed or destroyed? Why were no rockets sent up to announce a victory, to cheer the thousand hearts which beat with anxious hope within Fort Fisher?

A long night of waiting was spent without any sign save the occasional twinkle of a distant light at sea. The gunners were relieved at midnight, but all continued dark and silent.

At last day dawned, the breakers on the bar became visible, the Raleigh and her consorts appeared; and then outside of them, at long range, the enemy's fleet. Shots were exchanged after daylight between the combatants; one of the Federal vessels fired rapidly at the Raleigh, approaching as she fired, but, receiving a shot from the iron-clad through her smoke-stack, withdrew to a safer distance.

Then the seven blockaders came closer to the Confederate fleet, showing fight, and probably with the intention of trying to run the Raleigh down; but that vessel and her consorts headed for the fort and steamed slowly in, the en-

emy prudently keeping beyond the range of the guns of Fort Fisher.

It was with great disappointment that the garrison saw the Raleigh, Yadkin and Equator come over the bar and under the guns of the fort, leaving the blockading squadron apparently unharmed.

The Yadkin and Equator came safe into the river, but the Raleigh, after passing the mound and rounding Confederate Point, grounded on the rip at the mouth of the river. Efforts were made to lighten her and get her off, but the receding tide caused her to hog and break in two, on account of the heavy armor and, becoming a wreck, she subsequently sank and went to pieces. Little was saved from her, but the crew were not endangered, as the weather was calm.

SMITHVILLE (SOUTHPORT.)

The staid old village of Smithville, situated on the Cape Fear between Fort Fisher and Fort Caswell, but nearer the latter, was in those days the center of busy military life. It was named in 1792, in honour of its distinguished citizen, Governor Benjamin Smith, who had served in his youth as Aide-de-camp of Washington and who afterwards became one of the most noted philanthropists, patriots and statesmen of his time. The village had been previously called Fort Johnstone, a fortification named for the Colonial Governor, Gabriel Johnstone, having been erected there about the year 1745 for the protection of the Cape Fear colony.

By authority of the Legislature, the name was changed to Southport, and it is but justice to the people that this

apparent forgetfulness of their benefactor should be explained. Shortly before this, a number of prospectors, claiming abundant means and influence, promised to build a road, to be known as the "South Atlantic and Northwestern Railroad," in as direct a line as practicable from Smithville to Cincinnati; and suggested for the former a name more suitable for a commercial city. The towns folk were naturally filled with enthusiasm at the thought of the city which would arise at this terminus, and of the benefit to accrue to the whole State from the development of a deep water port. They more readily agreed to the change because the University of North Carolina had built a monument to Governor Smith in a building now used as a library, a more fitting tribute to his memory, they thought, than the name of an unimportant town. Now, after a lapse of fifteen years—the railroad having failed to materialize—they find themselves disappointed of all their hopes, and burdened with a meaningless name.

PILOTS.

This old military post with its obsolete guns was occupied by the N. C. State Troops at the beginning of the war, and was later strengthened by the Confederate engineers. Here was the headquarters of the Confederate General commanding; and here were the houses and homes of about 60 hardy pilots, whose humble sphere was suddenly exalted to one of dignity,—that of the most important and responsible officers of the swift blockade-running steamers, which braved the dangers of a hostile fleet and crept in every night under the cover of darkness.

The story of the wonderful nerve of these pilots in the time of the Federal blockade has never been fully written; because the survivors are modest men, and time has obliterated from their memories many incidents of this most extraordinary epoch of their lives.

Amidst the impenetrable darkness, without lightship or beacon, the narrow and closely watched inlet was felt for with a deep-sea lead as a blind man feels his way along a familiar path; and often, when the enemy's fire was raking the wheel-house, the faithful pilot, with steady hand and iron nerve, would safely steer the little fugitive of the sea to her desired haven. It might be said of him, as it was told of the Nantucket skipper, that he could get his bearings on the darkest night by a taste of the deep-sea sounding lead.

THE BLOCKADE RUNNERS.

In the early stage of the war, blockade running was carried on in part by sailing vessels; for the blockade was not yet rigorous, and speed on the part of the venturesome had not become essential to success. The proclamation of the blockade had suspended legitimate commerce, and the owners of the cheap sailing craft which faced the extra hazard of war had, for a time, little to lose and much to gain in the venture. The inward cargoes were less valuable than those brought later by steam vessels, and they consisted of such necessary commodities as salt, sugar, molasses and other cheaper supplies. These cargoes were not then openly declared from neutral countries for a blockaded port, their ostensible destination being the markets of the North;

and when by chance an enterprising skipper suspiciously near the Carolina coast, was overhauled by a cruiser, he was always ready with a plausible story of adverse winds or false reckoning. For a time such cases were allowed to withdraw with a warning. In later months all suspicious craft detected in the act of approaching a blockaded port were seized in the name of the United States, and sent in charge of a prize crew to a convenient Northern port for adjudication, which invariably resulted in their condemnation and sale. Attempts at re-capture were seldom made, precautions against such an event being always well taken; but there was an instance of rare heroism on the part of an obscure captain of a sailing vessel belonging to Charleston, which sent a thrill of emotion around the world wherever the story was told of the Emily St. Pierre and her brave commander.

A HEROIC CAPTAIN RECAPTURES HIS SHIP.

We learn from Chambers' Journal that in November, 1861, the full-rig sailing ship Emily St. Pierre, William Wilson, master, sailed from Calcutta, India, for St. John, New Brunswick, with orders to call at Charleston, S. C., if that port was found open; but if it were blockaded, to proceed to the British port of St. John. The ship formerly hailed from Charleston, but when the war began was put under the British flag. Her nominal owners were Fraser, Trenholm & Co., Liverpool, who were also the agents of the Confederate Government.

Upon approaching Charleston bar, twelve miles distant, on the morning of March 18, 1862, she was hailed by a

Federal cruiser, James Adger, and ordered to heave to; Captain Wilson, accordingly, hauled up his courses, backed his main yard, and lay to. He was immediately boarded by a naval lieutenant and a force of twenty marines, who demanded his papers. These showed an innocent cargo, 2,000 bales of gunny bags, and her proper certificate of registration as a British vessel. Captain Wilson demanded permission to proceed towards his destination, Charleston being evidently blockaded; this the naval officer refused, and the two vessels proceeded to Charleston Roadstead, where at half past two Captain Wilson was ordered on board the flag ship of the blockading squadron, the Florida. Here he was kept for two hours in solitude and suspense; at the end of which Captain Goldsborough, the flag officer informed him that they had decided to seize the Emily St. Pierre, on the ground that the British certificate was not bona fide; that there were evidences that the ship was really of Charleston, and that the captain had not revealed his real intentions. Captain Wilson protested, but in vain; his crew was removed to the war ship, with the exception of the steward, named Matthew Montgomery, and the cook, a German named Louis Schelvin. The Emily St. Pierre was placed in charge of Lieutenant Stone of the United States Navy, a master's mate, an American engineer as passenger, and a prize crew of twelve men, with orders to proceed to Philadelphia for adjudication by the Admiralty Courts.

Captain Wilson was permitted to go as passenger on the prize to Philadelphia. The moment that he stepped again on board his vessel, he formed the resolution to recapture her and take her home. He was bold enough to think

that it might be possible to recapture the ship, even against such odds. An unarmed man, aided by the questionable support of an Irish steward and a German cook, was practically powerless against the fifteen of the crew. On the other hand, Captain Wilson was a brawny, big-framed Scotchman, (a native of Dunfriesshire), a thorough seaman, determined in resolve, cool and prompt in action. He called the steward and cook to him in his stateroom, and disclosed the wild project he had formed. Both manfully promised to stand by their chief. This was at half past four on the morning of the 21st of March, the third day out from Charleston. Captain Wilson had already formed his plan of operations, and had prepared to a certain extent for carrying it out. With the promise of the cook and steward secured, he lost no time; gave them no chance for their courage to evaporate, but proceeded at once, in the darkness and silence of the night, to carry out his desperate undertaking. He was prepared to lose his life or have his ship; this was the simple alternative. It was Lieutenant Stone's watch on deck, and the master's mate was asleep in his berth. The Scotch Captain went into the berth, handed out the mate's sword and revolvers, clapped a gag made of a piece of wood and some marline between his teeth, seized his hands, which Montgomery, the steward, quickly ironed, and so left him secure. The lieutenant paced the deck, undisturbed by a sound. Quickly another stateroom was entered, where the American engineer lay asleep. He, also, was gagged and ironed, silently and without disturbance. His revolvers and those already secured were given to the steward and the cook, who remained below in the

cabin. Captain Wilson went on deck. Lieutenant Stone was still pacing the deck, and the watch consisted of one man at the helm, one at the lookout on the forecastle, and three others who were about the ship. For ten minutes Captain Wilson walked up and down, remarking on the fair wind, and making believe that he had just turned out. The ship was off Cape Hatteras, midway of their journey between Charleston and Philadelphia, the most easterly projection of the land on that coast. The difficult navigation thereabouts, with the cross-currents and a tendency to fogs, afforded the two captains subject for talk.

‘Let her go free a bit, Captain Stone; you are too close to the Cape, I tell you, and I know.’

‘We have plenty of offing,’ replied the lieutenant; and then to helmsman: ‘How’s her head?’

‘North-east by east, sir,’ came the reply.

‘Keep her so; I tell you it is right,’ said the lieutenant.

‘Well, of course, I’m not responsible now, but I’m an older sailor than you, Captain Stone, and I tell you, if you want to clear Cape Hatteras, another two points east will do no harm. Do but look at my chart; I left it open on the cabin table. And the coffee will be ready,’ and Captain Wilson led the way from the poop to the cabin, followed by the commander.

“There was a passage about five yards long leading from the deck to the cabin, a door at either end. The Captain stopped at the first door, closing it, and picking from behind it an iron belaying-pin which he had placed there. The younger man went forward to the cabin, where the chart lay upon the table. ‘Stone!’ He turned at the sud-

den peremptory exclamation of his name. His arm upraised, the heavy iron bolt in his hand, in low but hard, eager, quick words, the captain said: 'My ship shall never go to Philadelphia!' He did not strike, it was unnecessary. Montgomery had thrust the gag into the young lieutenant's mouth; he was bound hand and foot, bundled into a berth, and the door locked. Three out of fifteen were thus disposed of. There were still the watch on deck and the watch below. Coming on deck from the cabin Captain Wilson called to the three men who were about, and pointing to a heavy coil of rope in the lazaret, ordered them to get it up at once—Lieutenant Stone's orders. They jumped down without demur, suspecting nothing, as soon as the Captain shoved the hatch aside. They were no sooner in than he quickly replaced and fastened the hatch. The three were securely trapped, in full view of the helmsman, whose sailor's instinct kept him in his place at the wheel.

'If you utter a sound or make a move,' said the Captain, showing a revolver, 'I'll blow your brains out;' and then he called aft the lookout man, the last of the watch on deck. The man came aft. Would he help to navigate the ship to England? No, he would not, he was an American. Then, would he call the watch? He would do that. And eagerly he did it, but the next moment he was laid low on deck and bundled unceremoniously into the lazaret with his three companions; the hatchway was replaced and secured, Captain Wilson standing on guard. Meanwhile the watch below had been called and were astir. When sailors tumble out they generally do so gradually and by twos and threes. The first two that came aft were quickly

overpowered, one at a time, and bound. The third man drew his knife and dashed at the steward, who fired, wounding him severely in the shoulder. It was the only shot that was fired. Finding that the cook and steward, and Captain were all armed, the rest of the watch below quietly surrendered, and submitted to be locked in the round house, prisoners of the bold and resolute man, who, in the course of an hour had thus regained possession of his ship against overwhelming odds. For England! Yes, homeward bound in an unseaworthy ship; for a ship that is undermanned is unseaworthy to the last degree. It is worse than overloading. And here was our brave captain, three thousand miles from home, calmly altering the course the few points eastward he had recommended to the Lieutenant; homeward bound for England, his crew, a steward and a cook! Neither could steer, nor hand, nor reef. Brave-hearted Matthew Montgomery, the Irish steward, honest Louis Schelvin, the German cook, now is the time to show what savour of seamanship you have picked up amongst your pots and pans of the galley and the pantry! The first step was to wash and bandage the wounded shoulder of the man who was shot; the next, to put all the prisoners in the round house under lock and key. The Lieutenant was admitted to the captain's table under guard and on parole. The meal over, he was ushered into his stateroom and locked in. Once a day only—for the captain is captain and crew combined—bread and beef and water were passed to the prisoners in the round house; no more attention than was absolutely necessary could be spared to them.

Homeward bound! Captain Wilson had overcome his

captors: could he overcome the elements? The glass was falling, the wind was rising, threatening a gale. The reef-tackles were passed to the capstan, so that one man's strength could haul them. Then the wheel was resigned to the Irish steward and the German cook, whilst the Captain had to lie aloft and tie the reef-points; ever and anon casting a look behind and signalling to his faithful men how to move the wheel. Hours of hard work, fearful anxiety, before all is made snug to meet the fury of the coming storm. 'All is right at last,' thought the Captain, 'if everything holds.' Yes, if—. Everything did not hold. The tiller was carried away in the midst of the gale, and Capt. Wilson, brave heart as he was, felt the sadness of despair. He had been keeping watch day and night without intermission for many days, snatching an hour's sleep at intervals, torn with anxiety, wearied with work. It was but a passing faintness of the heart. The ship rolled and tossed, helmless, at the mercy of the sea. For twelve hours he wrought to rig up a jury-rudder, and at last, lifting up his heart in gratitude, for the second time he snatched his ship out of the hands of destruction; for the second time he could inform Lieutenant Stone that he was in command of his own ship. No longer was the ship buffeted at the mercy of the wild winds and the cruel Atlantic rollers, but her course was laid true and her head was straight—for England. For thirty days they sailed with westerly gales behind them. They made the land in safety, and the code signal was hoisted as they passed up the Channel. On the morning of the 21st of April, exactly one month since her course was altered off Cape Hatteras, the Emily St. Pierre

threaded the devious channels which lead into the broad estuary of the Mersey; the anchor fell with a plunge and an eager rattle of the leaping cable, and the ship rode stately on the rushing tide. Much was made of Captain Wilson during the next few weeks. All England rang with applause of his brave exploit. Meetings were convened, presentations were made, speeches were delivered, to an extent that might have turned the head of a less simple and true-hearted man. Large sums of money were subscribed, of which plucky Matthew Montgomery and honest Lewis Schelvin, the cook, got their share. But probably the happiest and proudest moment of his life was when the Captain stood on deck on the day of arrival—his wife by his side, and near her the owner of the ship, Charles K. Prioleau, of Fraser, Trenholm & Co.,—whilst he narrated in simple words the story of his exploit. His big beard was torn and ragged, his eyes bloodshot with weariness and lack of sleep, his face haggard, weather-beaten and drawn; but he was a man of whom all Britain was proud—a man to inspire her with the faith that the race of heroes does not die."

THE KATE'S ADVENTURE.

In the spring of the year 1862, the Confederate Government, desiring to arrange for the importation of supplies for the War Department, and finding the principal ports of the South Atlantic Coast so well guarded by the blockaders that the new undertaking of blockade running was then considered extra hazardous, decided to use the smaller inlets, which were less carefully watched by the enemy;

and dispatched the steamer Kate from Nassau with a cargo of ammunition to Smyrna, Fla., where an entrance was safely effected by that vessel, and the cargo immediately discharged and transported across the country to a place of safety.

The Kate was commanded by Captain Thos. J. Lockwood, of Smithville, on Cape Fear river, who was well known to our older pilots and seafaring people as a man of very superior skill and seamanship, and thoroughly familiar with the bars and inlets along the Southern coast.

A second voyage by the Kate had been completed, and the cargo successfully discharged and transported, before the movement was made known to the blockading squadron; but while the Kate was waiting for the return of Captain Lockwood from Charleston, whither he had proceeded to bring his family to the ship at Smyrna Inlet, a Federal man-of-war discovered her hiding place, which forced the chief officer of the Kate to proceed to sea at once, leaving the Captain behind. The Federal cruiser landed a boat's crew, and burned the house of Mr. Sheldon, the pilot who had assisted in bringing the Kate to an anchorage, shortly after which, Captain Lockwood arrived with his family, to find that the ship had already departed. Mr. Sheldon, however, furnished him with an ordinary whale boat, which had escaped the scrutiny of the Federal man-of-war's men, and Captain Lockwood at once determined to undertake the voyage with his family in this frail craft, and overtake the Kate at Nassau. The boat was only 16 feet long, and not at all well found for such a perilous voyage.

After a short delay, the Captain, his brave wife, their two

children and a hired boy, found themselves safe over the bar and headed for the Bahamas. The following account of this remarkable voyage was written by Mrs. Lockwood, and has been kindly furnished by her brother, Mr. McDougal :

"After the baggage was safe on board, I was carried in a man's arms through the surf and placed in the boat, and we started over the sea in our frail little craft. A few yards from shore we discovered that she was sinking, but turned back in time to reach the beach, to which I was again transferred just as the boat went down. With some difficulty she was recovered, when it was found that the plug had come out of the bottom while drawing the boat over the beach. We soon found a remedy for this trouble, and proceeded to cross the gulf. On the following morning, the wind blew a gale. The waves dashed high over us all day, while the wind increased in fury. For fifteen hours we waited and prayed, thinking that every moment would be our last. About five o'clock in the evening, we discovered a reef, and steered along the rocks to find an opening, so that we might cross the line of breakers and get into calm water. Oakie told us to sit still and hold fast to the boat, as we must go over the rocks or sink. As each enormous wave came towards us it seemed to reach the sky and break over our frail craft, deluging us with water. For several moments in succession I would sit under these huge waves holding on with one hand and clasping my baby with the other. Breaker after breaker burst over us, and at the same time lifted the boat farther and farther on to the rocks, until at last we were plunged ahead into the smooth water of

the bay beyond. By some means, I cannot tell how, we reached one of the vessels lying at anchor, when they lifted us all on board and carried us into the cabin. We could not walk for cold and cramp. On Sunday, the 23rd, the schooner upon which we had taken refuge sailed for Nassau, and on Monday we were landed on Elbow Cay, one of the Bahama Islands, the wind not being favorable for us to continue further that day. On the 25th, with a fair wind, we again proceeded towards Nassau, and arrived on Wednesday, after being three weeks on the journey from Charleston. "

Mr. McDougal adds to this journal, that he was then chief engineer of the steamer Kate, of 500 tons, in the Gulf Stream, about 150 miles from where Captain Lockwood was cruising in a little boat; and that the gale was so severe that this large vessel was obliged to lie to, and suffered considerable damage in consequence of the severity of the storm, and that it seems a miracle that a small boat like Captain Lockwood's should have lived through such a fearful gale.

FAMOUS BLOCKADE RUNNERS.

In the second stage of blockade running, when steam was at a premium, a number of walking-beam boats of excellent speed, which had plied regularly between Southern ports and which had been laid up since the proclamation, were bought by Southern business men, who became prominent in blockade running; and, after the removal of passenger cabins and conspicuous top hamper, they were placed in this dangerous traffic. Of these may be mentioned the

steamer Kate, previously known as the Carolina, upon the line between Charleston and Palatka; the Gordon which was built to run between Charleston and Savannah; also the Nina, Seabrook, Clinch, and Cecile, which had also plied on the same line. The Cecile, loaded in Nassau with a cargo of powder, rifles, and stores for General Albert Sidney Johnston's army at Shiloh, struck a sunken rock off the Florida coast, and went to the bottom in ten minutes. The officers and crew escaped.

Two steamers which formerly ran between New Orleans and Galveston became prominent as Cape Fear blockade runners; the Atlantic, re-named the Elizabeth, and the Austin, which became the famous Confederate steamer Ella and Annie. In the early morning of November 9th, 1863, the Ella and Annie, under command of Captain F. N. Bonneau, of Charleston, was intercepted off New Inlet, near Masonboro Sound, by the United States steamer Nippon, which attempted to press her ashore. Several other cruisers preventing the escape of the Ella and Annie, Captain Bonneau at once resolved upon the desperate expedient of running the Nippon down. He accordingly ran his ship at reckless speed straight at the war vessel, and struck it with great force, carrying away the bowsprit and stem and wounding three of the men. The Nippon, by quick movement, avoided the full effect of the blow, and fired all her starboard guns into the Ella and Annie, wounding four of her men. As soon as the vessels came together the Nippon carried the Ella and Annie by boarding, and made her a prize. She afterwards became the United States flag ship Malvern.

The Governor Dudley, of the Wilmington and Charleston route before the completion of the Wilmington & Manchester Railroad, which had been put on the summer run between Charleston and Havana prior to the war, made one or two successful voyages through the blockade to Nassau.

A Nassau correspondent to the New York Times wrote on February 15th, 1862, that "on Tuesday last, 11th Feb., 1862, the old steamer Governor Dudley arrived from Charleston with 400 bales of cotton. The captain, fearing the cotton would go North if sold here, refused to take any price for it. After taking out a British register and changing her name to the Nellie, he left for Havana with a Nassau pilot on board to carry him across the (Bahama) Banks. He intends taking a return cargo to Charleston, and expects to be back here in about a month with more cotton. The Nellie is an old boat, nearly used up both in hull and machinery. Her speed is not over 8 or 10 knots, with a full head of steam." The other boats formerly comprising the Wilmington and Charleston line were probably too old for blockade running service. The Wilmington was sold to run on the river and gulf of St. Laurence. The Gladiator went to Philadelphia, and the Vanderbilt, having been sold to New Orleans, foundered in the Gulf of Mexico while running the blockade.

Another old friend, of the New York and Wilmington line, which was managed here by the late Edwin A. Keith, the North Carolina, rendered an important service to the Confederate Government by carrying through the blockade, as a passenger, the distinguished Captain James D. Bulloch, Naval Representative of the Confederacy in

Europe during the war between the States. On Feb. the 5th, 1862, she completed the loading of a cargo of cotton, rosin and tobacco at Wilmington, under her new name, Annie Childs, and proceeded through the blockade by the main bar, arriving at Liverpool via Fayal, Madeira, and Queens-town, Ireland, early in March. Her supply of coal was quite exhausted when she sighted Queenstown, and she barely reached that port of call by burning part of her rosin cargo with spare spars cut into short lengths. Captain Bulloch said that she was badly found for so long a voyage, but she weathered a heavy north-west gale, and proved herself to be a fine sea boat. I am informed that she returned to other successful ventures in blockade running under the name of Victory.

The fleet of runners was augmented by other old fashioned steamers, partly from Northern ports, bought by foreigners and sent via neutral ports, where they went through the process of "whitewashing," a change of name, ownership, registry and flag. A much greater number, however, came from abroad; a few of these formerly having been fast mail boats, but the majority freighters on short routes in Europe, bought at big prices for eager speculators, who were tempted by the enormous profits of blockade running.

A few of those of the better class became famous, as the North Carolina steamer Advance, before known as the Lord Clyde; the Confederate steamer, R. E. Lee, formerly the Giraffe; and the Lady Davis, previously the Cornubia. Some of the others were the Alice, Fannie, Britannia, Emma, Pet, Sirius, Orion, Antonica, Hansa, Calypso, Duoro, Thistle, Scotia, City of Petersburg, Old Dominion, Index,

Caledonia, Dolphin, Georgiana McCaw, Modern Greece, Ella, Hebe, Dee, Wave Queen, Granite City, Stonewall Jackson, Victory, Flora, Beauregard, Ruby, Margaret and Jessie, Eagle, Gertrude, Charleston, Banshee, Minna and Eugenie, which were more or less successful.

The beach for miles north and south of Bald Head is marked still by the melancholy wrecks of swift and graceful steamers which had been employed in this perilous enterprise. Some of the hundred vessels engaged in this traffic ran between Wilmington and the West Indies with the regularity of mail boats, and some, even of the slowest speed,—the Pet, for instance—eluding the vigilance of the Federal fleet, passed unscathed twenty, thirty and forty times, making millions for the fortunate owners. One little beauty, the Siren, a fast boat, numbered nearly fifty voyages. The success of these ships depended, of course, in a great measure upon the skill and coolness of their commanders and pilots. It is noteworthy that those in charge of Confederate naval officers were, with one exception, never taken; but many were captured, sunk or otherwise lost, through no fault of the brave fellows who commanded them. The Beauregard and the Venus lie stranded on Carolina Beach; the Modern Greece, near New Inlet; the Antonica, on Frying Pan Shoals; the Ella, on Bald Head; the Spunky and the Georgiana McCaw, on Caswell Beach; the Hebe and the Dee, between Wrightsville and Masonboro. Two others lie near Lockwood's Folly bar; and others, whose names are forgotten, are half buried in the sands, where they may remain for centuries to come. After a heavy storm on the coast, the summer residents on Carolina Beach and at Ma-

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sonboro Sound have occasionally picked up along the shore some interesting relics of blockade times, which the heaving ocean has broken from the buried cargoes of the *Beauregard*, *Venus*, *Hebe* and *Dee*. Tallow candles, Nassau bacon, soldiers' shoes, and other wreckage, comprise in part this flotsam yielded up by Neptune after nearly forty years' soaking in the sea.

The *Venus* was commanded by a prominent officer of the Royal Navy on leave of absence, Captain Murray-Aynsley, known by blockade runners as Captain Murray. He is now an admiral in the British Navy on the retired list. He was a great favourite with the prominent people, and especially with Colonel Lamb, of Fort Fisher, whose description of the veteran naval officer on the bridge of the *Venus*, running through the Federal fleet in broad daylight, hotly pursued by the enemy, with coat sleeves rolled up to his arm pits, but cool and defiant, is well worth recording.

The loss of the *Georgiana McCaw* is associated with a horrible crime—the murder of her pilot. When the ship was beached under the fire of the blockaders, Mr. Thomas Dyer did not go with the retreating crew who sought safety ashore; he seems to have been left behind in the rush. It was known that he had a large amount of money in gold on board, and was thought that he remained to secure it. A boat returned for him, but found his bloody corpse, instead. His skull was crushed as by a blow from behind; there was no money on his person. Another man was found on board, but unhurt, who professed ignorance of his fellow. This person was the watchman, and it is said he carried ashore a large amount of money. He was arrested

on suspicion, but there was no proof. He still lives on the river, but the cause of poor Dyer's death will probably never be known until the Great Assize.

Examples of dash and daring on the part of noted Cape Fear blockade runners in this phase of their history could be multiplied, if the limited scope of this paper would permit of their narration; instances so thrilling that they still stir one's blood to recall them after an interval of nearly forty years. I shall, therefore, select from memory and from published accounts of others, whom I remember as participants, only a few exploits of the second and third years of the war; and, finally, some illustrations of the closing scenes, when only one venture in a dozen was successful, and when the multiplied arms of the new navy, like the deadly tentacles of the octopus, reached into every hiding place of these hunted fugitives of the sea, and gradually brought to an end this wonderful epoch in our commercial history.

A CLOSE CALL.

The following interesting narrative, which is true in all its details, was told to the writer by Mr. George C. McDougal, of Rosindale, N. C., who, by a clever expedient, kept out of Fort LaFayette, and made some forty voyages as chief engineer in the little steamer Siren before his former shipmates were released :

"The well known blockade-running steamer Margaret and Jessie left Nassau deeply laden for Wilmington, and made a good run across to the North Carolina coast. About 12.00 meridian she was in the latitude of New Inlet, and she

ran on the western edge of the Gulf Stream until sundown, when she headed for the beach and made land to the northward of the blockading fleet of the Cape Fear. While tracking down the beach, one of the cruisers sighted us, and sent up rockets, which made it necessary for us to run the remainder of the distance under fire from the whole line of the blockaders. Just as we got the lights in range at the Inlet and were about to head the ship over the bar, we distinguished a gunboat anchored in the channel under cover of the wrecked steamer Arabian. We immediately put the ship about, and, with the whole fleet trailing after us, ran off shore. At daylight none of our followers were in sight, but away off shore to the southward we sighted the armed transport Fulton; and as we could not cross her bow, Capt. Robert Lockwood, who commanded our ship, hauled to the northward and eastward, unfortunately driving us across the bows of all the cruisers which had run off shore in chase. We had to run the fire of five of these war ships as we crossed their bows and dropped them astern. During all this time, the Fulton kept the weather gauge of us; and after a hard day's chase from New Inlet to Hatteras, we were at last compelled to surrender late in the afternoon; as the Fulton seemed determined to run us down, there being hardly a cable's length between us when we hove to and stopped the engines. Before doing this, however, we were careful to throw the mail bags, government dispatches and ship's papers into the furnace of the fire room, where they were quickly consumed.

"While our ship's company was being transferred to the Fulton, the United States Steamer Keystone State and two

other cruisers came up, and sent several boats' crews aboard the Margaret and Jessie, who looted her of all the silver, cutlery, glassware, cabin furniture, table cloths and napkins—doubtless, everything they could carry off in their boats. The Fulton, having sent a prize crew on board, took us in tow for New York, where, immediately on our arrival, we were confined in Ludlow street jail. Two days after, the officers and crew of the blockade runner Ella and Annie were brought in, she having been captured off Wilmington after a desperate resistance by her brave commander, Captain Bonneau. During our incarceration we were visited frequently by Deputy United States Marshals, who tried to identify some of us, suspected of holding commissions in the Confederate service and of being regularly engaged in blockade running as distinguished from those less harmful members of the crew who would be only too glad to abandon further attempts on regaining their liberty. These officers were immediately assailed with questions from all quarters. 'What are you going to do with us here?' 'Are you going to let us out?' to which they would respond, 'we cannot tell—the crew lists have been sent to Washington for inspection; you will have to wait until they are returned.' We were kept in this state of suspense for about three weeks, when a squad of Deputy Marshals came to the jail and mustered the entire company. We soon ascertained that the crew lists had come from Washington, and that we were to go down to the Marshals' office, where the names of those who were to be released were to be called out, and the unfortunate ones remaining prepared for a long term of imprisonment at one of the well known prison pens so

dreaded by those who afterwards realized all their horrors. We were, accordingly, marched down to the Marshals' headquarters in Burton's old theatre, on Chambers street, opposite the City Hall Park, where we were ordered to select our baggage and prepare to be searched for contraband articles. The entire office force of clerks had been drawn from their desks by curiosity to the other end of the large room, where the inspection was going on; and while my baggage was being examined by an officer I asked him if he knew who were to be released; to which he replied that he did not know, but that the list of those who would be released could be found in a large book on that desk, pointing with his finger to the other end of the room. When his inspection was completed I asked if I might go and read the names, to satisfy my curiosity. He said there could be no harm in doing so, and asked if I could read. I said, Yes, that I thought I could make out the names. Whereupon I walked with forced indifference to the desk, and found a big journal laid open upon it, containing the names of the men belonging to the Ella and Annie's crew who were to be discharged. This did not interest me; and looking further down I saw, also, the names of those of my own ship who were to be released, but from the top to the bottom there was no George C. McDougal. You may depend upon it, I felt very sad as Fort LaFayette loomed up in all its dreariness. My case was, indeed, hopeless. Looking furtively over my shoulder, I saw that the desk was so placed that my back shielded me from the eyes of the marshals at the moment, and also that the officers and clerks were very busy seeing what they could confiscate, each man

for himself, out of the baggage of the unfortunate prisoners; and, feeling that no worse fate could overtake me, I slipped my hand cautiously along the desk, took up a pen, and imitating as closely as possible the character of the writing before me, inscribed my own name at the bottom of the list, and immediately returned to the crowd at the other end of the room. The Deputy asked me if I saw my name, to which I promptly responded, 'Yes.' 'Then you are all right,' said he, 'and will be turned out to-night.' Shortly afterwards, we were marched off to a neighboring place, to get our supper at the expense of Uncle Sam, after which the Chief Marshal and Judge Beebe appeared, and in due form separated those who were to be released from the unfortunate ones remaining. I waited, with feelings that can be imagined better than they can be described, as the names were read; and at last my own name was called without the detection of my expedient, which was, doubtless, owing to the fact that the room was badly lighted and darkness had already set in. Promptly responding to my name, I at once passed out into the night, leaving my commander, Captain Robert Lockwood, the Wilmington pilot, Mr. Charles Craig, and Billy Willington, our engineer, and several others of the Margaret and Jessie who, together with Captain Frank Bonneau, his Wilmington pilot, and his chief engineer, Alexander Laurence, were sent to Fort LaFayette, where they remained until about the end of the war.

"It may be interesting in this connection to recall the incident that led to the capture of the Ella and Annie, through the same gunboat's being anchored in the channel. Instead of turning backward and running out to sea, as we did,

Captain Bonneau kept on his course, ordering his engineer to throw his throttle wide open and leave the engine room immediately, his intention being to run down the gunboat and take the consequences. The two ships came together with a frightful crash, and as they swung around, side by side, the gunboat got out lashings, and her boarders swarmed upon the Ella and Annie, and, after a sharp resistance, succeeded in taking possession of her. The Ella and Annie's crew was sent to New York, and the gunboat Nyphon, in a badly damaged condition, was sent to the Norfolk navy yard to be docked, as it was difficult to keep her afloat, owing to the effects of the collision. On Colonel Lamb's being asked subsequently to drive the gunboat out of the channel, he replied that it was impossible to do so, as she came in after dark and anchored under shelter of the wreck referred to and he could not get the range until the moon rose, when, of course, the gunboat steamed out to sea, the channel being no longer of any use to the blockade runners."

A NOTED ENGINEER.

John Niemyer, an old and trusted locomotive engineer on the Atlantic Coast Line had been reading the writer's tales of the blockade in the Southport Leader with much interest, having himself served as one of the engineers of that remarkable boat, the Siren, which ran between Wilmington, Charleston and West Indies continuously for nearly two years of the war, with the regularity of a mail boat in time of peace. I repeatedly asked him for a blockade runner's yarn; and he gave me the following true story of

a true man, which I shall put, as nearly as possible, in Mr. Niemyer's own words:

"I see you have been writing some stories about George C. McDougal, who was chief of the Siren. Why, he ought to have been captain, as well, as chief engineer of that boat. He wasn't what you might call a scientific navigator, but he knew more about the ins and outs of blockade running, most likely, than any other man in the fleet. For years before the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad was built, he had served as chief engineer of the steamboats plying between Wilmington and Charleston; and he knew every landmark ashore, and every hump and hollow under the water up and down the coast, from Hatteras to St. Augustine. He could tell the position of the ship by the revolutions of the engine nearly as accurately as our navigating officer with his sextant, chronometer and logarithms; and as for the bottom on a deep-sea lead, he was what you might call a specialist.

"The little Siren was an enchantress, sure enough. She didn't sing any, because we had to keep her very quiet. She must have hypnotized the Yankees, however, as they were never able to touch her. She was at first commanded by an Englishman, who dreaded the coast as the devil does holy water, and, when he fetched soundings, was always for running off again. On one occasion he made a bad land fall, and fearing he would get aground by following the beach, decided to run out to sea. The Boss, as we called McDougal, at once protested against such folly, which he said would surely lead to greater danger than if we continued towards Wilmington; besides which, the ship was short

of coal, and could not possibly keep steam for more than twelve or fifteen hours longer. The captain, who was a deep-water navigator, refused to listen to him, however, and persisted in changing the course of the ship; whereupon McDougal quietly said that he felt it his duty under the circumstances to take the ship into his own hands, and that if the captain persisted in thus wilfully risking the property of the owners and endangering the lives of all on board, he must take the consequences, as the Siren was bound to go into Wilmington that night, and no where else. The captain insisted that McDougal's proposal was contrary to all rules of navigation; but finding that his engineer was in earnest, and could easily command all the men on board, having their full confidence, he at last agreed, and, following the engineer's suggestions and having an excellent pilot, succeeded in making the harbor in safety.

"Captain J. Pembroke Jones, who was a passenger on board, at once sent ashore for his brother, in command at Fort Caswell, and there was quite a jollification in the cabin that night. Our captain had a good deal to say about his skill in bringing the ship into port, but he utterly failed to mention the part that his plucky engineer had taken, and McDougal was not a man to boast of his own exploits.

"But I started to tell you another story about the Siren and McDougal. We had successfully run the blockade and arrived at Nassau, where we immediately discharged and re-loaded. Between one and two o'clock p. m., the Siren got under way, and crossing the bar at Nassau headed up the northeast channel, bound for Wilmington. She was commanded on this occasion by Captain R——, a remark-

ably skillful navigator, but without any nerve in time of danger. It was his habit, whenever he got into a tight place, to leave the bridge and shut himself up in his cabin and trust to luck,—which meant McDougal; for the latter generally took charge of the ship at once, and, with the assistance of a good man who was chief officer, always managed to get the boat out of difficulty, when R——would again assume command.

“On this occasion the weather was fair, and the sea as smooth as a pond. While we were tracking along Egg Island reef, which is a long, narrow shoal with shallow water inside, a Federal gunboat shot out from under the eastern end of the reef and headed for us. This was clearly contrary to international law, being within the limit of British jurisdiction; but it is a well known fact that the Federal blockading and cruising fleets had positive orders, after the second year of the war, to seize all suspicious vessels, no matter where found; and, if a foreign government set up a reasonable claim, to pay it without demur, the United States Government having determined that it was better to pay for such vessels than to permit them to reach the Confederacy. We knew as well as they did that we were within the dominion of a British province. We also knew that this would not deter the Yankees from picking us up, if there were no British men-of-war in sight; and there was nothing for us to do, under the circumstances, but 'bout ship and run back for Nassau, which, in our position, appeared to be an impossibility. The little Siren was handicapped by a heavy cargo, and the gunboat gained on us rapidly. As soon as it became evident that we could not

fetch Nassau, our pursuer opened fire upon us, under which our discomfited captain left the bridge, and took shelter in the cabin; and the first assistant engineer, Barbot, at once sung out to me, 'Niemyer, where's the Boss?' 'In his room, asleep,' said I. 'Rout him out quickly, then, and tell him the Yankee is after us, is gaining rapidly, and has range of us, and the captain has left the deck.' I immediately ran to the chief's room and repeated Barbot's order, but before I could finish it the Boss was out on deck in his stocking feet; he took a quick look over the stern at the gunboat, another over the port side at the rocky and treacherous bottom which was clearly visible through the transparent water; then with half a dozen jumps, was on the bridge. I followed to see the outcome. He immediately hustled the Bahama pilot onto the paddle box with the order, 'Into the current immediately!' The pilot saw the danger of such a movement, which meant that the ship must run inside the reef and take the chances of getting out. He saw also that it was the only opportunity of escape, and he lost no time in following his instructions. The Boss then cried to Mr. Habnicht, our chief officer, who was a splendid seaman: 'Jump to the wheel, Mr. Habnicht. This is no child's play; we must make the most of it.' I then walked over to McDougal, and, touching him on the shoulder, pointed to a shell which was just bursting over us. He said, 'Don't bother about shells, but look to the water; if we strike one of those rocks, it will tear the whole bottom out of the ship.' I did look, and seeing the ugly rocks under the clear green water over which we were rushing at full speed, thought no more about the shells, but of the oth-

er dangers surrounding us. When the gunboat saw us go in among the rocks, she fired a parting shot, and, having put about the ship, went back to the channel. I went below on duty, and soon got orders from the bridge, 'Stand by your engines!' and, at intervals, 'Slow down!' 'Stop!' 'Two turns back!' Then came the splash and rattle of the chain, and we were at anchor.

"On returning to the deck I found that we were lying in the prettiest harbor I ever saw, which probably never before embraced a ship of half our size. Our chief officer immediately sent a man aloft with the best glass in the ship, with orders not to lose sight of the gunboat; then ordered supper, with 'Be quick about it.' McDougal said to his first assistant, 'Barbot, get your fires in good trim, with plenty of coarse coal on the fire room plates. We have got to race for it to-night.' Shortly afterwards the mate went aloft to relieve the man in the cross-trees, and saw that the cruiser was playing off and on at the end of the reef, waiting to pick us up in the morning, well knowing that he had us in a trap. The Boss soon saw that our only chance lay in getting out of shoal water before darkness. The sun was in the meantime getting low. Orders were given to weigh anchor, and the ship proceeded very slowly towards the outlet, in order not to excite our pursuer's suspicions; the ships having each other's bearings, and each watching to see if the other moved. As soon as we got outside of the shoal we kept still again until the sun went down. In two hours the moon began to show above the horizon, and, to our great joy, we had our pursuer clearly defined under the moon's rays, while we were in comparative darkness.

Now orders were given for full speed across the channel to Abaco, and you may be sure that Barbot got all out of the engines that was possible. We had been warned the day before by a passing schooner that two cruisers were waiting near Abaco; so that we had one behind and two before us to shake off, before we could reach the western ocean. We soon sighted 'Hole in the wall' light, and made straight for deep water. Three hours afterwards we hauled up the ship off Elbow Key, and day broke without a sail in sight. We then eased down the engines and dropped into the homeward track for Wilmington. OUR CAPTAIN IN THE MEANTIME HAD RESUMED CHARGE.

"For some time before the war ended the Federals had blockaded both ends of the route. The United States Corvette Junietta anchored off the bar at Nassau, and was kept well informed as to the movement of Confederate steamers in port. The outlying gunboats would run down the channel in the night within a few miles of Nassau, and send a boat to the Corvette for news and instructions for cutting off blockade runners ready to leave; so that it was almost as difficult to get in and out of Nassau as it was to pass the coast Line blockade.

"The Siren differed from the other blockade runners in this respect: she never waited for more favourable conditions, but took them as they came. On one occasion she ran into Charleston at night, and the next morning disclosed six blockade runners lying loaded and anchored in the Ashley river. We dropped to the wharf, discharged our inward cargo, loaded the outward cargo of cotton, and went straight to Nassau; came back, and found the same six ships an-

chored in the same places. We made a second voyage, and on our return found them still lying there; a third voyage and there they remained, waiting for an opportunity to go out. On our fourth return voyage three of the long waiting blockade runners had slipped out, and on our fifth two more had gone. On our sixth and last voyage the remaining one, called the General Whiting, had finally departed. Thus the Siren made six round voyages, clearing for her owners over \$1,000,000.00 in gold, while the General Whiting lay at anchor waiting for a chance to go out. The Siren's cargoes into the Confederacy were, of course, very valuable, and cannot be properly estimated. The outward cargo consisted of from 650 to 750 bales of cotton. This cotton cost the equivalent of six cents in coin, and sold in Nassau for 45 and 50 cents in coin; making a clean profit of \$200 a bale, which multiplied by four thousand bales in the six voyages showed a gain during that time to the owners of \$800,000 in gold."

DISTINGUISHED COMMANDERS OF BLOCKADE RUNNERS.

One of the most distinguished commanders of the blockade-running steamers was Captain Roberts (so-called), of the twin-screw steamer Don, a quick, handy little boat, admirably adapted to the trade. I had the pleasure of knowing him personally through frequent intercourse with his signal officer, a fine fellow, named Selden, from Virginia; and we were both much impressed with the superior bearing and intelligence of this remarkable man, who afterwards became famous in the war between Russia and Tur-

key as Hobart Pasha, Admiral-in-Chief of the Turkish navy.

"Captain Roberts" was the Honourable Augustus Charles Hobart Hampden (son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire), Post Captain in the Royal Navy, and for a time commander of Queen Victoria's yacht *Victoria and Albert*. He had seen service in the war against Emperor Nicholas in 1854, under the great British Admiral Sir Charles Napier, when he commanded *H. M. S. Driver*; and, after the general order, "Lads, sharpen your cutlasses!" boarded the Russian warships before Cronstadt, stormed the seven forts which guarded the entrance to that harbor, and sailed up the *Neva* even to St. Petersburg itself. In 1865, having made several runs into Wilmington during his absence from England on leave, he returned home; and, fretting under the dull routine of service ashore, accepted the command of the entire Turkish Navy at the outbreak of the war with his old antagonists, the Russians. He died in 1886 Admiral-in-Chief of the Turkish Navy, and was buried in the English cemetery at Scutari. The *Daily Telegraph*, of London, said of him: "Altogether, Augustus Charles Hobart was a remarkable man; bluff, bold, dashing and somewhat dogged. There was in his composition something of the mediaeval 'condottiere,' and a good deal more of that Dugald Dalgetty whom Scott drew. Gustavus Adolphus would have made much of Hobart; the great Czarina, Catherine II., would have appointed him Commander-in-Chief of her fleet, and covered him with honours, even as she did her Scotch Admiral Gleig, and that other yet more famous sea-dog, king of corsairs, Paul Jones. It would be unjust to sneer at Hobart as a mercenary. His was no more a hired

sword than were the blades of Schomberg and Berwick, of Maurice de Saxe and Eugene of Savoy. When there was fighting to be done, Hobart liked to be in it—that is all. Of the fearless, dashing, adventurous Englishmen, ready to go anywhere and do anything, Hobart was a brilliant, representative type.”

The following incident is from his blockade sketches:

“On my return to Wilmington I found that my vessel was ready for sea, so I took charge of her, and we went down the river. We had to undergo the same ordeal as before in the way of being smoked and searched. This time there were no runaways discovered; but there was one on board, for all that, who made his appearance, almost squashed to death, after we had been twenty-four hours at sea. We then anchored under Fort Fisher, where we waited until it was dark; after which, when the tide was high enough on the bar, we made a move, and were soon rushing out to sea at full speed. There was a considerable swell running, which we always considered a point in our favour.

“By the way, writing ‘swells’ puts me in mind of a certain ‘swell’ I had on board as passenger on this occasion, who, while in Wilmington, had been talking very big about ‘hunting,’ which, probably, he supposed I knew nothing about. He used to give us long narratives of his own exploits in the hunting field, and expatiated on the excitement of flying over ditches and hedges, while, apparently, he looked upon blockade running and its petty risks with sublime contempt. Soon after we crossed the bar on our way out, a gentle breeze and swell began to lift the vessel

up and down, and this motion he described as 'very like hunting.' Just after he had ventured this remark, a Yankee gun-boat favoured us with a broadside, and made a dash to cut us off. This part of the fun, however, my friend did not seem to think at all 'like hunting;' and after having strongly urged me to return to the anchorage under the protecting guns of the fort, he disappeared below, and never talked—to me, at least—about hunting again.

"But to return to my story:—there was, as I said before, a considerable swell running outside; which was fortunate for us, as we almost ran into a gun-boat lying watching unusually close to the bar. It would have been useless to turn round and endeavor to escape by going back; since, if we had done so, we should inevitably have been driven on to the beach, and either captured or destroyed. In such a predicament there was nothing for it but to make a dash past and take the gun-boat's fire and its consequences. I knew we had the legs of her, and, therefore, felt more at ease in thus running the gauntlet than I otherwise should have done; so on we went at full speed. She fired her broadside at about fifty yards' distance, but the shot all passed over us, except one, that went through our funnel. The marines on board of her kept up a heavy fire of musketry as long as we were visible, but only slightly wounded one of our men. Rockets were then thrown up as signals to her consorts, two of which came down on us; but, luckily, made a bad guess at our position, and closed with us on our quarter, instead of our bow. They also opened fire, but did us no injury. At the moment there was no vessel in sight ahead; and, as we were going at a splendid pace, we soon

reduced our dangerous companions to three or four shadowy forms, struggling astern without a hope of catching us. The signaling and firing had, however, brought several other blockaders down to dispute our passage, and we found ourselves at one moment with a cruiser on each side within pistol shot of us; our position being that of the meat in a sandwich. So near were the cruisers, that they seemed afraid to fire, from the danger of hitting each other; and, thanks to our superior speed, we shot ahead and left them without their having fired a shot.

“Considering the heavy swell running, there was the merest chance of their hitting us; in fact, to take a blockade runner in the night, when there was a heavy swell or wind, if she did not choose to give in, was next to impossible. To run her down required the cruiser to have much superior speed, and was a dangerous game to play; for vessels have been known to go down themselves while attempting this feat.

“Then, again, it must be borne in mind that the blockade-runner had always full speed at command, her steam being at all times well up and every one on board on the lookout; whereas the man-of-war must be steaming with some degree of economy and ease, and her lookout men had not the excitement to keep them always on the qui vive that we had.

“I consider that the only chances the blockading squadron had of capturing a blockade-runner were the following, viz: in a fair chase in daylight, when superior speed would tell; or by chasing her on shore or driving her in so near the beach that her crew were driven to set fire to her and

make their escape—in which case a prize might be made, though perhaps of no great value; or by frightening a vessel with guns and rockets during the night into giving up. Some of the blockade-runners showed great pluck, and stood a lot of pitching into. About sixty-six vessels left England and New York to run the blockade during the four years' war, of which more than forty were destroyed by their own crews or captured; but most of them, before they came to grief, made several runs, and in so doing paid well for their owners.

"I once left Bermuda in a blockade-runner shortly before the end of the war, in company with four others, and ours was the only fortunate vessel of the lot. Of the other four, three were run ashore and destroyed by their own crews, and one was fairly run down at sea and captured.

"I saw an extraordinarily plucky thing done on one occasion, which I cannot refrain from narrating. We had made a successful run through the blockade, and were lying under Fort Fisher, when as daylight broke we heard heavy firing, and as it got lighter we saw a blockade-runner surrounded by the cruisers. Her case seemed hopeless; but on she came for the entrance, hunted like a rabbit by no end of vessels. The guns of the fort were at once manned, ready to protect her as soon as her pursuers should come within range. Every effort was made to cut her off from the entrance of the river, and how it was she was not sunk I cannot tell. As she came on we could see N—, her commander, a well known successful blockade-runner, standing on her paddle-box with his hat off, as if paying proper respect to the men-of-war. And now the fort opened fire at

the chasing cruisers, from whom the blockade-runner was crawling, being by this time well in shore. One vessel was evidently struck, as she dropped out of range very suddenly. On came the Old J——, one of the fastest boats in the trade, and anchored all right; two or three shots in her hull, but no hurt. Didn't we cheer her! The reason of her being in the position in which we saw her at daylight was, that she had run the time rather short, and daylight broke before she could get into the river; so that, instead of being there, she was in the very center of the blockade fleet. Many men would have given in, but old N——was made of different stuff.

"It is not my intention to inflict on my readers any more anecdotes of my own doings in the Don; suffice it to say that I had the good luck to make six round trips in her, in and out of Wilmington, and that I gave her over to the chief officer and went home to England. On arriving at Southhampton, the first thing I saw in the Times was a paragraph headed, 'The Capture of the Don.' Poor little craft! I learned afterwards how she was taken, and I know she died game.

"The officer to whom I gave over charge was as fine a specimen of a seaman as well can be imagined,—plucky, cool, and determined; and, by the way, he was a bit of a medico, as well as a sailor; for, by his beneficial treatment of his patients, we had very few complaints of sickness on board. As our small dispensary was close to my cabin, I used to hear the conversations that took place between C——and his patients. I will repeat one.

C.—‘Well, my man, what’s the matter with you?’

Patient.—‘Please, sir, I’ve got pains all over me.’

C.—‘Oh, all over you, are they? That’s bad!’

Then, during the pause, it was evident something was being mixed up, and I could hear C—say: ‘Here, take this, and come again in the evening.’ (Exit patient). Then C—said to himself: ‘I don’t think he’ll come again; he has got two drops of the croton. Skulking rascal, pains all over him, eh!’ I never heard the voice of that patient again; in fact, after a short time we had no cases of sickness on board. C—explained to me that the only medicine he served out, as he called it, was croton oil; and that none of the crew came twice for treatment.

“Never having run through the blockade as the commander of a vessel (though he was with me all the time and had as much to do with our luck as I had), he was naturally very anxious to get safely through. There can be no doubt that the vessel had lost much of her speed, for she had been very hardly pushed on several occasions. This told sadly against her, as the result will show. On the third afternoon after leaving Nassau, she was in a good position for attempting the run when night came on. She was moving stealthily about, waiting for the evening, when suddenly, on the clearing up of the weather, which had been hitherto thick and hazy, she saw a cruiser unpleasantly near to her, which bore down under steam and sail; and it soon became probable that the poor little Don’s twin screws would not save her this time, well and often as they had done so before.

“The cruiser, a large full-rigged corvette, was coming up

hand over hand, carrying a strong breeze, and the days of the Don seemed numbered, when C—tried a ruse worthy of any of the heroes of naval history.

“The wind, as I said, was very fresh, with a good deal of sea running. On came the cruiser, till the Don was almost under her bows, and shortened sail in fine style. The moment the men were in the rigging, going aloft to furl sails, C—put his plan into execution. He turned his craft’s head to the wind, and steamed deliberately past the corvette at not fifty yards’ distance. The latter, with great way on, went nearly a quarter of a mile before she could turn.

“I have it from good authority, that the order was not given to the marines on the man-of-war’s poop to fire at the plucky little craft who had so fairly out-manœuvred the cruiser, for out-manœuvred she was, to all intents and purposes. The two or three guns that had been cast loose during the chase had been partly secured, and left so while the men had gone aloft to furl sails, so that not a shot was fired as the Don went past. Shortly after she had done so, however, the cruiser opened fire with her bow guns, but with the sea that was running this could do no harm, the guns being without any top weights. The Don easily dropped the corvette with her heavy spars astern, and was soon far ahead; so much so that when night came on the cruiser was shut out of sight in the darkness.”

IN QUARANTINE.

In the steamer Lilian, already referred to, we had on one occasion safely eluded the blockading fleet at Cape Fear

bar, and, after several narrow escapes from the squadron in the Gulf Stream, reached St. George's, Bermuda, on the morning of the fourth day, and at once discharged our cargo, hoping to get away in time for another run while we had a few hours of darkness.

We had hardly received the half of our inward cargo of gunpowder and commissary supplies, when we were visited by the harbor physician, who alleged that we had a case of smallpox on board, and peremptorily ordered us to the quarantine ground, where he informed us that we must remain for twenty-one days. The place was about two miles out of port, among some uninhabited rocks, which made the usual dreariness of a quarantine station more distressing. In vain our captain protested that he was mistaken, that the case to which he referred was a slight attack of malarial fever, combined with other symptoms which were not at all dangerous (which subsequently proved to be true). The doctor was unrelenting. If we did not proceed at once, he said, he would report us to the Governor at Hamilton, who would send H. M. S. Spitfire, then on the station, to tow us out; and after we had served out quarantine, we would be arrested for resisting authority. Finding remonstrance of no avail, our captain agreed to get away as soon as possible; but before we could make preparation a tug was sent alongside which towed us out, *nolens volens*, and left us at anchor among the sea gulls, with only ten days' provisions for a three weeks' quarantine.

Being ex-officio the ship's doctor, I began at once to physic the unfortunate sailor who had unwittingly brought us into this trouble; and, although my knowledge of the

pharmacopoeia did not go beyond cathartic pills and quinine, I soon had him on his feet, to join all hands for inspection by the quarantine officer, who came off to windward of us every day, and at a respectable distance bawled out his category of questions which were required by law.

We were daily warned that if any of our officers or crew were found on shore or on board any vessels in the harbor, the full extent of the law would be meted out to them, and we were given to understand that twenty-one days' quarantine was a mere bagatelle compared with the punishment which would follow any attempt to evade these restrictions. Notwithstanding this, we came to a unanimous decision at the end of three days, that we would prefer the risk of capture at sea to such a life in comparative security; and it was accordingly resolved by the captain that, if any of us were plucky enough to take his gig and a boat's crew to St. George's and secure from a shipwright on shore some castings required by the chief engineer, we would proceed towards Wilmington without further preparation, and without the formality required by law.

Being comparatively indifferent as to the result, albeit somewhat confident of success, I at once volunteered. Our captain consented to my proposal, and, amid a good deal of chaffing from several Confederate officers who were with us as passengers, I started with our second engineer and five trustworthy men for shore.

We were careful to start shortly after the visit of the health physician, so that our absence would not be noticed when all hands were turned out; and, as we approached the harbor, I was gratified to observe that we were entirely un-

noticed. We landed about half a mile below town, and, leaving the men with the boat, which I ordered them to keep concealed, I proceeded with the engineer to dispatch our business, which delayed us several hours.

At last we were ready to return, and, finding our men unmolested, we proceeded down the harbor towards the ship Storm King, which had recently left the China trade to carry C. S. Government cotton from the Bermuda rendezvous to Liverpool. Passing under her quarter, we were excitedly hailed by her captain, to whom I was well known personally, with the intelligence that a quarantine boat had just left our ship, and that we were probably discovered, as its course had been suddenly changed for us while we were pulling down the bay.

Thinking to elude the pursuer, if such it proved to be, I steered for the rocks along shore, the men giving way at the oars with a will; but we soon saw that we were closely watched and that the fears of our friends were fully realized, for the well known yellow flag was borne by a boat now clearly in pursuit of us. Finding escape cut off, we at once returned to the Storm King and entreated the captain to secrete us on board, and, if the health officer boarded him, to profess ignorance of us altogether. This the good fellow agreed to do; and, my men having been set to work as if they were part of the crew, I was, with the engineer, at once secreted and locked in one of the many state rooms then vacant.

We had hardly settled ourselves in the berths, determined that if the worst came we would cover our heads and draw the curtains, when we heard the measured sound of oars

approaching the gangway near the room in which we were hiding, and a moment later the hail, "Storm King, ahoy!" "Aye, aye, sir, what do you want?"

"You have on board a boat's crew from the steamer *Lilian*, in quarantine, who have left contrary to law; I demand their surrender."

"But I protest Doctor, there are no such people on my ship."

"What a consummate liar old McDonald is!" groaned the engineer, sweltering under two pairs of blankets.

"Aha!" exclaimed the health officer at this moment, "we have here the captain's gig alongside, and here is the name *Lilian* on the stern. How is this?"

"Oh!" replied the imperturbable McDonald, "we picked her up adrift this morning—I am glad to know the owner."

"A very unlikely story, Captain, and we shall have to search," quoth the doctor; and then we heard several persons ascending the ladder; followed by further expostulations on the part of our friend the captain, evidently of no avail, for the party immediately entered the saloon and proceeded with their search. Door after door was opened and shut, and, as they gradually approached our hiding place, I looked up at Sandy McKinnon, the Scotch engineer, who presented a most ludicrous and woeful sight, the perspiration streaming down his fat cheeks.

With anxious hearts we waited for the worst, and at last it came. A heavy hand wrenched our door knob, and an impatient voice demanded that the door be unlocked. The steward protested that the room was vacant and that the key was lost, which only seemed to increase the officer's

determination to enter. High words ensued; the captain, with a heartiness which excited our admiration, but increased our fears, poured a volley of abuse upon the unlucky doctor, who was apparently discharging his duty, and at times I fancied that they almost came to blows. This was at last quelled by a peremptory demand that the ship's carpenter be sent for to force the door. The steward at this juncture produced the key, which he averred had just been found in another lock; and, while he fumbled at our door, I thought I heard the sound of suppressed laughter on the outside, but dismissed the idea as absurd.

A moment after the door opened, and, before our astonished vision, were ranged our good friends and shipmates, Major Hone, of Savannah, Captain Leo Vogel, of St. Augustine, Sergeant Gregory, of Crowels, and Eugene Maffitt, who, with Captain McDonald and several of his friends, were fairly shrieking with laughter at our sorry plight. We had been completely sold. The whole scheme was planned on board our own ship immediately after our departure; and Captain McDonald was privy to the arrangement, which he so successfully carried out.

The voices which, in our fright, we supposed came from Her Majesty's officers were feigned by our own people, who made the most of the joke at our expense. The trick was too good to keep; and, when the good doctor came next day to discharge us from quarantine, all traces of sickness having disappeared, no one enjoyed the fun more than he, although he said it might have resulted seriously enough. Having received the remainder of our cargo, we proceeded to sea; and, when about five miles from land, we sighted a

rakish war steamer, which proved to be the Confederate Corvette Florida, to which we delivered important dispatches by an order from Major Norman Walker, the Confederate Agent in Bermuda.

CAPTAIN WILKINSON.

One of the most intelligent and successful commanders in the blockade-running fleet was Captain John Wilkinson, who entered the U. S. Navy as a midshipman in 1837, and, after an honourable and distinguished career, tendered his services to the Confederacy upon the secession of his native State, Virginia.

Having received a commission in the C. S. Navy, he served in various responsible positions, until ordered upon special service in command of the C. S. Steamer R. E. Lee.

In his interesting book entitled "Narrative of a Blockade Runner," with reference to the citizens of Virginia who resigned their commissions in the old service, he says:

"They were compelled to choose whether they would aid in subjugating their State, or in defending it against invasion; for it was already evident that coercion would be used by the general government, and that war was inevitable. In reply to the accusation of perjury in breaking their oath of allegiance, since brought against the officers of the army and navy who resigned their commissions to render aid to the South, it need only be stated that, in their belief, the resignation of their commissions absolved them from any special obligation. They then occupied the same position towards the government as other classes of citizens. But this charge was never brought against them until the

war was ended. The resignation of their commissions was accepted when their purpose was well known. As to the charge of ingratitude, they reply, their respective States had contributed their full share towards the expenses of the general government, acting as their disbursing agent ; and, when these States withdrew from the Union, their citizens belonging to the two branches of the public service did not, and do not, consider themselves amenable to this charge for abandoning their official positions to cast their lot with their kindred and friends. But, yielding as they did to necessity, it was nevertheless a painful act to separate themselves from companions with whom they had been long and intimately associated, and from the flag under which they had been proud to serve."

With reference to his experience in blockade running at Wilmington, Captain Wilkinson continues :

"The natural advantages of Wilmington for blockade running were very great, owing chiefly to the fact that there are two separate and distinct approaches to Cape Fear River ; i. e., either by 'New Inlet' to the north of Smith's Island, or by the 'western bar' to the south of it. This island is ten or eleven miles in length ; but the Frying Pan Shoals extend ten or twelve miles further south, making the distance by sea between the two bars thirty miles or more, although the direct distance between them is only six or seven miles. From Smithville, a little village about equidistant from the two bars, both blockading fleets could be distinctly seen ; and the outward bound blockade runners could take their choice through which inlet to run the gauntlet. The inward bound blockade run-

ners, too, were guided by circumstances of wind and weather; selecting that bar over which they would cross after they had passed the Gulf Stream, and shaping their course accordingly. The approaches to both bars were clear of danger, with the single exception of the 'Lump' before mentioned; and so regular are the soundings that the shore can be coasted for miles within a stone's throw of the breakers.

"These facts explain why the United States fleets were unable wholly to stop blockade running. It was, indeed, impossible to do so: the result to the very close of the war proves this assertion; for, in spite of the vigilance of the fleet, many blockade runners were afloat when Fort Fisher was captured. In fact, the passage through the fleet was little dreaded; for, although the blockade runner might receive a shot or two, she was rarely disabled; and, in proportion to the increase of the fleet, the greater we knew would be the danger of its vessels' firing into each other. As the boys before the deluge used to say, they would be very apt to 'miss the cow and kill the calf.' The chief danger was upon the open sea, many of the light cruisers having great speed. As soon as one of them discovered a blockade runner during daylight, she would attract other cruisers in the vicinity by sending up a dense column of smoke, visible for many miles in clear weather. A cordon of fast steamers stationed ten or fifteen miles apart, inside the Gulf Stream, and in the course from Nassau and Bermuda to Wilmington and Charleston, would have been more effective in stopping blockade running than the whole United States Navy concentrated off these ports. It was unaccountable to us why

such a plan did not occur to good Mr. Welles, but it was not our business to suggest. I have no doubt, however, that the fraternity to which I then belonged would have unanimously voted thanks and a service of plate to the Honourable Secretary of the United States Navy for this oversight.

“I say, inside the Gulf Stream ; because every experienced captain of a blockade runner made it a point to cross ‘the stream’ early enough in the afternoon, if possible, to establish the ship’s position by chronometer, so as to escape the influence of that current upon his dead reckoning. The lead always gave indication of our distance from the land, but not, of course, of our position ; and the numerous salt works along the coast, where evaporation was produced by fire, and which were at work night and day, were visible long before the low coast could be seen. Occasionally, the whole inward voyage would be made under adverse conditions. Cloudy, thick weather and heavy gales would prevail so as to prevent any solar or lunar observations, and reduce the dead reckoning to mere guess-work. In these cases, the nautical knowledge and judgment of the captain would be taxed to the utmost. The current of the Gulf Stream varies in velocity and, within certain limits, in direction ; and the stream itself, almost as well defined as a river within its banks under ordinary circumstances, is impelled by a strong gale towards the direction in which the wind is blowing, overflowing its banks, as it were. The counter current, too, inside of the Gulf Stream is much influenced by the prevailing winds.

“Upon one occasion, while in command of the R. E. Lee, formerly the Clyde-built iron steamer Giraffe, we had experienced very heavy and thick weather, and had crossed the Stream and struck soundings about midday. The weather then clearing, so that we could obtain an altitude near meridian, we found ourselves at least forty miles north of our supposed position, and near the shoals which extend in a southerly direction off Cape Lookout. It would be more perilous to run out to sea than to continue on our course, for we had passed through the off-shore line of blockaders, and the sky had become perfectly clear. I determined to personate a transport bound to Beaufort, a port which was in possession of the United States forces and the coaling station of the fleet blockading Wilmington. The risk of detection was not very great, for many of the captured blockade runners were used as transports and dispatch-vessels. Shaping our course for Beaufort, and slowing down, as if we were in no haste to get there, we passed several vessels, showing United States colors to them all. Just as we were crossing the ripple of shallow water off the ‘tail’ of the shoals, we dipped our colors to a sloop-of-war which passed three or four miles to the south of us. The courtesy was promptly responded to; but I have no doubt her captain thought me a lubberly and careless seaman to shave the shoals so closely. We stopped the engines when no vessels were in sight; and I was relieved from a heavy burden of anxiety as the sun sank below the horizon, and the course was shaped at full speed for Masonboro Inlet.

“The staid old town of Wilmington was turned ‘topsy-turvy’ during the war. Here resorted the speculators from all parts of the South, to attend the weekly auctions of imported cargoes; and the town was infested with rogues and desperadoes, who made a livelihood by robbery and murder. It was unsafe to venture into the suburbs at night, and even in daylight there were frequent conflicts in the public streets, between the crews of the steamers in port and the soldiers stationed in the town, in which knives and pistols would be freely used; and not unfrequently a dead body with marks of violence upon it would rise to the surface of the water in one of the docks. The civil authorities were powerless to prevent crime. ‘Inter arma silent leges!’ The agents and employes of different blockade running companies lived in magnificent style, paying a king’s ransom (in Confederate money) for their household expenses, and nearly monopolizing the supplies in the country market. Towards the end of the war, indeed, fresh provisions were almost beyond the reach of everyone. Our family servant, newly arrived from the country in Virginia, would sometimes return from market with an empty basket, having flatly refused to pay what he called ‘such nonsense prices’ for a bit of fresh beef or a handful of vegetables. A quarter of lamb, at the time of which I now write, sold for \$100; a pound of tea for \$500. Confederate money which in September, 1861, was nearly equal to specie in value, had declined in September, 1862, to 225; in the same month in 1863 to 400; and before September, 1864, to 2,000!

“Many of the permanent residents of the town had gone into the country, letting their houses at enormous prices; those who were compelled to remain kept themselves much secluded, the ladies rarely being seen upon the more public streets. Many of the fast young officers belonging to the army would get an occasional leave to come to Wilmington; and would live at free quarters on board the blockade runners, or at one of the numerous bachelor halls ashore.

“The convalescent soldiers from the Virginia hospitals were sent by the route through Wilmington to their homes in the South. The ladies of the town were organized by Mrs. deR. into a society for the purpose of ministering to the wants of these poor sufferers; the trains which carried them stopping an hour or two at the station, that their wounds might be dressed and food and medicine supplied to them. These self-sacrificing, heroic women patiently and faithfully performed the offices of hospital nurses.

“Liberal contributions were made by companies and individuals to this society; and the long tables at the station were spread with delicacies for the sick, to be found nowhere else in the Confederacy. The remains of the meals were carried by the ladies to a camp of mere boys—home guards—outside of the town. Some of these children were scarcely able to carry a musket, and were altogether unable to endure the exposure and fatigue of field service; and they suffered fearfully from measles and typhoid fever. General Grant used a strong figure of speech when he asserted that ‘the cradle and the grave were robbed, to recruit the Confederate armies.’ The fact of a fearful drain

upon the population was not exaggerated. Both shared the hardships and dangers of war, with equal self devotion to the cause. It is true that a class of heartless speculators infested the country, who profited by the scarcity of all sorts of supplies; but this fact makes the self sacrifice of the mass of the Southern people more conspicuous; and no State made more liberal voluntary contributions to the armies, or furnished better soldiers, than North Carolina.

“On the opposite side of the river from Wilmington, on a low, marshy flat, were erected the steam cotton presses and there the blockade runners took in their cargoes. Sentries were posted on the wharves day and night, to prevent deserters from getting on board and stowing themselves away; and the additional precaution of fumigating the outward bound steamers at Smithville was adopted; but, in spite of this vigilance, many persons succeeded in getting a free passage abroad. These deserters, or ‘stowaways’ were in most instances sheltered by one or more of the crew; in which event they kept their places of concealment until the steamer had arrived at her port of destination, when they would profit by the first opportunity to leave the vessel undiscovered. A small bribe would tempt the average blockade-running sailor to connive at this means of escape. The ‘impecunious’ deserter fared more hardly, and would usually be forced by hunger and thirst to emerge from his hiding place while the steamer was on the outward voyage. A cruel device, employed by one of the captains, effectually put a stop, I believe,—certainly a check,—to this class of ‘stowaways.’ He turned three or

four of them adrift in the Gulf Stream, in an open boat, with a pair of oars, and a few days' allowance of bread and water."

STEAMER ADVANCE.

In the latter part of the year 1863, I embarked at Wilmington on the North Carolina Steamer Advance, bound for St. George's, Bermuda, to join at that port another blockade runner to which I had been assigned to duty. The Advance was commanded by Captain Crossan, of the old navy, with Captain Wylie, a hearty, whole-souled Scotchman, as sailing master. The purser was Mr. Joseph H. Flanner, a well-known Wilmington merchant and agent of the State; Captain George Morrison was chief engineer; J. B. Smith, a lad of nineteen, three years older than myself, was signal officer; and George Snow, of Raleigh, was a fellow passenger, with a short furlough for a frolic through the blockade. We three lads were assigned quarters in the main sleeping-cabin below deck, which had been used for general passengers in the old country while the ship, as the Lord Clyde, sailed on her former peaceful voyages.

It was my first separation from home; and, as we prepared to turn in for the night by the light of a carefully screened lamp, I was deeply impressed by the moral courage of young Smith, who, in the presence of several on-lookers evidently caring nothing for these things, quietly got out his little Testament, read the evening lesson, and then upon his bended knees commended his soul and body to Him who has the confidence of those afar off

upon the sea. That simple act of worship, under circumstances peculiarly trying to a young man, not only strengthened me for my duty then, but made an impression for good which has never been effaced.

This article, written by Mr. Smith, is copied from the "Guilford Collegian" of November, 1896 :

"One beautiful afternoon in the summer of 1863 the steamship *Advance*, the famous blockade runner belonging to the State of North Carolina, with cargo of cloth, blankets, shoes, and other supplies for the North Carolina State troops in the Confederate Army, steamed out of the port of St. George's, Bermuda. Her graceful bow headed for the port of Wilmington, N. C., which was at that time closely guarded by a blockading squadron, composed of the fleetest gunboats in the Federal Navy, to prevent the very purpose we had in view—that of taking in supplies for the Confederate army. I was serving as signal officer on the ship, being a lad of nineteen years of age.

"We had a smooth run of two days and three nights, always keeping a sharp lookout for Federal cruisers, which were kept in these waters to intercept any vessel suspected of contraband traffic. Not being permitted to carry an armament of any kind, our safety depended upon our vigilance and the speed of our ship. To be on the safe side, we would avoid any vessel carrying steam, the smoke being visible before its rigging loomed in sight.

"On the afternoon of the second day out, as usual, all hands were called up and told off by the first officer to their respective boats. It was the purpose of our captain, Thomas Crossan, if about to be captured to scuttle the ship,

and by means of the ship's boats to endeavor to make our way ashore.

"What a motley sight our crew presented! With the exception of our sailing master, our officers were Southerners, but the crew was composed of men of every nationality, adventurers attracted to this most dangerous service by the tempting offer of enormous bounties and wages paid in gold or silver.

"On account of my youthfulness I was much petted by the officers, especially by the sailing master, who was a bluff, typical Scotchman. Heaven bless him! Though by no means of exemplary habits himself, he watched over and guarded me against the temptations to which I was exposed as carefully as a father could have done. He always assigned me to his boat; but Kit Morse, our Wilmington pilot, counted the most skillful pilot and surfman on our coast, would always whisper to me: 'Never mind, Smith, if ever we do have to take to the small boats, you just step in my boat, take a seat by Kit Morse, and if any boat can live through the surf, I will land you safe on North Carolina grit.' This always placed me in a quandary, in which obedience to orders and personal safety struggled for the mastery.

"It was the intention of our captain to make the coast of North Carolina at some point about twenty-five miles above Fort Fisher, at New Inlet to the Cape Fear River, then to steam down the coast and run in about 3 a. m., which would be flood tide on the bar (our ship being so deeply laden we could not get over the bar except at high water). Owing to our having run off our course to dodge steamers,

we made Hatteras lighthouse about 1 a. m., and although we steamed down the coast under full head of steam, daylight found us some twenty-five miles above Fort Fisher, and brought to view the Federal blockading fleet of five vessels, stretching in a line abreast of Masonboro Sound, and standing off about three miles at sea. The closest scrutiny with the aid of our glasses failed to show any sign of life on their decks. But we knew they always kept up full head of steam. The captain called Mr. Morse, the pilot, Mr. Morrison, the chief engineer, and myself to him, and said: 'We have either to run off the coast with chance of a long chase from those fellows out there,' pointing to the Federal vessels, 'and try to get in to-night, or, under cover of the fog and smoke from the surf and salt works hanging over the coast line, try to slip by them.' Then, after a minute's pause, said, with a sparkle in his calm blue eyes, and with compressed lips, 'I am going to take the risk of running by them. Mr. Morrison, be ready to give her all steam possible. Smith, stand by to signal Colonel Lamb to man his guns to protect us. Pilot, take charge of the ship; put her in, if possible; if not, beach her.'

"An extra hand was sent to the wheel, and as I, with my signal flag in hand, took my stand on the starboard side of the quarter deck, to the right of the pilot, he said, Smith, old boy, we are in for it.' We steamed on at a moderate speed, hugging the shore line as close as possible to keep under cover of mingled fog and smoke, which stretched like a veil along the coast.

"Scanning intently the line of blockaders, I began to flatter myself we were unobserved until we were off Mason-

boro, and abreast of the line of blockaders, when up went a signal from the flagship of the squadron, and in a moment each vessel, having slipped her cable, was in motion under full steam. One steamed in shore to our rear, three came bearing obliquely on our port beam, and one, the Connecticut, the fleetest of the squadron, steamed to head us off, and we saw that we were in a trap that had been set for us. 'Full speed ahead!' the pilot signalled the engineer, and the bonny ship bounded forward like a racer. 'Up with the colors!' spoke the captain, and the Southern Cross fluttered in the morning breeze from our flagstaff astern.

"Intense excitement prevailed among the sailors and firemen off duty as they gathered on the forward deck, on which, from our position, we had full view. Among them our chief cook, 'Frenchie' who was wont to boast a cap carried off his head by a Russian bullet at Sebastapol.

" 'Smith, said the Pilot, 'twenty miles to Fort Fisher.' A puff of smoke, and a cannon ball from the Connecticut skipped the crest of the waves to the forward but short of our ship. I recognized it as a gentle hint to round to and surrender. The motley crowd on deck, supposing it to be the extent of the Connecticut's ability to coerce, gave vent to their feelings in a suppressed cheer. Alas, for the hopes! the last spark of which was soon quenched. The Connecticut, our course not being changed, sent the next shot whistling between our smoke stacks, across the three-mile strip of land into the Cape Fear river, as I afterwards learned. 'Oh, good God!' said Frenchie, as he darted for shelter towards the forecastle, but was intercepted by a shot across our bows.

"The firing from the fleet had now become general, and amid the whistle of shot and bursting of shell all about us the pilot said with a smile: 'Smith, look at Frenchie dodging about like a partridge in a coop.' Just then the signal station highest up the beach hove in sight, and my time for action had arrived, which required me to become oblivious to the terrors menacing destruction and death; and, by waves of my signal flag spell out, letter by letter, this message to Colonel Lamb, commandant at Fort Fisher: 'Colonel Lamb: Have guns manned to protect us. Signed Crossan, Captain Ad-Vance.'

"No one can imagine how glad I was at the close of my message to catch the shore operator's reply of 'O. K.' My official responsibility being now ended, the peril that environed us burst upon me with full force. Fifteen miles to Fort Fisher! For fifteen miles to be subjected to such an ordeal, or to that of being dashed to pieces in that fearful surf which mingled its ominous warning with the reverberating roar of the pitiless cannon. I tried to read my destiny in the imperturbable countenance of my companion, a wave of whose hand could consign me to a Northern prison, or perchance to a watery grave. As well seek to penetrate the secrets of the Sphinx as the thoughts of Kit Morse. Yet I knew he loved me, thought of my safety even with this great responsibility resting upon him; for once, as the fragments of shell were falling all about us, he pushed me under the lee of the sailing master's cabin, saying, 'Smith, that may keep a piece from striking you.' How slow we seemed to be running! People ashore likened our speed to that of a bird seeking safety by flight. Minutes to us seemed

hours, yet slowly, so slowly as scarcely to be perceptible, we were gradually forging ahead of all except the Connecticut, which was running in a straight line for the inlet, to cut us off, while we had to follow the curves of the shore. On sped the chase! In the press for speed the Connecticut fired only from her starboard guns.

"We had now reached the last curve of the shore which projected out seaward and would have to be turned before we could enter the inlet. This the pilot traced with his finger and said calmly: 'Smith, that will bring us in a hundred yards of the Connecticut. I wonder why Lamb doesn't fire.'

"Bang! went a gun from the shore battery, and a Whitworth shell bored through the hull of the rear vessel, being in point blank range. Suddenly the vessel to the rear gave up the chase and steamed seaward. Not so with that dreaded Connecticut which seemed right across our bows, with our ship as a shield to protect her from the guns of the fort.

"How fast we were approaching her! Every motion of her gun crew became plainly visible, even that of the gunner, as he pulled the lanyard and sent that fearful missile of destruction aimed at our water line, but buried in a wave twenty feet short.

"'That got us,' said the brave pilot to me. Then, with a quick wave of his hand and a cheery voice of command, 'Over, hard over!' The wheel rolled under the willing hands of the brave steersman; and, with the speed of a chased stag, and the grace of a swan, the bonnie craft

rounded the point, and entered the inlet. The guns of Fort Fisher belched flames of fire, and we were safe."

IMPROVED SHIPS AND NOTABLE CAPTAINS.

The last year of the war evolved a superior type of blockade runners of great speed, many of which were commanded by celebrated men of nerve and experience. Of these may be mentioned at random and from memory : the Lilian, Captain Maffitt ; the Little Hattie, Captain Lebby ; the Florie, named for Captain Maffitt's daughter ; the Agnes E. Fry, commanded by that noble but unfortunate naval officer, Captain Joseph Fry ; the Chicora, still running in Canadian waters ; the Let Her Rip, the Let Her Be ; also the fleet of three-funnel boats, one of which, the Condor, was commanded by the famous Admiral Hewitt, of the British navy, who won the Victoria Cross in the Crimea, and who was knighted by Queen Victoria for his distinguished services as Ambassador to King John of Abyssinia. When this steamer was stranded off Fort Fisher, the celebrated Confederate spy, Mrs. Rose Greenhow, who was a passenger, entreated Captain Hewitt to send her ashore through the breakers, fearing that she would suffer death if captured by the Federals. Captain Hewitt refused, saying he would protect her ; she insisted ; at last he consented, and she was drowned in the attempt. Her body was picked up on the beach the next day by Mr. Thomas Taylor. The Falcon was commanded for one voyage by Hobart Pasha ; the Flamingo, the Ptarmigan, and the Vulture were also of three-funnel type.

Another notable British officer who ran the blockade was the gallant Burgoyne, who was lost in the iron-clad Captain in the Bay of Biscay, which vessel he commanded on that unfortunate voyage.

Captain Carter was a notable naval officer of the Confederacy, and he commanded the blockade runner Coquette.

Captain Thomas Lockwood, a North Carolinian, was, perhaps, the most noted of the commercial class. His last command was the celebrated steamer Colonel Lamb, named for the defender of Fort Fisher. This was the largest, the finest, and the fastest of all the ships on either side during the war. She was a paddle steamer built of steel, 281 feet long, 36 feet beam, and 15 feet depth of hold. Her tonnage was 1,788 tons. At the time she was built, 1864, she was the fastest vessel afloat, having attained on her trial a speed of $16\frac{3}{4}$ knots, or about nineteen miles, an hour. Captain Lockwood made several successful runs in this fine ship, and escaped to England at the close of the war. The Colonel Lamb was sold to the Greek Government; and subsequently, under another name, was blown up while in the Mersey loaded with war supplies. Other fast boats were the Owl, Bat, Fox, Dream, Stag, Edith, Atalanta, Virginia, Charlotte, Banshee, and Night Hawk.

Another merchant commander of distinction was Captain Halpin, who was very skillful and successful, and who afterwards commanded the famous leviathan, Great Eastern, while she was engaged in laying the Atlantic cable.

CAPTAIN MAFFITT.

Among the devoted band of United States Navy officers whose home and kindred were in the South at the outbreak of the war, and who resigned their commissions rather than aid in subjugating their native State, there was none braver or truer than our own Captain John N. Maffitt, who, yielding to necessity, severed the strong ties of a service under the old flag, in which he had long distinguished himself; and not only relinquished a conspicuous position directly in the line of speedy promotion to the rank of Admiral, but sacrificed at the same time his entire fortune, which was invested in the North, and which was confiscated shortly afterwards by the Federal government.

The story of the life and service of this modest hero has never been written. After the capture of the forts and the closing of the ports of Wilmington and Charleston in January, 1865, Maffitt, in command of the steamer Owl, and unaware of the situation, ran into each port in quick succession, escaping from the fleet in each exploit as by a miracle, although under a heavy and destructive fire. While running out of Charleston harbor when escape seemed impossible. The entire manuscript of his history of the cruise of the Florida, which warship he had so long successfully commanded, was, by an unfortunate misunderstanding on the part of a subordinate, sent to the bottom of the sea, along with the Confederate mail and other valuable papers. Some years after, with the assistance of his accomplished wife, he prepared for publication a number of historical manuscripts, which are still preserved by his widow, in the hope that they may be

of pecuniary value to the survivors of the family. Captain Maffitt wrote, also, a story of naval life in the old service, entitled "Nautilus," as well as a number of articles for the "Army and Navy Magazine," entitled "Reminiscences of the Confederate States Navy." His paper on the building of the ram Albemarle by Captain Cook, and the gallant officer's subsequent attack upon the Federal fleet in Plymouth Sound, which is copied entire by Colonel Scharf in his "History of the Confederate Navy," has been pronounced one of the finest descriptions relative to the war between the states. It was my privilege to be numbered among his personal friends from the time he honoured me, a lad of seventeen years, with his recommendation for the appointment as purser of his own ship, the Confederate steamer Lilian, which appointment was confirmed just before he gave up the command to take charge of the Confederate ram Albemarle at Plymouth. This friendship was unbroken until the close of his eventful life, the sacrifices and services of which should ever be held in grateful remembrance by our Southern people.

When President Davis wrote for Maffitt's war record for reference in his book, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," the modest commander gave more prominence to Lieutenant Read's exploits than to his own. When, a few years ago, I had the honor of frequent interviews with Mrs. Davis at Narragansett, Captain Maffitt was referred to repeatedly by that distinguished lady, who assured me that he was always held in high esteem by Mr. Davis and herself; and she pleasantly recalled some very

amusing stories of Maffitt's gallantry and fine humor which made him such a universal favourite.

In a year after my appointment to the *Lilian*, I had the misfortune to be captured at sea, after an exciting chase of five hours, by the Federal cruisers *Keystone State*, *Boston*, *Gettysburg*, and two others unknown, in which our ship was disabled under a heavy fire by shot below the water line. I was held a prisoner on board the United States Steamer *Keystone State*, whose commander, Captain Crosby, a regular in the old navy, treated me most courteously. Upon the invitation of the paymaster, I messed with the superior officers in the wardroom; where I heard frequent bitter allusions to Captain Semmes and to other prominent Confederates, but never a word of censure for the genial Maffitt, the mention of whose name would provoke a kindly and amused smile, as some of his pranks in the old times would be recalled by those who had not learned to regard him as a foe.

The following passages taken from Admiral Porter's "Naval History of the Civil War," confirm the personal observations of the writer with reference to Maffitt's reputation in the old navy :

"Maffitt was a different kind of man from Semmes. A thorough master of his profession, and possessed of all the qualities that make a favorite naval commander, he became a successful raider of the sea; but he made no enemies among those officers who had once known him and who now missed his genial humor in their messes. He was a veritable rover, but was never inhuman to those whom the fortunes of war threw into his hands; and he made himself

as pleasant while emptying a ship of her cargo and then scuttling her, as Claude Duval when robbing a man of his purse, or borrowing his watch from his pocket."

Porter describes in almost flattering terms Maffitt's superior skill and daring in fitting out the *Florida* under most adverse conditions, and then, by way of explanation, says:

"It may appear to the reader that we have exhibited more sympathy for Commander Maffitt and given him more credit than he deserved. It must be remembered that we are endeavoring to write a naval history of the war, and not a partisan work. This officer, it is true, had gone from under the flag we venerate, to fight against it; but we know that it was a sore trial for him to leave the service to which he was attached, and that he believed he was doing his duty in following the fortunes of his State, and had the courage to follow his convictions. He did not leave the United States Navy with any bitterness, and, when the troubles were all over, he accepted the situation gracefully. What we are going to state of him shows that he was capable of the greatest heroism, and that, though he was on the side of the enemy, his courage and skill were worthy of praise."

He then recounts the wonderful story of Maffitt's perilous run through Commander Preble's fleet off Mobile in broad daylight, with a crew decimated by yellow fever, and he himself scarcely able to stand, owing to its prostrating effects:

"The *Florida* approached rapidly, her smoke pipes vomiting forth volumes of black smoke and a high pressure of steam escaping from her steam pipe. As she came within

hailing distance, the Federal commander ordered her to heave to, but Maffitt still sped on, having sent all his men below, except the man at the wheel, and returned no reply to the hail. Preble then fired a shot ahead of the Florida, still supposing her to be some saucy Englishman disposed to try what liberties he could take, though the absence of men on deck should have excited suspicion. He hesitated, however, and his hesitation lost him a prize and the honor of capturing one of the Confederate scourges of the ocean. Preble had his crew at quarters, however; and, as soon as he saw that the stranger was passing him, he opened his broadside upon her, and the other two blockaders did the same. But the first shots were aimed too high, and the Florida sped on towards the bar, her feeble crew forgetting their sickness and heaping coal upon the furnace fires with all possible rapidity. Every man was working for his life, while the captain stood amid the storm of shot and shell perfectly unmoved, keenly watching the marks for entering the port, and wondering to himself what his chances were for getting safely in.

"During the whole war there was not a more exciting adventure than this escape of the Florida into Mobile Bay. The gallant manner in which it was conducted excited great admiration, even among the men who were responsible for permitting it. We do not suppose that there ever was a case where a man, under all the attending circumstances, displayed more energy or more bravery.

"And so the Florida was allowed to go on her way without molestation, and Maffitt was enabled to commence that career on the high seas which has made his name one of the

notable ones of the war. He lighted the seas wherever he passed along, and committed such havoc among American merchantmen, that, if possible, he was even more dreaded than Semmes. We have only to say that his being permitted to escape into Mobile Bay, and then to get out again, was the greatest example of blundering committed throughout the war. Every officer who knew Maffitt was certain that he would attempt to get out of Mobile, and we are forced to say that those who permitted his escape are responsible for the terrible consequences of their want of vigilance and energy.

"Preble's failure to sink the Florida—for nothing else would have stopped Maffitt—brought him into disgrace with the Navy department, although he proved in his report of the affair that every means at his command had been used to intercept the bold Confederate; and shortly afterwards the Secretary of the Navy, supported by a majority of naval officers, recommended the dismissal of Commodore Preble from the navy, which was carried into effect September 20, 1863.

"Preble repeatedly demanded an investigation, which was refused; but he ultimately got his case before Congress, and was restored to the list February 21, 1864, with the grade of rear admiral.

"At the close of the war Captain Maffitt was summoned by a court of inquiry, demanded by Preble, to testify as to the facts of his exploit in entering Mobile Bay, in which he said :

"I can vouch for his (Preble's) promptness and destructive energy on the occasion of my entering Mobile Bay. The su.

perior speed of the Florida alone saved her from destruction, though not from a frightful mauling. We were torn to pieces—one man's head taken off and eleven wounded; boats, and standing and running-rigging shot away, also fore gaff. Four shells struck our hull, and had the one (nine inch) that grazed our boiler and entered the berth deck (killing one and wounding two) exploded, every man belonging to the steamer would have been killed; as I had only the officers on deck until about to cross the bar, when I made some sail, and one man was wounded in the rigging. We had about fourteen hundred shrapnel shots in our hull, and our masts were pitted like a case of small-pox. The damage done her was so great that we did not get to sea again for over three months.' ”

DR. HOGE'S ADVENTURE.

One of the interesting events connected with blockade running had to do with this great and good divine.

There was, throughout the Confederacy, a deplorable lack of Bibles, and, in fact, of all religious literature. This was due to the scarcity of paper and of materials for printing and binding, all the industrial energies of the Confederacy being devoted to the great work of self-defense. Dr. William J. Hoge, the brother of Dr. Moses D. Hoge and father of Dr. Peyton H. Hoge, conceived the idea of laying this need before the Christians of Great Britain and asking for a ship-load of Bibles, tracts and other religious publications. He wrote to Dr. R. L. Dabney and Dr. M. D. Hoge of his plan. The latter hailed with delight the suggestion, but advised the going of a

personal representative as likely to prove more successful. He consulted the other ministers of Richmond, and members of the Confederate Cabinet, and they heartily approved of the plan.

A swift steamer was soon to sail from Charleston, and Dr. William J. Hoge, after consenting to go, found it impossible to prepare in time; so Dr. M. D. Hoge, hastily securing the proper credentials, himself started on the journey.

He ran the blockade from Charleston on the Antonica, commanded by Captain L. M. Coxetter. Of this he wrote: "Our run through the blockading squadron was glorious. I was in one of the severest and bloodiest battles fought near Richmond; but it was not more exciting than that midnight adventure, when, amid lowering clouds and dashes of rain, and just wind enough to get up sufficient commotion in the sea to drown the noise of our paddle-wheels, we dashed along, with lights all extinguished, and not even a cigar burning on the deck, until we were safely out and free from the Federal fleet."

From Nassau he went to Havana on a small schooner, and from there on a British steamer to Southampton.

His visit was a complete success. From Nassau more than 1,200 copies of the Holy Scriptures were obtained. When he reached England, through the kind co-operation of the distinguished James M. Mason, he was introduced to Lord Shaftesbury. The latter secured a hearing before the British Foreign Bible Society. This society, though he desired to purchase, generously donated to this cause 10,000 Bibles, 50,000 Testaments, and 250,000 copies of the Gos-

pels and Psalms. He also secured from the Tract Society a large gift of their publications. Of these books, going in on various blockade runners, more than three-fourths reached the Confederacy in safety, and were a mighty blessing to the soldiers.

His return was hastened by the sad news, found in a Northern paper, of the death of *one* of his children, he did not for some time know which. Hastening home, he sailed for Halifax, and from there to Bermuda. Thence he sailed on the blockade runner Advance, formerly the Lord Clyde. The accompanying description of his entrance into the Cape Fear we copy from Dr. Peyton H. Hoge's "Moses Drury Hoge: Life and Letters."

"Sunday morning, October 11th, was a day of cloudless beauty. Dr. Hoge came early on deck to find the Advance sailing merrily southward, with the Federal fleet in full view. Dr. Hoge became anxious.

'What are you going to do, Captain?'

'I am going to Wilmington today.'

'But, surely, you are not going to attempt it in broad daylight.'

'Why not?'

'Well, for one reason, the Confederate government cannot afford to lose this ship; and, for another, there are some of us on board who do not wish to be captured, and I am one of them.'

'Oh! you will not be captured, and this ship will not be lost.'

"Still they bore on; but as yet there was no movement in the Federal fleet. It is probable that they were deceived

by the boldness of the steamer's approach, and took her for some transport or supply vessel. When she was nearly opposite the entrance, the helm was put hard to port, and all steam put on as she made the inlet.

"The mask was now thrown off, and three Federal vessels gave chase. She had a good start; but, if they could not catch her by steam, perhaps they could with gunpowder, and soon the shells were shrieking through her rigging. Any moment might decide her fate, but still she sped on untouched. The situation was critical and—uncomfortable. But now the pursuing vessels came within range of the Confederate guns, and Fort Fisher opened fire. The pursuit slackened, and the pursuers fell off. Almost the next instant the Advance was stuck fast on a shoal; had it happened a moment sooner, they would have been lost. The captain came to Dr. Hoge, and besought him to lead them in a service of thanksgiving; and on that Sabbath morning, in sight of the baffled enemy and the protecting fort, passengers and crew assembled on deck and stood with bared heads beneath their own blue Southern skies, while he lifted his heart to God in thanksgiving and praise for their deliverance. Yet the danger was not quite over. If they did not get free by night, there was risk of their being boarded under cover of darkness. But with the rising tide they were afloat again in the early afternoon, and that night they slept in Wilmington."

CLOSING SCENES.

The closing scenes of blockade-running were described by Colonel Scharf in his "History of the Confederate States Navy," as follows :

"The military and naval expeditions against Wilmington in December, 1864, and January, 1865, resulted in the capture of the forts and the closing of the port. Eight vessels left the port of Nassau between the 12th and 16th of January, one of which took four one-hundred-pounder Armstrong guns; and at the time of their sailing there were over two and a half million pounds of bacon stored at Nassau awaiting transportation. The confidence reposed in the defense of Wilmington continued unabated on the part of the blockade-runners, and the Charlotte, the Blenheim, and the Stag, all British steamers, ran in after the fall of Fort Fisher, and were captured by the Federal cruisers in the river. The blockade-runner Owl, Captain John N. Maffitt, C. S. N., in command, succeeded in passing over the bar near Fort Caswell, and anchored at Smithville on the night the forts were evacuated; and immediately returned to Bermuda, arriving on the 21st, and carrying the news of the fall of Fort Fisher and the end of blockade-running at Wilmington. Her arrival was timely, stopping the Maud Campbell, Old Dominion, Florence, Deer and Virginia. Most, if not all, of these steamers now turned their prows toward Charleston, the last harbor remaining accessible; and, though the fall of that city was impending, yet a cargo might be safely landed and transported along the interior line to the famishing armies of the Confederate States. To that end Captain Wilkinson determined to make the effort; but it was the part of prudence to ascertain, positively, before sailing, that Charleston was still in our possession. This intelligence was brought by the Chlicora, which arrived at Nassau on the 30th of January; and

on February 1st, the Owl, Carolina, Dream, Chicora and Chameleon sailed within a few hours of each other for Charleston.

"The effort was a brave and gallant one, but was ineffectual. The U. S. S. Vanderbilt intercepted the Chameleon, and, after an exciting chase, was dodged by the fast sailing vessel under the cool seamanship of the gallant Wilkinson. Turning on the Vanderbilt, the Chameleon again attempted to reach Charleston; but having lost a day in escaping from the Vanderbilt, and, being retarded by unfavorable weather, she did not reach the coast near Charleston bar till the fifth night after leaving Nassau. The blockading fleet, reinforced from that off Wilmington, now closed every practical entrance; but it was not until after assurances from the pilot that entrance was impossible, that Captain Wilkinson 'turned away from the land, and our hearts sank within us, while conviction forced itself upon us that the cause for which so much blood had been shed, so many miseries bravely endured, and so many sacrifices cheerfully made, was about to perish at last.' The Chicora, more fortunate than the Chameleon, ran into Charleston, but finding that city evacuated, ran out, despite the effectiveness of the blockade, and reached Nassau on the 28th. The Fox, less fortunate, ran into Charleston in ignorance of its capture, and was seized by the Federal cruisers.

"Captain John N. Maffitt, C. S. N., in the Owl, left Havana about the middle of March, within 'a quarter of an hour' after the U. S. S. Cherokee steamed out of the harbour. Passing Morro Castle, the Owl hugged the coast towards the west, followed by the Cherokee, the chase con-

tinuing for an hour or more. The Owl had speed, and Maffitt had the seamanship to 'throw dust into the eyes' of his pursuer by changing her coal from hard to soft; thus clouding the air with dense black smoke, under cover of which the Owl turned on the Cherokee, and, steaming away to the stern of the cruiser, disappeared in the darkness of night and storm."

A large Cannon ball weighing hundreds of pounds was thrown from a Yankee vessel and landed on Greenville Sound.

THE END.

aimed to destroy a salt works which was then operated by the Worths. This home was afterwards bought by David G. Worth and at this writing has descended to his son Charles. William Worth of Wilmington, N. C. - The place is called "Shandy Hall."

This, March 1911

E. E. Moffatt

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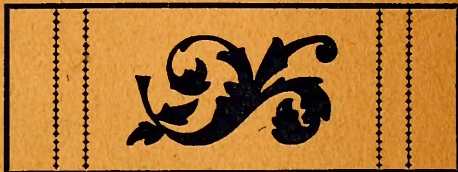
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March

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NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.

VOL. I.

MARCH 10, 1902.

No. 11.

The Charge at Gettysburg.

BY
S. A. ASHE.

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1902.

**“Carolina! Carolina! Heaven’s blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her.”**

THE CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY S. A. ASHE.

The third day of the struggle between the contending armies near Gettysburg opened clear and cloudless. The July sun beamed down on the battlefield of the previous day majestically serene, throwing into bold relief the outlines of the picture.

Standing on Cemetery Hill, a mile south of the little town of Gettysburg, one saw the range continue to the southward, now jutting out into the valley to the west and then receding in strong curves eastward, now falling with even slopes and then swelling again in graceful contour, but farther away breaking into precipitous promontories whose rocky knobs were veritable Round Tops and fitly associated with Devil's Dens.

Almost parallel and about a mile away to the west could be traced the course of Seminary Ridge, gently rising from the intervening valley and still covered with the growth of original forest trees. Along the slope are fences inclosing fields with patches of wood here and there, and a little swale down the valley where it narrows as the ridge throws out a spur to the eastward.

Coming from the town is the Emmitsburg Pike, which after passing the summit of Cemetery Hill, swerves off along a lower and divergent ridge that trends across the valley. Overlooking the pike is a stone wall following along the upper slope of Cemetery Hill and conforming

generally to the line of its crest, but, at a point some 600 yards away where the hill grows bolder and juts well out into the valley, this wall makes a right angle and comes straight toward the pike, and then again follows the crest, which soon retreats and falls away, leaving a slight depression embayed in the general outline.

On this headland, that like a bastion front projects itself into the valley, stands a clump of trees which served to guide the right of the attacking column on that fateful day; and a quarter of a mile in front, but farther down the valley, stood the farm-house of Codori on a little knoll surrounded by a sparse grove.

Beyond the Cemetery, to the north, the range bent sharply to the right, forming a difficult eminence known as Culp's Hill; and on the curve from Culp's Hill west to the Cemetery and thence south to Round Top was massed the Federal army, some one hundred thousand strong; while on an exterior line of sister hills lay Lee's forces, with Ewell on the left in possession of a part of Culp's Hill, and Longstreet on the right toward Round Top, while A. P. Hill covered the center, a total force of about sixty thousand troops.

Dispositions had been made for an early morning attack on the 3d simultaneously by Ewell on the left and Longstreet on the right; and with that view the artillery had been massed against the Federal center, Col. Alexander, acting as Longstreet's Chief of Artillery, having occupied, during the night, an advanced ridge that lay several hundred yards beyond Longstreet's front, and covered it with batteries.

But Meade himself had not been inactive, and, at four o'clock in the morning, he unsettled this plan of attack by

driving back Early, whose lodgment on Culp's Hill was an essential part of Lee's proposed movement. Later in the morning, then, Lee determined on making that assault which has been so famous in history.

The object of General Lee was to penetrate Meade's line in the depression on the south of Cemetery Hill, and, thus turning his position, move up and dispossess him.

When the morning broke and the Federal forces beheld so great an armament as 140 pieces of artillery in position on the crest of Seminary Ridge, they knew that an assault was intended on some part of their line, and every preparation was at once made to receive it.

The batteries on Cemetery Hill were strengthened by new ones from the reserve, and soon eighty pieces of artillery were in readiness to respond to the expected cannonade, which was awaited with increasing solicitude as the morning wore on in ominous silence.

In early morning Pickett's Division had arrived and two of his brigades, Kemper and Garnett, had been placed under cover of the advanced ridge which Colonel Alexander had seized the night before. Armistead's Brigade lay back, protected by the main ridge, in a line with Heth's Division, while the North Carolina Brigades of Scales and Lane were still farther in the rear. These were the troops selected to make the assault; Pickett's Division, being fresh, and Heth's Division and Lane's and Scales' Brigades, although badly cut up on the first, not having been engaged on the second, and being troops of the highest reputation for constancy and endurance.

In Heth's Division were Archer's Brigade, composed of two Alabama and three Tennessee regiments; Pettigrew's Brigade, which had present the 11th, 26th, 47th and 52d North Carolina regiments; Davis' Brigade, constituted of three Mississippi and one North Carolina regiment, and Brokenborough's or Field's Brigade, which was composed entirely of Virginians. Pettigrew's Brigade was commanded by Colonel Marshall, Gen. Pettigrew being in command of the division.

Lane's Brigade was formed of the 7th, 18th, 28th, 33d and 37th North Carolina regiments, and in Scales's, then under Colonel Lowrance, were the 13th, 16th, 22d, 34th and 38th North Carolina regiments. These troops had suffered so severely on the first of July that many companies were mere skeletons, and some regiments were officered by captains.

Pickett's Division, composed entirely of Virginians, had just arrived, and was in excellent condition in all respects.

The movement was in double column, the first line consisting of Kemper's and Garnett's Brigades on the right, with Heth's Division on the left; and for the second line Amistead in the rear of Pickett's other Brigades, and Scales' and Lane's Brigades of North Carolinians, under General Trimble, in the rear of Heth's Division.

Wilcox's and Perry's Brigades were to move out on the extreme right and protect the column from any flanking forces, while R. H. Anderson's Division, covering the left, was to be in readiness to act as opportunity should permit. Preliminary to the movement, the artillery was to silence

the enemy's guns and, as far as possible, demoralize their infantry before the attempt should be made to carry the works by storm.

At one o'clock two guns were discharged by the Washington Artillery as the signal for the cannonade to begin. Immediately the line of batteries opened with salvos of artillery, evoking a quick reply from the enemy, and the engagement soon became one of the most terrific bombardments of the war. Its fury was inconceivable. "From ridge to ridge was kept up for near two hours a Titanic combat of artillery that caused the solid fabric of the hills to labor and shake, and filled the air with fire and smoke and the mad clamor of 200 guns." The exposed batteries were greatly damaged. Both men and horses suffered fearful destruction. Caissons exploded, limbers were blown up and guns were crippled on every side. In particular was the Confederate fire, concentrated on the point of attack, very effective. But still the enemy's batteries were not silenced. The fire did not slacken, for as fast as the Federal batteries expended their ammunition, they were replaced by new ones from the reserve, and the fire continued without abatement until at length the Confederate ammunition began to run low.

Colonel Alexander, to whom had been committed the duty of indicating the moment for beginning the charge, felt the awful responsibility of the dilemma that presented itself and hurriedly communicated to Pickett that he should wait no longer, but should begin the movement at once, notwithstanding the terrific energy of the artillery that crowned the enemy's stronghold. But if the Confederate

chests had been depleted, so at last had become those of their antagonists, and General Hunt, Meade's Chief of Artillery, finding it unsafe to move up new supplies, and anticipating that the assault would be made on the center, conceived it well to husband his resources and ordered the fire to slacken, and so unexpectedly the embarrassing difficulty of the Confederate situation vanished.

Immediately the order to advance was given along the whole line, and some twelve thousand veterans, with alacrity and high elation, moved forward over the crests that had sheltered them, and passed down the slopes of Seminary Ridge, their bright guns gleaming in the noonday sun and their innumerable battle flags flying in the breeze, making as fine a pageant as was ever seen on any field of battle. They moved in quick time and with admirable precision, as if on some gala day parade. It was a glorious spectacle, evoking admiration from foe and friend alike, and being the theme of unstinted praise from every one who witnessed it.

But hardly had the line reached the downward slope of that extensive valley when the Federal batteries were again unloosed and the carnival of death began.

"Though stormed at with shot and shell, it moved steadily on, and even when grape and canister and musket balls began to rain upon it, the gaps were quickly closed and the alignment preserved."

The line of gray, a full mile in length, with its second line following at easy distance, marched indeed in fine style down that valley of death, reckless of peril and animated with that soldiery zeal and confidence which had ev-

er inspired the troops of Lee when moving in the immediate presence of that trusted commander.

From Garnett's advanced position down the valley the clump of trees which gave him direction bore far to the left, and soon reaching the ridge on which the Turnpike ran, he wheeled to the left and moved up toward Codori's house. As the line advanced there loomed up in the distance the works it was to assault.

Immediately in front of Archer's Brigade and Garnett's left lay the projecting stone wall standing out into the valley, held by Webb's Brigade and opposite the Confederate left was the retired wall sixty yards further off held by Hays' Division, with Smyth's Brigade toward the Cemetery and Sherrill's Brigade between that and Webb. South of the projection, Hall's and Harrow's Brigades continued the Federal line behind breastworks of rails covered with earth, and rifle-pits and shallow trenches in their front. Farther on were Stannard's and other brigades of Doubleday's Division. On the crest of the hill, a few yards behind the line of works, was thickly massed the artillery. Skirmishers lay out several hundred yards in front in the clover and grass, while a first line of infantry held a strong fence along the pike in front of Hays and a low stone wall farther down the valley, and lay concealed in the grass in the intervening space. At the stone wall and breastworks was a second line in readiness to receive the attack, while behind the artillery, some thirty paces off was still another, occupying higher ground and protected by the backbone of the ridge; and farther off on the flanks were heavy masses of infantry ready to be concentrated if need be.

As the Confederate line moved forward in constant sight, momentarily drawing nearer to the point of attack, all was expectation and anxiety along the Federal front. The heavy artillery fire of the Confederates had ceased and the demoralization incident to it rapidly gave place to a feeling of reassurance and determination. While it had destroyed the two batteries in the rear of Webb, leaving only one piece that could be worked, the guns in rear of Hays's Division were in better condition, and Howard's fresh battery had been brought up and posted on the slope of Cemetery Hill. And so it happened that while the troops on the Confederate right were fortunately not subjected to an artillery fire from the front and were exposed only to an enfilading fire from the extreme left of the Federal line, it was far different with Pettigrew's command, the batteries in his front being well served, firing first solid shot, then shell and spherical case—and at last canister—doubled charged, as Pettigrew's line drew nearer.

The movement of the Confederates was made in quick time over a clear field, beneath the burning rays of a fiery July sun, and was attended with considerable fatigue and exhaustion. But those veterans who had been trained to the vicissitudes of war well knew that at the final assault, dash and vigor would be necessary, and they therefore husbanded their strength and moved forward steadily and resolutely beneath the galling fire that was rapidly thinning their ranks. Speaking of the troops in front of Hays' Division, General Bachelder says that when they had reached a position "half way across the plain they encountered a terrible artillery fire, but against which, as a man presses

against a blinding storm, they moved steadily on as if impelled by a will greater than their own—some mighty unseen power which they could not resist.

“Solid shot ploughed through their ranks, spherical case rattled in their midst and canister swept them by hundreds from the field, yet on they pressed unflinchingly.”

It was an awful experience to pass nearly a mile across an open plain subjected to such a terrible fire, with no hope of protection and without power to resist. But each brave spirit in Pettigrew's command recognized the necessity of immolation if need be, and offered himself a willing sacrifice; and so closing up the great gaps in its ranks, the line on the left continued to face the furious storm and silently moved on upon the deadly batteries.

At length, having made two-thirds of the distance, and being only three hundred yards away, Pickett's Division, with Garnett in front, Kemper on the right, but somewhat in rear, and Armistead a hundred yards behind, turned toward the point they were to assail. On Garnett's left was Archer's Brigade, under Colonel Fry, whose numbers had been largely reduced in the first day's fight—and which had moved directly forward as the brigade of direction. Close joined with it were Pettigrew's North Carolinians under Colonel Marshall, Pettigrew himself being in command of the division; and farther on were Davis' Mississippians and Brockenborough's Virginia Brigade, all well aligned; while 150 yards behind Trimble led Lane's and Scales' Brigades, the latter under Col. Lowrance, Scales having been severely wounded two days before.

Although the right had not suffered greatly during its shorter progress up the valley, and being somewhat protected by favoring ridges, heavy loss had been inflicted on the center and on the left, which had been fearfully cut up during its long and exposed march. But though sorely distressed on front and flank, with ranks largely depleted, the left brigades maintained their original alignment and still pursued their onward course.

As the attacking column, now much narrowed, moved up the slope that formed a natural glacis to the enemy's works, the batteries opened still more rapidly with grape and canister, and the front line of the enemy that lay in advance, together with the second line at the stone wall, poured into the Confederate column volley after volley of musketry, sending out a perfect sheet of lead and iron—a storm of murderous fire. The ranks of the first Confederate line, in the immediate front of Hays' artillery, were mowed down as grass by a scythe. The carnage was terrible. The piercing cries of the dying and wounded could be heard over the field amid the shrieks of shells and the roar of cannon. Trimble, in command of the two North Carolina brigades, says of Heth's Division "that it seemed to sink into the earth under the tempest of fire poured into them.

"We passed over the remnant of their line and immediately some one close to my left sang out, 'Three cheers for the Old North State,' when both brigades sent up a heavy shout." It was the cry of brave men rushing into the jaws of death.

So furious was the fire, and so murderous, that it staggered the line—which “halted, returned the fire, and with a wild yell dashed on.” The first line of the enemy, which lay one hundred yards in front, was thrown back against the wall, many being captured and hurried to the rear without guard. But yet the roar and din of the conflict continued, and though the smoke of battle obscured the front, the carnage went on as the columns drew closer and closer to the enemy’s works. A front that had been originally more than a mile in length had now been compressed into less than 800 yards and the concentrated fire of the enemy’s artillery, as well as musketry, from the flanks as well as from the front, told with fearful effect.

As the line approached the enemy’s works, Pettigrew, seeing Brockenborough’s Virginia Brigade and Davis’ Mississippians give way under the murderous fire that assailed them, hurried his Aid, Captain Shepherd, to rally them—but all of Capt. Shepherd’s efforts were without avail. They had become separated some distance from Pettigrew’s North Carolina brigade and lacked the support imparted by the immediate co-operation of other troops. They could not be rallied, but broke and fell back at the critical moment of the ordeal. It was then that Trimble ordered his North Carolina brigades to close up on the first column, and Lane, bearing to the left, with well aligned ranks and in handsome style, covered the position made vacant on the left by the broken brigades, while Lowrance led Scales’ Brigade directly forward to unite with the front line, then one hundred yards in advance.

In this hasty movement of Lane's, however, because of a misunderstanding as to whether the guide was right or left, the 7th North Carolina and a part of the 33d, being on Lane's right, became separated from the larger part of the brigade, which continued its movement well to the left, leaving some space intervening between it and Pettigrew's Brigade.

The position of the troops just before the final charge was: Pickett's line was in front of a part of the projecting wall, with Kemper's Brigade extending to the right of it, covering the front of the Federal brigades of Hall and Harrow. Archer's Brigade was in front of the rest of the projection, and along with Pettigrew's North Carolina Brigade extended in front of the retired wall, with Scales' Brigade coming up in the rear, while Lane, with nearly four regiments, was some distance to the left.

On the right, Pickett's Division had crossed the pike, while the line farther to the left had yet to pass it.

As the troops in their progress reached the fences inclosing this road, the obstruction tended greatly to break up their alignment. Many were killed and wounded there and others sought protection from the fearful fire by lying in the road. The column advancing beyond the pike was considerably weakened, and especially was this the case on the center and left where the road ran close to the stone wall and was stoutly held by the front line of the enemy. Pickett's Division, however, crossing at a point nearly a quarter of a mile distant from the enemy's works, escaped the full effect of this damaging obstacle and maintained a more perfect organization. And in like manner the right

of the Confederate column had the good fortune of not being subjected to a destructive artillery fire like that which mowed down the ranks of Pettigrew's command.

Colonel Peyton, who came out of the fight in command of Garnett's Brigade, in his official report, speaks of having routed the advanced line of the Federal infantry one hundred yards in front of the stone wall, and says:

"Up to this time we had suffered but little from the enemy's batteries with the exception of one posted on the mountain about one mile to our right, which enfiladed nearly our entire line with fearful effect. Having routed the enemy here, Gen. Garnett ordered the brigade forward, which was promptly obeyed, loading and firing as they advanced. From the point it had first routed the enemy the brigade moved rapidly forward toward the stone wall, under a galling fire, both from artillery and infantry, the artillery using grape and canister. We were now within about seventy-five paces of the wall, unsupported on the right and left; General Kemper being some fifty or sixty yards behind and to the right, and General Armistead coming up in our rear.

"Our line, much shattered, still kept up the advance until within about twenty paces of the wall, when for a moment they recoiled under the terrible fire they poured into our ranks, both from their batteries and from their sheltered infantry. At this moment Gen. Kemper came up on the right and Gen. Armistead in the rear, when the three lines joining in concert rushed forward. His strongest and last line was instantly gained, the Confederate battle-flag waved over his defenses, and the fighting over the wall be-

came hand-to-hand and of the most desperate character, but more than half having already fallen, our line was found too weak to rout the enemy." General Pickett does not appear to have been present with the advancing column; and we have no official report from either Armistead's or Kemper's Brigades. The latter was on the extreme right, extending south of the stone wall, and in its advance suffered greatly from the flanking fire of the two Vermont regiments thrown out by General Stannard against it. A Federal account says: "The Confederate line is almost up to the grove in front of Robinson's. It has reached the clump of scrub-oaks. It has drifted past the Vermont boys. They move upon the run up to the breastworks of rails, bearing Hancock's line to the top of the ridge—so powerful their momentum.

"Men fire into each other's faces not five feet apart. There are bayonet thrusts, saber strokes, pistol shots, cool, deliberate movements on the part of some; hot, passionate, desperate efforts on the part of others; hand-to-hand contests; recklessness of life, tenacity of purpose, fiery determination, oaths, yells, curses, hurrahs, shoutings. The Confederates have swept by the Vermont regiments. 'Take them on the flanks,' says Stannard. The 13th and 16th Vermont swing out from their trench line. They move forward and pour a deadly volley into the backs of Kemper's troops. With a hurrah they rush on to drive home the bayonets. Other regiments close upon the foe. The Confederate column has lost its power. The lines waver. * * Thousands of Confederates throw down their arms and give themselves up as prisoners."

Another Federal account of Kemper's attack says: "Up to the rifle-pits, across them, over the barricades—the momentum of the charge swept on. Our thin line could fight, but it had not weight enough to resist this momentum. But they had penetrated to the fatal point. A storm of grape and canister tore its way from man to man and marked its way with corpses straight down the line.

The line reeled back, disjointed already, in an instant in fragments. Our men were just behind the guns. They leaped forward in a disordered mass. But there was little need of fighting now. A regiment threw down its arms and with colors at its head rushed over and surrendered. All along the field detachments did the same. Over the field the escaped fragments of the charging line fell back—the battle there was over."

Colonel Fry, who so gallantly led Archer's Brigade, says: "I heard Garnett give a command. Seeing my gesture of inquiry he called out 'I am dressing on you!' A few seconds later he fell dead. A moment later a shot through my thigh prostrated me. The smoke soon became so dense that I could see but little of what was going on before me. A moment later I heard General Pettigrew calling to rally them on the left. All of the five regimental colors of my command reached the line of the enemy's works and many of my men and officers were killed after passing over it." Colonel Shepherd, who succeeded Fry in command, said in his official report that "every flag in Archer's Brigade except one was captured at or within the works of the enemy."

Scales' Brigade, closely following Archer's, dashed up to the projecting wall and planted their battle-flags upon the

enemy's breastworks. Pettigrew's and the left of Archer's had surged forward beyond the projecting wall, and had firmly established themselves along the retired portion of the wall, sixty yards beyond. Gen. Bachelder, who thoroughly studied the field for days after the battle, than whom no one knew so well the details of that affair, says: "The left of the column continued to move on toward the second wall, threatening the right and rear of Gibbons' Division, which held the advance line. General Webb, whose brigade on the right (in the projection), had hurried back to bring up his right reserve regiment from the second line. But before this could be accomplished the first line broke under the tremendous pressure which threatened its front and flank, and fell back upon the reserve." Thus while Garnett was struggling for the possession of the stone wall on the Confederate right, and Kemper was engaged with Harrow and Hall still farther to the right, seeking to penetrate into the enemy's line and turn the left of the hill, the advance of Pettigrew's command fifty yards beyond the projecting wall, taking Webb's exposed brigade on the right flank, caused it to give back from the wall and yield that part of the projection to the regiments of Archer and Scales that pressed them in front. Capt. McIntyre, Acting Adjutant-General of Scales' Brigade, says: "My brigade, or a larger part of it, went inside of the enemy's works."

Capt. Guerrant, acting as Brigade Inspector, says that "Scales' Brigade entered the breastworks and remained in possession until driven out by the enemy advancing on their flanks." Major Engelhard, the gallant Adjutant-General of the two brigades of Pender's Division, commanded by

Trimble, says: "The point at which the troops with me struck the enemy's works projected farthest to the front. I recollect well, my horse having been shot, I leaned my elbow against one of the guns of the enemy to rest, while I watched with painful anxiety the fight upon Pickett's right, for upon its success depended the tenableness of our position.

"Surrounding me were the soldiers of Pender's, Heth's and Pickett's Divisions, and it required all the resources at my command to prevent their following en masse the retreating enemy, and some did go so far that when we were compelled to withdraw, they were unable to reach our lines, the enemy closing in from the right and left. We remained in quiet and undisturbed possession of the enemy's works, the men, flushed with victory eager to press forward.

"But when the right of Pickett's Division was compelled by the overpowering attack upon its right flank to give way, there was nothing left for us to do but to surrender ourselves prisoners or withdraw in confusion before the converging lines of the enemy, those in our immediate front not having rallied."

The retired wall in front of Pettigrew's North Carolina Brigade was higher and stronger than at the projection, and along it skirted a lane inclosed by a strong fence.

Hays's Division clung to the wall here with pertinacity, and the second line, protected by the high crest of the ridge, commanded it completely, while Howard's fresh artillery on the slope of Cemetery Hill swept the front with an enfilading fire. But while it was impracticable for any troops to carry it by assault, the Confederate line much weakened by

the losses suffered in the march, silenced the batteries in their front and suppressed the infantry fire from the wall, and maintained the unequal contest there to the last.

Pettigrew's North Carolinians reached the wall itself, sixty yards in advance of the Confederates at the projection doing all that splendid valor and heroic endurance could do to dislodge the enemy; but their heroism was in vain.

Colonel Jones, in command of Pettigrew's Brigade, says: "On we pushed, and were now right on the enemy's works, when we received a murderous fire upon our left flank. I looked to see where it came from, and lo! we were completely flanked upon our left not only by infantry but artillery. One of the brigades had given way. The enemy had seized upon the gap and now poured a galling fire into our troops, forcing them to give way in succession to the right. The color-bearer of the 26th North Carolina was shot down while attempting to plant the flag on the wall." Gaston Broughton, commanding Co. D, 26th N. C., says: "We crossed the road and went to the enemy's works, where we continued firing until most of the regiment were captured. The enemy closing in on us from our rear." Lieut. W. N. Snelling, Co. B, of the same regiment, says: "We went to an old road some ten steps from the rock fence behind which was the enemy."

Major Haynes, of the 11th North Carolina: "I was about fifty yards, (I think nearer) of the wall when I was shot down. When shot we were in line going down toward the Cemetery wall. We were all cut down—no one but wounded left in my company save two."

Capt. J. J. Davis: "My company was next to the extreme left of the regiment, 47th N. C., and when not far from the enemy's works, say not more than one hundred yards, a sergeant of an adjoining regiment called my attention to the fact that the troops to the left had given away. I looked and saw that at some distance to the left the troops had given way, but our supports were then advancing in admirable style. (Lane's Brigade.) Col. Graves, who was to the right of me, had kept the regiment well in hand and was urging the men on, and we advanced to the plank fence that run alongside the lane just under the stone wall." Here he and his regiment were afterwards captured.

Col. B. F. Little, Captain of Co. E, 52d N. C.: "I was shot down when about fifty yards of the enemy's works and the ground between where I lay and the works was thickly strewn with killed and wounded, some of them having fallen immediately at the works. I do not think a single one of my men ever got back to the rear except those who were slightly wounded before they got to the place where I was wounded. And such was the case with the companies on either side of mine. When I was taken prisoner and borne to the rear I passed over their works and found some of my men killed and wounded immediately at the works."

It is of Pettigrew's Brigade that Colonel Swallow writes as follows: "Pettigrew's Brigade now united with Archer's regiments which had not entered the fortifications and attacked the enemy with the most desperate determination. While the writer, (Col. Swallow) lay wounded with Gen. Smyth, of Hays's Division, at Gettysburg, that officer told him that Pettigrew's Brigade all along his front were with-

in thirty or forty feet of his line and fought with a determination he had never seen equaled." This encomium, so richly merited, is, however, to be shared by Lane's Brigade equally with Pettigrew's, for Smyth's front was the extreme left, where Lane fought as well as Pettigrew's Brigade.

While such was the position of affairs on the right and center when the smoke of battle lifted somewhat, for the entire field was enveloped in dense smoke, Brockenborough's Virginians and Davis' Mississippians not having rallied from the deadly discharge that had hurled them back, Lane's North Carolinians were alone on the left and bore the brunt of the conflict on that part of the field. In his report Lane says: "My command never moved forward more handsomely. The men reserved their fire in accordance with orders until within good range of the enemy, and then opened with telling effect, driving the cannoners from their pieces, completely silencing the guns in our immediate front and breaking the line of infantry on the crest of the hill.

"We advanced to within a few yards of the stone wall, exposed all the while to a heavy raking artillery fire from the right. My left was here very much exposed, and a column of infantry was thrown forward in that direction that enfiladed my entire line."

This was a column of regiments that was thrown forward from Hays right, and, despite an enfilading artillery fire, Lane broke off a regiment from his left to face this threatened danger.

Capt. Lovell, Co. A, 28th N. C., Lane's Brigade, says :
"Some of my men were wounded and captured inside the works."

Col. Norwood, of the 37th N. C., says that regiment, along with the brigade, advanced to within thirty yards of the enemy's works, where they encountered a plank fence. Several officers, myself among them, sprung over the fence, followed by the whole command so far as I know. The cannoneers then left their pieces.

Lieutenant-Colonel Morriss, of the 33d N. C., says :
"Pettigrew's and Archer's men reached the enemy's works a little in advance of us and succeeded in driving the enemy from their works in their front, but were exposed to a flank fire both right and left. We drove the enemy from his position on the road and from behind the stone fence. The enemy having disappeared from our front, we became engaged with a flanking party on our left and were surrounded and captured. Six officers on the right of my regiment were wounded in the enemy's works and captured."

The brave Major Jos. H. Saunders, of the 33d, says :
"I went, by a subsequent measurement, to within sixty yards of the stone wall, where I was wounded. Just before I was shot I saw a Federal color-bearer just in front of the left wing of the regiment get up and run, waving his flag and followed by his regiment, so that there was nothing to keep our regiment from going right into the enemy's works. I was shot by the troops on our left flank. At the time I was acting as left guide to the line of battle, directing the

line of march more to the right so as to strike the enemy's works in a straighter line."

Rev. Dr. George W. Sanderlin, who was Captain of a company of the 33d N. C., says: "We were subjected to a rapid artillery fire from our front as well as a deadly musketry fire, and also an enfilading artillery fire from the left. My regiment (the 33d N. C.,) rested at the enemy's works, the artillerymen being driven away from their pieces and the infantry having been driven from their breastworks. For some five minutes all was comparatively quiet in our front, except a desultory firing here and there. We could hear the Federal officers just over the ridge trying to rally and reform their men. We noticed the situation on the extreme right of the line, and finally saw it driven off by the enemy. A column had been thrown out on the enemy's right that flanked us. We being in danger of being cut off, were ordered back, Pickett's troops on our right having in the meantime been repulsed. Our organization was well preserved up to the time we retreated. I am absolutely confident that Lane's Brigade held its position at the enemy's works longer than any other command, and that we did not move toward the rear until the rest of the line was in full retreat, the extreme right being well advanced in the rear."

The 7th N. C. and that part of the 33d which became separated from the rest of Lane's Brigade moved forward gallantly, drove the enemy from the stone wall, silenced the guns in their front, and lost officers and men at the stone wall, many being captured there.

In the brief minutes that had elapsed since the final rush on the enemy's works began the carnage had indeed been terrific. Garnett had fallen near the wall; Kemper was desperately wounded at the wall; Pettigrew had received a mortal blow; Trimble was knocked hors du combat; Fry, Marshall and Lowrance had fallen among the thousands of officers and men whose life-blood was ebbing on that bloody field.

But if the Confederates had suffered fearfully, they had also inflicted heavy loss upon their opponents. "Hancock lay bleeding upon the ground; Gibbon was being taken wounded from the field; Webb had been hit; Sherrill and Smyth both wounded, the former mortally. Stannard had received a painful wound, but his troops continued to pour volley after volley into Pickett's flanks."

When the front line of Webb's Brigade gave way under the pressure of Pettigrew's men on the flank, they had fallen back, some to the cover of a clump of trees in the rear, and others to a stone wall that crossed the ridge. From these points they maintained a desultory firing upon the Confederates, who having possession of the wall now used it as a protection for themselves. The projection was practically cleared, but, though Archer's and Scales' and Pickett's men held the angle next to Pettigrew, there was no general effort made to penetrate into the enemy's line. In the meantime regiment after regiment had hurried to cover the break in the Federal line until the men stood four deep, ready to hurl back the Confederates if they should seek to advance. Such was the condition of comparative

repose when Armistead's Brigade reached the wall in Garnett's rear.

"Seeing his men were inclined to use it as a defense, as the front line were doing," he raised his hat upon his sword, and springing upon a broken place in the wall, called on his men to follow him. Nearly 100 of the gallant 53d Va., led by Col. Martin and Maj. Timberlake, responded with alacrity and entered the works, "only four of whom advanced with these officers to the crest, passing, as they advanced, Gen. Webb, who was returning to his front line." Armistead there received his mortal blow, and forty-two of his men fell within the works as the enemy rushed forward to recover the position. It was the work of brief moments, for as the pressure on the Federal line had been sharp the recoil was quick and decisive.

On the right Kemper had been driven back, and the battle having now ceased in front of Hall's and Harrow's Brigades, these were hurriedly advanced at the moment the force collected in the rear of Webb rushed forward, taking Garnett and Armistead's troops in the flank as well as front, and entirely routing and dispersing them.

As the right was hurled back and the fragments of Pickett's Division were hurrying to the rear, the battle began to rage more furiously on the left. The artillery swept the front occupied by Pettigrew's command, and Hays's Division renewed the contest with increased ardor. A Delaware regiment on Smyth's left sprang over the wall and penetrating the Confederate line opened a fire to the right and left and hurried the drama to its close.

The remnants of Pettigrew's and Archer's and Scales' Brigades, that could not escape, were taken prisoners by the victorious columns closing in on them from the rear, while most of Lane's Brigade, farther to the left, had the better fortune of avoiding a like fate by a speedy retreat; but they were the last to relinquish their position in the immediate front of the enemy's works. As they withdrew they saw the field far down the valley dotted with squads of Pickett's broken regiments, while near were the fragments of the other commands in full retreat. Thus ended the events of those brief ten minutes—the gallant charge—the successful planting of the Confederate standards along the entire line of the Federal works—the comparative lull, save on the right, where Kemper made his fierce entrance into the enemy's line, his speedy repulse—and the overwhelming rally of Hancock's forces, enveloping and dispersing Pickett's Division—the terrible onslaught on the left, and the dispersal of the last of that splendid body of 12,000 picked troops that had essayed to do what was impossible of accomplishment. Conspicuous gallantry had brought to the Confederate banner an accumulation of martial honor, but on no field was ever more devotion shown, more heroism, more nerve, than on that day which has been justly considered the turning point in the tide of Confederate achievement.

It was indeed a field of honor as well as a field of blood, and the sister States of Virginia and North Carolina had equal cause to weave chaplets of laurel and of cypress. On their sons the heaviest blows fell, and to them is due the meed of highest praise. Archer's brave men doubtless suf-

fered heavily, but the chief loss was borne by the three North Carolina and the three Virginia brigades that participated in the assault upon the works.

The losses of the latter are easy of ascertainment—for they were fresh and had been in no other conflict; while the former, having suffered heavily on the first day and having lost most of their regimental and company officers, made at the time no special return of the loss in this now celebrated charge.

Lane carried in 1,300 and lost 600, nearly all killed and wounded. Pettigrew's Brigade was about 1,700 strong and lost 1,100, the greater part killed and wounded. Scales' Brigade suffered in like proportion. These three brigades doubtless lost in killed and wounded 1,500 men.

The three Virginia brigades lost 224 killed, and 1,140 wounded; a total loss of 1,364. They had besides 1,499 missing. While the North Carolina brigades did not have so many "captured" as Pickett's Division they doubtless suffered a heavier loss in killed and wounded, although they took into the fight a smaller force, and their organization was much disturbed by the severe loss in regimental and company officers in the battle of the first. But despite this drawback, they exhibited a heroism, a constancy and an endurance unsurpassed upon that field where they accomplished as much as any other troops, suffered greater losses penetrated the farthest and remained the longest. Indeed, it was to them a day of glory as of mournful disaster.

of
From page 12 of NO 10 Tales of the Cape Fear

Dr. Thomas Clarkson Worth and family were residents of Wilmington when the City was under blockade, and scourged by an epidemic of Yellow fever.

Dr. Worth immediately moved his family to a safe refuge in the interior, beyond the fever line, and he remained to assist in caring for the sick and dying. To the duty he gave his time and help, but fell a victim and died at his post of duty, leaving a widow and three children.

James Madison Worth, son of Dr. John Miles Worth was also a victim; he was stationed at the Salt Works and attacked by the fever, his father at once hurried him to Fayetteville, trusting that a change of latitude would save his life - but it was of no avail, he died and his body rests in the City Cemetery at Fayetteville.

Nathaniel Green Daniel was also a resident of Wilmington during that fearful time. He removed his family to Goldsboro when he himself went and spent his time in purchasing supplies to the needy population who were unable to leave.

David Gaston Worth and family were residents of Wilmington during the Federal occupation. Mr Worth was at Millgrove in Cumberland at the time that the Yankees were scouring the country. He was there to protect his sister Mrs R. G. McKee's children.



April

The North Carolina Booklet.

April 1902

Vol 1

GREAT EVENTS IN
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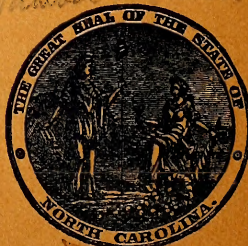
1912



The Conditions that Led to the Ku-Klux Klans...

Concluded in Vol II, Number 1 which is bound in the Vol.

—BY—
MRS. T. J. JARVIS.



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NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.

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No. 12.

The Conditions that Led to the Ku-Klux Klans.

BY

MRS. T. J. JARVIS.

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1902.

**"Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her.'**

THE CONDITIONS THAT LED TO THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

The fourth and fifth decades of the last century were scarcely less momentous, in their historical import, than was the first lustrum of the sixth.

Titanic battles were fought on the hustings, and on the floor of the United States Senate, between Federalists and State Rights giants, Abolitionists, and Free Soilers, with the profound legal acumen of Justinian, and the eloquence of Cicero. Yet, when the wild plaudits of partizans and adherents had died on the air, no man could truthfully say on which banner victory had perched.

But the mighty triumvirate, whose names are to live even when the English language, like that of Cicero, is known only through the classics, were but human after all; and matter yielded in rapid succession, to the triumphs of mind.

John Caldwell Calhoun, the champion of the South, the author of the doctrine of Nullification—the defender of slavery, as permitted by the laws of God and the provisions of the Constitution;—for years a member of the lower House of Congress,—twice Vice-President of the United States,—member of the Senate,—the Preserver of Peace, when war with Great Britain was eminently threatening, pending the Oregon Claim; the great Patriot,—the illustrious Statesman—the man whose ability, integrity and worth were spoken of in the highest terms, even by his political opponents, had dropped his mantle and “Fallen on Sleep” at Washington, on March 31st, 1850.

Henry Clay, the matchless advocate, whose power with a jury has never been surpassed,—Statesman in the highest sense of the word,—four times Speaker of the House of Representatives,—member of the Senate,—three times a candidate for the Presidency,—member of the Cabinet,—Peace Commissioner abroad,—Courtier in the Salons of Madame DeStael,—Author of the Senate bill in 1850, which well might have averted the great battle on the slavery question—was the second to answer the imperative roll call of the ages, on the 26th day of July 1852. Death had no terrors for him, for he had “preferred to be right, rather than to be President.” And the day of his funeral was observed in New York, as in the States of his nativity and adoption.

Just three months later, in October 1852, Daniel Webster, orator, statesman, jurist, patriot, the profoundest intellect ever emanating from a New England State,—Cabinet officer, Senator,—twice within easy reach of the Presidency,—yet twice defrauded in the language of Edmund Burke “by the Calumnies of Malice, and the Judgments of Ignorance,” had been followed to his six feet of earth at Marshfield, almost amid the hootings of the blood-thirsty rabble, whom the gods had made mad, because, as he had stated, “He could not subscribe to the code of the fanatical and factious Abolitionists of the North.”

Had these three men in the fifties, with their phenomenal giant intelligences, been only as old as the century—who will deny but that justice and judgment might have clasped hands; and a remedy been discovered; by which, in the language of De Toqueville, “Emancipation might have been accomplished, as in Brazil; and voluntarily

adopted, without having wrung a tear, or a drop of blood from mankind !”

But the unfortunate zeal of millions of fanatics sowing dragons’ teeth upon the grave of Webster, which were to lay his son Fletcher a victim by his side, was destined to bring forth a harvest of blood-thirstiness which could find its parallel only in France, in the early nineties of the previous century.

Wendell Phillips, William Loyd Garrison and the hosts of Abolitionists, who followed in the wake of these men, were dead alike to reason and to mercy. “The Brother in Black” was to be set free at the cost of rivers of blood and the sacrifice of millions of lives of the “Brother in White.” It mattered not that the Constitution had guaranteed the right of owners to their slaves, and that Webster had consequently declared, with unclouded legal vision, that “the principle of the restitution of the fugitive slave was not objectionable, unless the Constitution is objectionable.” And Cheves, another illustrious statesman, had also maintained in vigorous language, that “the highest violation of the Constitution is to employ the use of its forms to violate its spirit.”

In vain was it urged, as a matter of law, that, at the time of the Declaration of Independence slavery was an acknowledged right of all the colonies ; and at the time of the adoption of the Constitution it was a leading feature of domestic institution in nearly all the States. Yet, it is astonishing to reflect, in the sober methods of ratiacination of to-day, what trivial causes were lending an all potent influence, in plunging a nation into a war which might have

been avoided ; yet which was to be fought with a loss of nearly a million lives. Uncle Tom's Cabin—an intensely dramatical romance ; “ but ” in the language of the ablest editor and critic of any English journal of to-day—“ A ridiculous Old Melodrama ” when viewed in the light of history, had now appeared. This story furnished about as correct a portrayal of Southern life—conceding that its incidents were all true, as Brockway, of Syracuse notoriety, rendered infamous by the atrocious barbarities practiced on his helpless victims, if taken as an exponent of New York society generally, or as Mr. Squeers, of Dickens' fiction, if regarded as a universal type of London character. Yet this story fired the imagination of thousands of idle, unreasoning, weak-nerved fanatics who had never wandered more than a score of miles from their own hearth-stones, and who had consequently never seen a slave or freedman of the colored race, in all the period of their narrow existence.

Viewed from such a distance, slavery was the sin of sins, besides which slaughter, wholesale murder—call it what you will, paled into insignificance. The Dred Scott Decision was to their minds the crowning act of infamy. The Chief Justice of the United States, the illustrious Taney, who delivered the opinion of the Court, six of the nine judges concurring with him, was villified and lampooned and even burnt in effigy as a judicial monster of the Jeffries type. In short, no language was strong enough, no epithets sufficiently defaming to give utterance to the public condemnation of as pure and upright and able a judge as ever sat upon the woolsack or wore the ermine.

Since the war a prominent Northern jurist has said of

Taney, "His opinions were distinguished by their clearness, learning, directness and firm grasp of the points discussed; and, when dealing with Constitutional subjects, for sound and weighty reasoning, thorough acquaintance with the political history of the country, and for the close bearing of all contained in it upon the great question under examination." One of the Associate Justices who sat upon the bench with him, declared that the Chief Justice possessed a power of subtle analysis which exceeded that of any man he had ever known; and again, we read, from another illustrious critic, that to question his integrity would beggar the resources of falsehood. Yet his decision, in stern conformity to the requirements of the Constitution, raised a howl of denunciation at the North, that hissed at reason, and could only be appeased when satiated with blood. As in later days the demented nihilist Guiteau took the life of President Garfield; and later still, the conscienceless anarchist Czolgosc murdered the unsuspecting President of the United States;—so, from the national dementia of 1860 there were rapidly rolling up "Elemental forces which imported a tremendous outbreak somewhere in American History." Ever and anon the high points of tragedy in the drama of a nation's life "thrust into the focal blaze of the world's attention some human insignificance and forbid us to smile at him because of his tragic situation." Thus out of the same caldron of evil influences—from the same fiery furnace of monstrous ingredients out of which was forced James Guiteau and Lewis Czolgosc, there had emerged, a score of years in advance of either. (We quote from *The Independent* of recent date.) "At the

psychological moment, an obscure tanner, who by one act provoked the nation into the settling of the rights and wrongs of a great question, though a continent was drenched in blood in the finishing of the argument." This crude development, "was a huge, hairy brute in whose breast burned the single spark of a celestial idea. He dreamed of liberating the slaves of the South and leaped to the accomplishment of his purpose like a gorilla." Guiteau and Czolgosc murdered each, one innocent and unsuspecting individual, albeit the beloved head of a great nation. John Brown sprang like a gorilla at the throats of sleeping men, women and children; and naught but the iron hand of law in the Old Dominion, swiftly falling, saved at that hour thousands of her citizens from indiscriminate massacre.

If a "celestial idea" could be found in the mental and moral make up of John Brown, might not the same sort of analysis find a gleam of the same fire in the dark souls of Guiteau and Czolgosc? Nay, do not these three deserve the same deep grave of infamy—John Brown the deeper, in that his victims would have been many thousands for one? A brilliant young Southern writer in an editorial which lies before me, truly says: "It is impossible to understand the problems of the present, without tracing their conditions back into the past," hence the necessity for stating the reasonings and deductions thus advanced.

The war was on. The crisis had now reached its climax. A war that made the world stand aghast at its colossal proportions—a war that has defied description for nearly half a century. Yet, for such an unequal struggle, the South was as armorless as David against Goliath. The

feeling, however, that nations like individuals, when wronged or insulted, must sometimes battle for principles, even with a foreknowledge that material might will often prevail in the settlement of human affairs, could not be set aside; there could have been no other appeal. In the language of a gifted Southern historian, "The South had made, could have made, no preparation for the war. Without the organized machinery of an established, national government, without a navy or the nucleus of an army, without even a seaman or soldier; with limited mechanical and manufacturing facilities, with no accumulation of arms or ordnance, and with no existing means for making them; without revenue, without external commerce, without foreign credit, without a recognized place in the family of nations, and confronted with the hostile prejudices of the world—it is not easy to conceive of a nation with fewer belligerent capabilities."

Four years was a continent drenched in blood, and there was no more to be shed. The last armed opposition to be encountered overwhelming armed resistance, and the end had come, Lee had surrendered at Appomatox Court House. The arbitrament was final. Men wept in stacking their rusty, almost powerless muskets. But "*C'est le Destin*" they said, as did Napoleon in returning from Waterloo; and from that hour to this the Union of the States has been recognized as indissoluble—whatever of disunion New England may have threatened in the early days, and whatever may have been the verbiage of California's plea for conditional admission into the Union;—victorious coercion set-

tled that vexed question, as did Romulus when his brother Remus sprang over the Roman wall.

Yet these heroes of a hundred battles, those above the sod in faded or tattered garments, without a dollar and without hope for the cause they loved better than life was dead—returned with sorrow unspeakable to their desolate Southland. They felt with far juster reason than did Mary Tudor, concerning Calais, that after death “Appomatox Court House would be stamped upon the fleshly tablets of their hearts.” They kissed the pale furrowed brow of the wife they had left behind, as they murmured with a sob, “all is lost save honor, dear, and we must be one country again.” The surrender then of “all save honor” was accepted. These men, pallid, starved; most of them broken in bone or muscle, by rifle ball or shell, had returned to build up their desolate homes, burned or laid waste by a ruthless foe; and to struggle in person for the sustenance of wife and children. The homespun dress, the faded grey coat, with army buttons covered with cloth by order of some freedman’s bureau minion, were silent badges of honor. These things were some of the penalties of defeat and must be borne in silence.

But were they to have peace? The discharge of cannon or the continuous rattle of musketry might no longer be heard in the land, where foe should meet foe in open armed combat. But what of the midnight dagger or single shot gun, fired into the family circle, from the darkness without, as the gunless, defenseless soldier, returned from the war with a *promise of peace*, sat by his fireside? True, General Grant had been a generous foe—all brave soldiers

are ; but the power of the great conqueror had ended for the time with the sheathing of Lee's sword and the stacking of the guns of his army. Yet there are forms of war, as they were fast learning, far more terrible than the tented field or—"the red belching of the cannon's mouth."

A swarm, nay an army, if such scum of earth could be collected on one field and falsely called an army, without insult to the man who wore the blue, had crawled down like vermine into Egypt, and were fattening upon man and beast in the South. There was no tribunal as of old, to which men could appeal. Vance, the great war governor, and ardent lover of his State, which he was no longer permitted to serve, was occupying a prisoner's cell in Washington City, and W. W. Holden had been appointed Provisional Governor of the State. In the dreary summer of 1865, President Johnson, to whom justice is rarely done in the South, and never in the North, had ordered an election to be held in North Carolina, for delegates to a State Convention, to frame a Constitution, and organize a State Government in harmony with the new order of things, as well as to provide for the representation of the State in the National Congress.

This Convention met in Ooctober of that year; and was composed, for the most part of men who had already been prominent in public life in North Carolina, and of others who were destined to become so. The Convention provided for an election to be held for Governor and members of the legislature. To fill the former position Jonathan Worth was duly elected; and a legislature composed of the best element of the State was chosen. This legislature met in

December, when Worth was inaugurated, and all the machinery of a full State government at once put in operation. An able judiciary was also chosen, and Wm. A. Graham, the most illustrious of her many distinguished sons, was sent at the head of the North Carolina delegation to Washington to take the State back to her place in the Union, but alas! the wild fanaticism of the North, which had driven her from the Federal government was not sufficiently appeased, nor had the State and her people been sufficiently humiliated. Till that was done, there was no place for her around the old hearthstone. Her people must yet go through the "hell" of Congressional reconstruction, and drink deep of its fiery broth, before her Senators and Representatives could be admitted to their seats. This legislature recognized the changed status of the negro, and enacted laws appropriate to his new condition, giving him such civil rights and duties as that condition justified. County, town and city governments were reorganized, courts were regularly held and presided over by able and just men; the law was once more asserting itself and its invigorating influences were seen in the more hopeful demeanor of all classes of people. Had this state of affairs been allowed to continue, the dark pages of the reconstruction regime had never been written, and the the name of the Ku-Klux Klans would never have appeared in the pages of National or State history. But this was not to be. A prominent Northern politician had declared that the States which had been guilty of the crime of rebellion should be kept within the grasp of war for thirty years. The dark valley and shadow of death lay once more before the people of

North Carolina. The State was again to be put under military rule, and the conquerors were not only to plant their heels upon the necks of the men who had been overcome in war, but were urged to press with all the vigor of their conquering power. President Johnson had asserted that the States never having been separated from the Union, had lost their Constitutional rights only while engaged in rebellion, and that on the laying down of arms and the renewal of allegiance to the United States Government, they had resumed their ante-bellum attitude and condition and should at once be recognized as a part of the Union. This policy aroused a frenzy at the North, scarcely less savage than the abolition craze, and it found fierce utterance in the Congress assembled at Washington. A controversy of intense partizan bitterness was at once inaugurated between the President and the legislative branches of the National Government. The former fought single handed with patriotism worthy of the cause. Legislative vindictiveness, however, prevailed over the veto of the President, and Congress immediately voted to impose restrictions and conditions on executive powers in relation to amnesty, the command of the army and the right of removal from office. Congress still further vented its fury in the enactment of articles of impeachment against President Johnson. Fortunately the older, wiser heads in the Senate were not all of the hated type. The impeachment failed and Johnson remained President. The vindictive House of Representatives affirmed, with redoubled emphasis, that, by the act of secession, the States recently engaged in war, had forfeited all their rights under the Constitution;—and not having acknowledged their

rebellion until they were forced to do so at the point of the bayonet, they should be relegated to the condition of territorial possessions, to be governed by Congress till the latter should deem them sufficiently humbled; and until new Constitutions should be framed and adopted by a vote of all the people, including the recently freed negro. Most of the seceding States were formed into military districts, subject to the will of a Major General, and to be ruled by tyros and neohytes in government;—the standard of loyalty being the color of the skin, or an acknowledged membership in the Union League. A sense of justice had caused General Garfield to protest in the strongest language against this measure in the United States Congress of which he was then a member. He declared that such a measure “laid its hands on the rebel governments taking the very breath of life out of them and putting the bayonet at the breast of every rebel in the South, leaving in the hands of Congress utterly and absolutely, the work of reconstruction.”

Such being the language of an uncompromising, honest Republican, was Peace even yet to be expected for the South? Soulless demagogues might cry, “Peace, peace, but there was no peace.”

Disturbing elements were growing more and more prominent in the land; yet, lovers of their state, having a governor and officers of their own choosing, began, with the shadows of night still about them, to fancy for a brief space, that they could see indications of a coming dawn. True, their hearts were still bleeding for they had loved the cause for which they had sacrificed so much, yet they had seen it vanish like a dream, and had fully recognized that

it was not to be. They were asking now—these tempest tossed toilers on a ship wrecked strand, for calm, any calm, even “a calm despair.”

Were their hopes to be realized? Were they to be left in peace, to toil upward again toward the autonomy, which the President had declared should be theirs, now that hostilities had ceased? Was the sovereignty of reason to assert itself in the sphere of morals, guiding the action of a ruling Congress? Later on we shall see. In the meantime, the Ex-confederate soldier set a seal upon his lips, hoping against hope. Novices in mechanics or trades of all description, these battle scared veterans, fresh from the Universities of North Carolina, Virginia, of Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Edinboro or Heidelberg, at the beginning of the war, were now setting an example to the world of patient endurance and toil perhaps without a parallell in the history of nations. They had rebuilt their houses out of rough hewn timber; for carpenter's tools like implements of husbandry were few and costly. The ever present “carpetbagger,” to whom before the war the most insignificant sum of money would perhaps have seemed quite a fortune, had already thrown up shops at every cross roads, and were retailing calico at fifty cents a yard, and every other article of necessity at proportionally ruinous prices. “But needs must when the devil drives,” and if purchases were to be made at all they were to be made here. White children went in tattered clothing shivering with cold. The Freedman's Bureau dispensed food and clothing to the “brother in black” with a lavish hand. The United States Government was defrauded of millions; but revenge

was sweet; and robbery and plunder were the prevailing idea of the post-bellum invader; nor was the "Fool" on his "errand" scarcely more to be tolerated. The latter might not be as numerous as the general beggar on horseback, but they were here in large numbers, and here as they believed to stay. Among them, a briefless barister without purse, without prospects so far, saw his opportunity and seized it. He stood not upon the order of his coming but came at once. This man, who was destined to sit upon the bench and pervert the law to the use of his party followers, was thereby to achieve fortune and fame not limited to a continent. The "carpetbaggers" generally were not so fortunate, yet did they—like the crusaders of old—have untold perils by land and sea to endure. There were no continents to march across on weary feet, with powerfully armed hostile nations on every side, and, consequently no crusade of the medieval age was ever undertaken with half the enthusiasm now manifested by the threadbare colored shirt, hungry band who came down upon us. No Peter the Hermit was needed to promise exemption from sins in the world to come. The good things of this life were the material glories of which they were in quest. True, the South was a waste almost as the "Black Forest" of William the Conqueror. It might be to the natives as impoverished as Canaan, to Jacob and his sons after years of famine; but to these lean Harpies of the Virgilian type it was to be a veritable Egypt with the storehouses of Joseph and Pharaoh from which to draw. The freed negro was the *ultima thule* of their desires, the great bonanza from which they were to acquire untold

wealth ; and the more ignorant they found these, the better were they pleased. The colored brother was the nation's ward, to be fed and clothed and kept in idleness, that devils workshop, with these Cyclops at the forge. Their agents could obtain and retail provisions from exhaustless government stores, the negroes gladly spending such sums as were given them, or as they could earn from their new employees, by services joyfully rendered. The ignorant and impertinent colored woman was encouraged to flaunt her fine things in the face of the young mistress in rough homespun, while she hissed at, or otherwise derided the "poor white rebbble trash." And still the mutterings of a people goarded to madness, were all unheeded. The cry of the horse leech was still going by post and courier to Washington—"More! more!!" The negroes, as we have said, had at first blindly and implicitly followed the directions of their new masters. But they were henceforth not to be altogether tools, they were to be allies as well, in a carnival of crime and vengeance. The "carpet-bagger" and scallawag population still churned up their witches cauldrons. The prejudices of the negro were inflamed and fostered. He suddenly found himself, like the Irish culprit, who, when acquitted solely by the powerful pleading of his attorney, sobbingly declared as he left the court room, that, "he had never known how grievously he had been injured until his lawyer had informed the Judge and Jury." Their crude self conceit was flattered until they were made to believe that only their former owners stood between them and social equality, the free gift of land, property, and high official distinction. Their arro-

gance and presumption became a species of howling frenzy. Women were insulted, men were threatened and shot down, houses were burned, propositions of marriage, or worse, were of frequent occurrence. A notable instance came from a master's former coachman to that master's daughter; and when resented with a club, the father was brained with an axe. Yet false representations, unquestioningly believed, were carried up to Washington, by political adversaries, who were eager to make market of their opportunity. Some northern school mistresses and masters, and an occasional preacher of the gospel, who were receiving funds from their section of the country, for the ostensible purpose of educating and elevating the negroes, occupied their time, instead, in encouraging these ex-slaves to deeds of insolence and robbery. And when reprisals were made, although through the courts, such attempts at self protection were reported as unwarranted oppression of the colored race.

In 1868 a Convention assembled to frame another Constitution for North Carolina, in accordance with the new requirements of Congress. In this convention sat the stranger from New York and Ohio; and by his side the newly enfranchised negro, who knew no more of the true definition of the word "constitution" than the "carpet-bagger" did about military tactics. This convention overthrew the existing system of state, county, and municipal government, and provided for an entirely new arrangement of things in North Carolina. Every office from Governor to Constable was to be immediately vacated and a new incumbent introduced. An election was ordered to be

held in April, for governor and other state officers, including judges and members of the legislature. At this election many thousands of our best citizens were denied the right of voting, while every negro, who by any stretch of the imagination could declare himself twenty-one years of age, was permitted to multiply himself as often as he had the time and inclination to do so. All election returns were to be sent for approval to General Canby, Military Governor of the District, whose official residence was at Charleston, S. C. The election continued for three days, during the month of April, the ex-confederate going to the poles in many places, through lines of hostile bayonets, with challenges innumerable, while the negro marched exultingly to deposit his ballot. One of these unscrupulous poll holders stated, years afterward, that he and others, to whom the ballot box was assigned for safe keeping, amused themselves at night by changing the ballots to suit their views as to how the election should go. After three days of so-called election, these ballot boxes were sent to Charleston to Gen. Canby; whose prerogative it was to count the votes and declare the result. Soon W. W. Holden was announced to be the successful candidate for Governor, and Chief Justice Pearson was at once telegraphed to administer the oath of office. Nothing of the old state government established, officered and supported by the white men of North Carolina was to remain. We publish as a part of the history of those times the following letter addressed to the incoming Governor.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
Executive Department, Raleigh.

June 29th 1868.

Gov. W. W. HOLDEN,
Raleigh, N. C.

Sir:

Yesterday morning I was verbally notified by C. J. Pearson, that in obedience to a telegram from Gen. Canby, he would, to-day at 10 a. m., administer to you the oath of office required, preliminary to your entering upon the discharge of the duties of civil governor of the state; and that therefore you would demand possession of my office. I intimated to the Justice my opinion that such proceeding was premature, *even under the Reconstruction Legislation of Congress*, and that I should probably decline to surrender the office to you.

At sundown yesterday evening, I received from Col. Williams, Commandant of the Military Post an extract from general orders No 120 of Gen. Canby, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS

SECOND MILITARY DISTRICT,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

June 30. 1868.

General Orders No. 120 (Extract:)

"To facilitate the organization of the new State government the following appointments are made: to be Gov. of North Carolina, W. W. Holden, Governor elect, Vice J. Worth removed. To be Lieutenant Governor of North Carolina, (to fill an original vacancy to take effect July 1st, 1868 on the meeting of General Assembly of North Carolina,) Todd R. Caldwell, Lt. Governor elect."

I do not recognize the validity of the late election under which you and those co-operating with you claim to be invested with the civil government of the State. You have

our election save the certificate of a Major United States Army. I regard all of you ntees of the military power of the United s deriving your powers from the consent m to govern.

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ve the honor to be, etc.

JONATHAN M. WORTH.

The inaugural of Governor Holden duly followed amid the plaudits of the "truly loyal," while the men who had been hoping for better things saw those hopes vanish into the darkest despair. Never was a more ill timed or injudicious address delivered to a people who were still writhing under a sense of cruel injustice. The ex-soldiers of a lost cause sat by with grim, stern faces. They had submit-

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Executive Department

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I do not recognize the validity of the late election under which you and those co-operating with you claim to be invested with the civil government of the State. You have

no evidence of your election save the certificate of a Major General of the United States Army. I regard all of you as in effect appointees of the military power of the United States, and not as deriving your powers from the consent of those you claim to govern.

Knowing, however, that you are backed by military force here, which I could not resist if I would, I do not deem it necessary to offer a futile opposition; but vacate the office without the ceremony of actual eviction, offering no further opposition than this my protest.

I would submit to actual expulsion in order to bring before the Supreme Court of the United States, the question of the constitutionality of the legislation under which you claim to be the rightful governor of this State, *if the past action of that tribunal furnished any hope of a speedy trial.*

I surrender the office to you under what I deem military duress; without stopping, as the occasion would well justify, to comment upon the singular coincidence that the present State government is surrendered as without legality, to him whose own official sanction but three years ago declared it valid.

I have the honor to be, etc.

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The inaugural of Governor Holden duly followed amid the plaudits of the "truly loyal," while the men who had been hoping for better things saw those hopes vanish into the darkest despair. Never was a more ill timed or injudicious address delivered to a people who were still writhing under a sense of cruel injustice. The ex-soldiers of a lost cause sat by with grim, stern faces. They had submit-

ted as we have said to the inevitable; but they were human and consequently not yet prepared to join "in thanking God that the great rebellion had been suppressed, and that the flag of *freedom* once more floated above them." The statement that the sword would never have been drawn but for the *criminal* folly of the recently insurgent States" filled their breasts with angry resentment: For they knew the people of those States had been as conscientious in the belief of the rectitude of their motives as any that had ever led a people to action. They recognized the truth of Gov. Holden's statement that "the people of North Carolina are proverbial for their law-abiding disposition," but were stung by these insults and outraged by the contradictions that were strangely intermingled in this remarkable document, from which in furtherance of the purposes of this article, we quote the following:

"It is not apprehended that disturbances will arise or that combinations will be formed to resist the laws, yet it is known that many hold the opinion that the reconstruction laws of the United States are unconstitutional, and are therefore null and void; and it may be, that this may lead, if not to open resistance, to a forcible denial in some localities of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the States, formed and adopted in pursuance of said laws. It is also known that a disposition exists among an inconsiderable portion of our population to oppress the poor whites and the colored race, on account of their political opinions."

This they knew to be untrue, but was not the following an intimation of plans already formed by the Republican party now diametrically opposed to every effort of the democracy? "The magistrates and the coroners will be sus-

tained by the *whole power* of the State in the discharge of their duty, should resistance be offered. The Constitution provides that every male citizen shall be a voter, and that every voter with few exceptions shall be eligible to office. Suffrage has thus been bestowed upon all, the colored man has the same right with the white, to vote and hold office." Four millions of human beings who have once tasted the blessings of freedom will never surrender those blessings without a struggle.

They would find powerful friends here and elsewhere in the country, when greater calamities and suffering than those endured by our people in the late rebellion, would come upon us, and the result though long delayed would not be doubtful. Liberty for all would again triumph, and those who had promoted such a "war of races" would disappear from the earth and their *possessions would pass from their children to the conquerors*. The friends of reconstruction will prevail hereafter, as heretofore, not only in the State but in the Nation. The Constitution *must* be administered by its friends and supporters; the interests it guards are too precious to be committed to unfriendly hands.

"Every office and every appointment under the State from the most inferior to the most exalted, must be filled by the friends of reconstruction and of the new state constitution. So far as the Executive is concerned this purpose will be inflexibly maintained. These principles are dear to the friends of liberty, and of the government of the United States; and no opportunity shall be afforded to those who are opposed to them to occupy official positions or to have employments in which they might be tempted,

as they certainly are disposed, to divert distort or misapply them. *The friends of the government must conduct the government in all its departments.* There will be no social proscription, no effort will be made to blacken the names of even *unrepentant rebels*, as was the case with the Tories of the Revolution, *but it will be left to history to assign to their proper places all the actors in the late tragedy of rebellion.*"

If the definition of "history" in the lexicons be correct, then these ex-Confederate soldiers would have asked no other tribunal. But who was now to shape that history for them? The mercenary and vicious interloper, the negro or the yet more vicious deserter from his own ranks? A conquering foe may sometimes grow wickedly exultant and ride rough shod over his helpless victim, but when a conquered people turn upon each other to betray by slander, for selfish ends, what terms can properly stigmatize the infamy?

Here was the Governor of the State, who had in years past been a powerful leader of thought among those people, who had sought their esteem, enjoyed their confidence and owed much to their favor; who had agitated for disunion, and had, himself signed with eclat the ordinance of secession, now in the possession of great power to direct their futures, to compose their troubles, to allay their inquietude, and lead them through the difficult paths of reconstruction to peace, quiet and repose.

We shall see how signally he failed to rise to the height of the occasion and how, instead of a calm, a fierce social storm rendered his administration memorable in the annals of the people.

